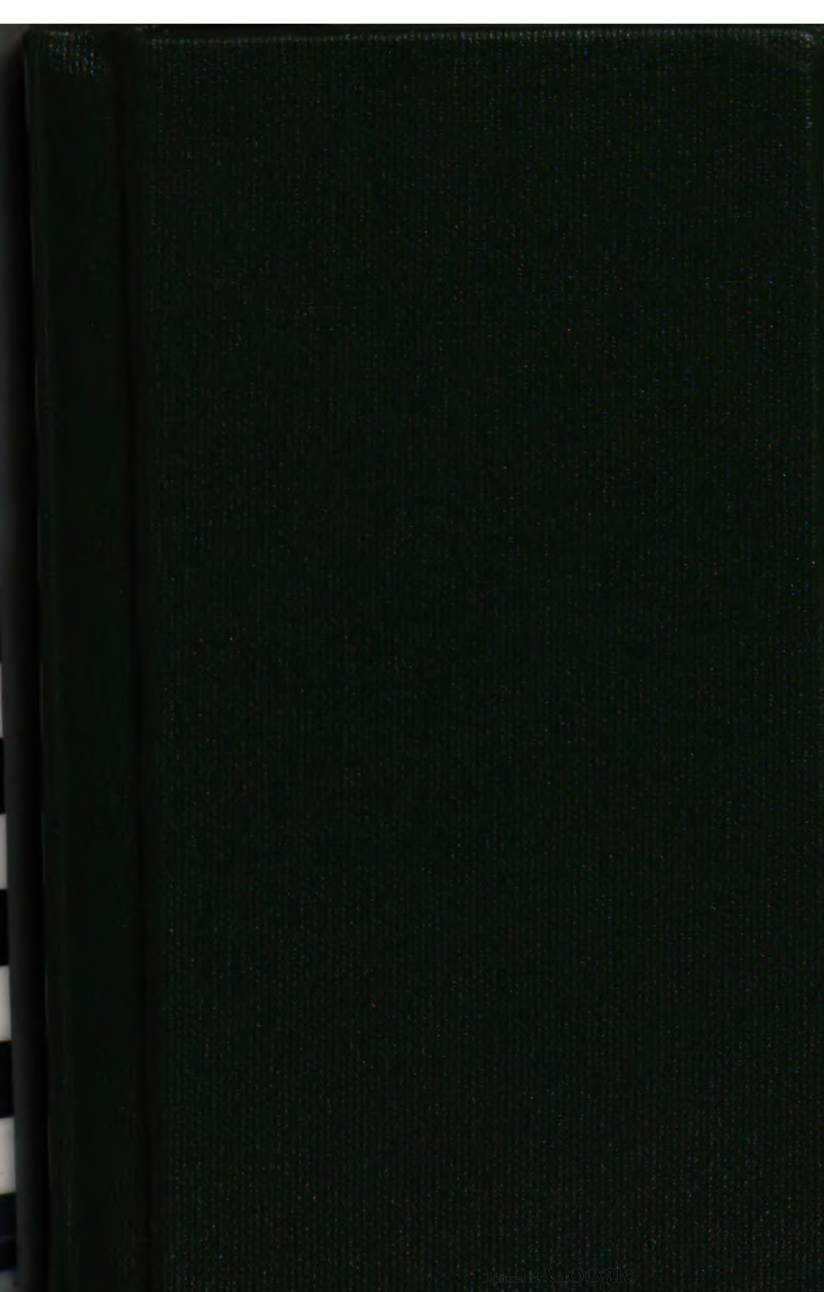

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SERMONS
OF THE
REV. RICHARD HAYES,
PRIEST OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH,

O. S. F.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."
MATT. c. 16, v. 18.

DUBLIN :
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1823.

(A Sermon, Price 5d. Published every Fortnight.)

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TO THE

POOR OF IRELAND.

MR. 27 O. 25

To the persecuted, calumniated, children of ST. PATRICK—the people to whom God has done so much good, and Man so much evil—plundered by the worthless, despised by the ignorant, insulted by the arrogant and brutal; yet moral, religious, constant in the first, the only, the Catholic, Faith:—TO THE POOR OF IRELAND, whose fidelity, not only unaided, but opposed, by every human means, presents the most striking modern specimen of the ancient Christian spirit:—TO THE POOR OF IRELAND, worthy offspring of the ISLE OF SAINTS—these Sermons are dedicated by their admiring, affectionate, and ardent friend and servant

RICHARD HAYES.

438.147

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SERMON I.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

POSSIBILITY OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION,

FROM REASON.

A SERMON in each NUMBER, Price 5d. will be ready for delivery, on the FIRST and THIRD Thursdays of every month.

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1822.

SERMON I



CORPUS CHRISTI.



POSSIBILITY OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION, FROM REASON.

No word shall be impossible with God.

Luke, c. 1, v. 37.

On this great festival of Corpus Christi, my brethren, our Holy Mother, the Church, transports the minds of her children back to Thursday, in Holy Week; to the eve of their Redeemer's passion; to the night on which he was betrayed; to the sacred chamber, where he ate the pasch with his disciples. Thither, then, let us turn once more our thoughts; and, discarding from our attention every other object, let us, during this holy Octave, rivet the eyes of our souls on that consecrated table; there to behold, believe and adore the legacy, which our departing Saviour left us.

The term, then, of thy life, O Jesus! thou man of sorrow, and thou God of omni-

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potence! the term of thy mortal life approaches; the fatal hour is about to toll, when the traitor, Judas, shall, with a kiss, betray thee to thy blood-seeking enemies; thy eternal Father is going to strike thee, the shepherd of the fold; and the flock of thy beloved disciples shall be scattered. The sun, which sank this evening, when he next shoots his rays above the horizon, shall see thee dragged, like the vilest of felons, through the streets of thy royal city; from tribunal to tribunal, from Jews to Gentiles, from Caiphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, from Herod back again to Pilate; reviled, buffeted, mocked, spit upon, scourged, crowned with thorns, compared with Barabbas, and condemned to the cross. Shall the luminary of day behold this dismal of all dismal sights, and not mourn? Shall he enlighten the firmament, or dart his splendour on this nether world, while his God and Maker suffers? Forbid it, Nature! In his meridian altitude, the sackcloth of night shall cover his glorious disk; and, wrapped in sudden darkness, Heaven and earth shall feel the Lord of Heaven and earth expire. Four and twenty hours shall not elapse, before this awful tragedy shall close. Thou sittest, O loving victim of mankind! thou sittest now, for the last time of thy mortal life, at table with thy beloved and grieving friends; thou biddest them thy last adieu; an hour hence, and the garden of Gethsemani, steeped in thy sweat of blood, shall see thee torn from

them by thy ruffian foes. Thy time is short, O Jesus ; man's redemption hurries thee away ; haste, haste ; seize the passing moments as they fly ; and, as thou saidst, thyself, to Judas, I now say to thee, " What thou doest, do quickly." Say—announce—declare the legacy thou hast to bequeath to thy infant Church. What may it be? worthy, (who can doubt it?) of thy boundless love, thy all-commanding power. Is it thy heavenly doctrine? That thou hast already taught to thy apostles, and they, of course, will teach the same to us. Is it thy history? That thou hast not written ; and though thy servants shall hereafter write it, the gift is not peculiar to thy church. To infidels, as well as to thy faithful, to thy blasphemers and to thy adorers thy written history is alike presented. Is it some emblem, some figure of thyself? The Jews, who soon shall crucify thee, have, in the sacrifices of their law, emblems and figures innumerable of thee. Hast thou nothing better, to give thy Church, than Moses had to give the Synagogue? Hast thou no divine bequest to leave thy children, not only in their collective, but in their individual capacity? no divine memorial to convey the memory, grace, and fruit of thy approaching death, to every single soul, who, from this last and woful night, until the trump of thy Archangel sound, shall clasp thy faith, and love thy blessed name? Search, search, O Jesus! the depths of thy wisdom, the riches of thy mercy, the immensity of thy power,

and the abyss of thy love. Devise—create—bequeath to us a legacy, worthy of thy omnipotence, worthy of thy affection—worthy of thy new covenant, worthy of thy eternal Father—worthy of thyself, worthy of thy dying hour, worthy of an expiring God.—

Everlasting praises laud thy love through heaven and through earth, thou lover of our souls! My humble prayer thou hast anticipated. For lo! thy Apostle says: “I have received of the Lord, that which I also delivered to you, that the Lord Jesus, the night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and giving thanks, broke, and said: Take ye, and eat: this is my body which shall be delivered for you: do this for the commemoration of me. In like manner also the chalice, after he had supped, saying: this chalice is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye shall drink it for the commemoration of me. For as often as you shall eat this bread, and drink this chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until he come.” 1 Cor. c. 11.

A mystery! the bare announcement of which carries the stamp of the divinity; for none but God himself could have even devised it. And how shall I, then, my brethren, perform the awful task for which I stand before you? A mystery! so far above the reach of flesh and blood, yet, so constantly and universally professed by the whole Church of Christ, from the night

of its institution to its present anniversary; so obstinately contradicted by Scripture-readers, yet, so clearly and solemnly laid down in scripture; so blindly rejected by the carnal man, in whom "the flesh profiteth nothing," yet, so steadfastly believed, so fervently loved, so beneficially received by him, to whom "the words of Jesus are spirit and life." A mystery, such as this, overpowers a preacher; not by the difficulty, but by the multiplicity of its proofs. May its divine donor direct my tongue to announce with dignity, and inspire my audience to hear with faith, and receive with rapture this last legacy of redeeming love! And as "the weapons of my warfare are not carnal," do thou, O Jesus, render them, according to the saying of thy great preacher Paul, "powerful, through thee, to the destruction of fortifications, subverting of councils, and every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every understanding to the obedience of Christ!"

To embrace so vast a subject within the compass of one discourse, is, my brethren, altogether impossible. I shall therefore distribute it throughout the Octave, in the following order.—This evening, Thursday, I shall state the Catholic faith of Transubstantiation, and prove that it is not repugnant to reason.—On to-morrow, Friday, I shall prove this dogma from scripture, and confute the objections of its scriptural opponents.—On Saturday, there

will be no sermon ; in order that no interruption may be given to the devotion of those pious and penitent souls, who, in great numbers, I trust, will, by humble confession, be then preparing for this divine communion.—On Sunday, I shall demonstrate from the Holy Fathers, Councils, and all ecclesiastical history, that Transubstantiation was believed in every age, and every clime of the Christian Church.—On Monday, the holy sacrifice of the Mass shall engage your attention.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, I shall explain the ceremonies of the Mass ; discussing, among other things, prayers to the saints and for the dead, the use of the Latin tongue, communion under one kind, &c. And on Thursday, (the octave,) I shall close with a summary of the whole subject, and an exhortation to holy communion. May these seven sermons, which I intend to publish in the course of the present summer, sanctify your souls, and increase the honor of our Jesus in his adorable sacrament !

The Catholic Church believes, that when the respective words of consecration, ‘This is my body—This is my blood,’ were, on this night, pronounced by Christ, he changed the substance of the bread into that of his body, and the substance of the wine into that of his blood ; which change of substances she designates by the expressive term, Transubstantiation. She believes, that although the whole substance of the bread is changed into the body alone, and the whole

substance of the wine into the blood alone, yet, nevertheless, the body is always accompanied by the blood, soul, and divinity, and the blood by the body, soul, and divinity; not through the respective changes, which have been effected in the bread and wine, but through the necessary and inseparable connexion between the body, blood, and soul, united, all and each, in the one divine person; so that where any one of them is, all of them must be. This point was either ignorantly misunderstood, or wilfully misrepresented by the Rev. Mr. Griers, who, in his late pretended reply to the Right. Rev. Dr. Milner's justly celebrated work, intituled 'The End of controversy,' ridiculously charges with inconsistency the General Council of Trent, for saying, in one canon, that the bread and wine are changed into the body and blood; and in another, that under each species, and each particle of each species, are contained the body, blood, soul and divinity, and consequently Christ entire. There is an essential difference between the words 'contained' and 'changed;,' the former denotes presence, no matter from what cause; the latter a presence caused by the change. The Jews nailed Christ's body on the cross; they did not nail his blood thereon, it was liquid; they did not nail his soul thereon, they could not touch it; much less his divinity; yet, where the body hung, there blood, and soul, and divinity were present. So, in the Eucharist, the bread is

changed into the body, not into the other three, although the other three accompany the body; and the wine is changed into the blood, not into the other three, although the other three accompany the blood.

The Catholic Church further believes, that this mystery is a real sacrifice, consisting in the separate transubstantiation of the bread into the body alone, and, of the wine into the blood alone; and, as far as these two separate acts of consecration operate, the body alone is produced under the species of bread, and the blood alone under the species of wine; although, by the union of the divine person with the humanity, where the one is, the other must be, together with the soul and the divinity. The Jews, by murdering our Divine Redeemer, separated the blood from the body, and the body from the soul; but, owing to the intimate union of the divine person with the humanity, they could not separate that person from either; and the divinity was as present with the body in the sepulchre, as it was with the soul when she descended into hell. Now, however, 'Christ dies no more,' and, therefore, though his body and his blood are produced by separate acts, and under separate species, yet, the presence of the one necessarily brings with it the presence of the other, together with both soul and divinity. Hence the Catholic Church teaches, that, to perform the sacrifice, it is necessary to consecrate separately, and consume under both spe-

cles; but, on the contrary, to receive Christ as a sacrament, either species is sufficient; as either species, and every particle of either species, contains Christ entire in his whole humanity and in his whole divinity; not by the change effected in the consecration, for that produces the body or the blood alone, but by the intimate union of his divine person with his body, blood and soul; which, having once assumed, the Son of God never relinquished, nor allowed to separate, except at his death; when his body, blood and soul were separated, not from the divinity, but from each other, for the short space of three days.

The Catholic Church further holds, that Christ is present in the sacrament, as long as the appearance and qualities of bread or wine continue; and that when these are destroyed, either in the stomach of the receiver, or by any other means, then Christ is no longer there. Finally, the Catholic Church believes, that by the words, "Do this in commemoration of me," our all-powerful Redeemer ordained his Apostles Priests of the new law, empowering and commanding them to do what he had done; namely, to change bread and wine into his body and his blood, and offer them up in sacrifice: that this power, together with all the others necessary for the permanency of his religion, is transmitted to their successors, the priests of the Catholic Church: that, consequently, Christ, in his humanity and divi-

nity, is present on every altar where Mass is celebrated : that this daily sacrifice, is substantially and meritoriously, the same, as the bloody sacrifice of the cross, because the divine victim is the same in both : and, that it is likewise a commemoration of his death, because the mode, and *only* the mode of oblation is different ; the former being effected by the real effusion of his mortal blood from his mortal body, producing that separation of body and soul which constitutes death ; the latter consisting in the two separate acts and effects of consecration, as I have above explained ; by which, the reality on the altar representing the reality on the cross—and the separate change of the bread into the body, and of the wine into the blood, representing the mortal separation of the blood, and, consequently, of the soul, from the body on the cross—we “ shew the death of the Lord until he come.”

Such, my brethren, is the doctrine of the Church ; such is the prodigy of transubstantiation in the blessed Eucharist ; such is the legacy our dying Jesus left us. And is there herein any thing impossible to God ? Who dares ask the blasphemous question ? Shall He, who made all things out of nothing, not be able to change one thing into another, preserving still the same appearance ? A creation is far more difficult than a change. Shall He, who converted water into wine with all its qualities, not have power to convert bread into his body without the change

of qualities? If there be a difference in the miracles, the former was the greater, because the change was greater. Shall He who, in his own divine person, caused God, that is, himself, to become man, be born, live, and die as man, and rise again—shall He not have power to make the bread become his body? The distance between the latter, (for both bread and body are creatures,) is nothing to the distance between the former—the creator and the creature—God and man. Shall He, who is the same being with the Father and the Holy Ghost, and yet not the same person; He, who is really distinct from both, yet subsists, with both, in the one, simple, uncomposed, and undivided essence—shall He not do what we cannot comprehend? Oh! let those, who deny this power to Jesus, cast the scriptures altogether aside, and deny, on the same ground of incomprehensibility, his creation, his miracles, his incarnation, and his consubstantiality with the Father and the Holy Ghost! The change, therefore, of the bread into his body, or of the wine into his blood, that is, Transubstantiation, has in it nothing impossible to Christ.

But their simultaneous existence in various places is impossible, is it? The body of Christ passed through the rock of the sepulchre and the wood of the door, both uninjured, after his resurrection. What is the difference, as to possibility, for two bodies to be in the one place, or for the one

body to be in two places? None. Christ was seen by Paul after his ascension; not in a vision, but in reality. For Paul says: "He was seen by Cephas, and after that by the eleven. Then he was seen by more than 500 brethren at once. After that he was seen by James, then by all the Apostles: and last of all he was seen by me, as by one born out of due time." Paul, then, saw him as the others had done, namely, in his body, risen from the dead; for "See my hands and feet," said he to them, "that it is I myself: feel and see: for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see me to have." Yet Christ had ascended into heaven, several months before Paul saw him on his way to Damascus—heaven he will not leave until he come to judge the world—therefore the body of our Lord was in two places at the same time. If in two, why not in three? why not in more? And if, *out* of the sacrament, why not, *in* it?

But, is it the divine body of Jesus alone, that can be in several places at once? No. Any body, any creature, can be so, if Jesus please. He created all things: he therefore gave his creatures a place, when before they had none. The difference between no place, and place, is far greater than between one and ever so many places. He fed five thousand with five loaves, and four thousand with seven. Did he increase the number of loaves by the creation of new ones? Far from it. The text expressly says,

that he distributed *the* loaves—the five—the seven—no more—to the disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. The same loaves, then, were in the hands and mouths of thousands at once—a sample of that miraculous power, by which the one sacramental body of the Son of God, without any pluralization of itself, is eaten by the faithful in all parts of the universe at one and the same time.

But the infidel, who believes not the scripture, will tell me, that I am proving one impossibility by another. Scripture apart, then, for a moment—I will prove, from naked reason, that God can make a body present in many places at once. A body, in motion, can have its velocity increased *ad infinitum*, to *any* degree; and the Almighty can, at any moment, give it a velocity, not sensibly differing from infinite. Suppose, then, that such all-but infinite velocity is one of the attributes of the body of Christ. It evidently follows, that his body can pass from one end to the other of the universe, and through every single point of the universe, and in all directions throughout the universe, in a shorter time than the twinkle of an eye; and therefore can be present over and over again in every spot of the creation, at any one sensible instant of time. Thus, not only is this simultaneous locality of the consecrated body possible to Omnipotence, but even our own weak minds can conceive a mode for its possibility. Nay, every body, while in motion, must be, at every single moment, in more than one place. For

if, for one moment, it were in one only place, it would be so, the next, and the next, and, thus motionless for ever. It must, therefore, every moment, be in more than one place; and the quicker it moves, the more places it must be in, at every single moment of its motion. If, then, it be accelerated *ad infinitum*, it will be in every spot of all space at any one moment. Thus, motion itself of any kind, which, because we see, we think we understand, is, in reality, not more possible, than the simultaneous existence of Christ's body in different places.

But is not this being in many places at once, the ubiquity of God? Nothing like it. A creature may be in many places; but yet the places, though multiplied for ever, can never be infinite. God, on the contrary, is every where, and more than every where; because he is infinite. And yet, He is a spirit, and occupies no space at all. Go, proud and blind man! that wouldest set bounds to the power of thy God in the eucharistic mysteries—go, understand these two positions, if thou canst—every where—yet occupying no space! How apparently contradictory! and yet how true! Again: God is eternal; yet, his duration is but one, standing, indivisible, never-passing moment. Go, comprehend that too, if thou canst. And wilt thou reject it, if thou comprehendest it not? Reject all revelation, then; aye, and all reason too; for reason demonstrates these truths, though she cannot comprehend them. But, revelation apart, is there no incomprehensibility in nature? Do we understand all that our eyes see passing

around us? The wonders of magnetism and electricity? The stupendous powers and phenomena of chemistry and steam? The daily prodigies of vegetation, so aptly compared by Paul to the general resurrection? The astounding multiplicity and operations of animals and insects? The motions of the earth and heavenly orbs? The complication and balance of the elements? The union of our souls with our bodies? Nay, the very nature of matter itself, which, the more we scrutinize and subtilize its component parts, the less we understand? Do we not see all these prodigies? And yet, do we comprehend any single one of them? Quite the reverse. The more we know them, the more incomprehensible we find them. The naturalist, the chemist, and the astronomer, willing or unwilling, must alike exclaim, "All nature is a mystery." Shall not the God, then, who made these mysteries in nature, be able, likewise, to make a mystery in religion?

"But, am I not to believe my eyes?" says the infidel. Most assuredly. What, then, do your eyes see in the Eucharist? "The sensible qualities of bread and wine," he replies. Well—they see aright; for the sensible qualities are there. And so necessarily are they there, that when they disappear, the body and blood of Christ disappear along with them. Your eyes convey to you only the appearance of things; and this appearance depends on the rays of light, which strike the optic nerve. You see a man in the street—you take him for another—

he speaks—and you find your mistake. Did your eyes deceive you? No; they did their duty; they represented only what they ought, only what they could. The wrong conclusion was all your own. You see a straight stick, half immersed in water; it appears crooked. Do your eyes deceive you here? No; they convey to you that appearance, which the refracted rays of light supply. You feel the stick—you find it straight—and you correct your false opinion. In the former case, then, the word of the man, and, in the latter, your own touch rectified the wrong judgment you had formed; and thereby taught you that reason, experience, and the very senses themselves often prove, that things are not, in substance, what they seem. Josue, in one of his battles, saw an angel in armour. He took him for a man, and asked him whether he were friend or foe. “I am the leader of the heavenly host,” replied the spirit; and Josue fell prostrate. Magdalene saw Jesus at the monument; she took him for the gardener, until he told her who he was. The two disciples of Emmaus knew him not, before the breaking of bread. Was Josue to belie the Angel, or Magdalene and the two disciples their Saviour, because visual appearance seemed to contradict their statements?

But, I shall be asked, “how is it possible for a human body, to be circumscribed in so small a space?” And I ask, in return; did not Jesus, as God, *create* his own body, as well as all other matter? Did he not make it visible

or invisible, as he pleased, after his resurrection? Could he not even annihilate it? And if he could, can he not circumscribe it in the smallest particle of the sacrament? Annihilation, or even invisibility, is a greater act of power, than circumscription; and he that could do the greater, can do the lesser. Does not even nature, does not chemistry, every day, dilate and compress bodies to the most surprising degree? And shall we deny to the God of nature, the power which nature, and even art, hourly exercises?

“But,” say the opponents, (and this they consider their principal argument,) “true; objects sometimes appear to our senses, what they are not, as in the instances you have adduced; and then, we correct the mistake in the way you have said. But do we ever take a stick for a town, or a man for a mountain? When all our senses perceive a thing, uniformly and always, the same, we must believe them. How then can we think, that what uniformly appears to be bread, is the body of Christ? If we are not to believe this uniform testimony of our senses, what becomes of all the miracles of Christ? and, consequently, of all his revelation, which he attested by those miracles? Were all his miracles mere appearances, like that of bread in the sacrament?”

To this argument, which, as here applied, is but a sophism, I answer. The impressions made on our senses, even when they are uniform, are not, of themselves, evidences of the true state, or even of the existence of bodies:

for the same impressions are often produced, without that existence; as in visions, in dreams, in lunacy. We believe them, however, and ought to believe them, unless when reason, as in the cases I have just mentioned, or, as in the present case, God cautions us against that belief. The Protestant Bishop, Berkeley, has fully proved, that our senses are not demonstrative of the existence of bodies. We believe them, only on the principle, that God would not allow their uniform deception, without enabling us to detect it. Hence, the apostles believed the miracles of Christ, on the testimony of their senses; because, so far from cautioning them against that testimony, he, on the contrary, confirmed it by his own divine word; when, walking on the sea, and appearing after his resurrection, he told them, that what they saw was not, as they supposed, a spectre, but a reality. If then, that same omnipotent Son of God, after having proved his divinity to their senses by innumerable miracles, were to tell them, that, in one particular instance, they were not to trust to their senses—that what uniformly appeared to be bread, was not bread, but his body—would they be authorized to set up their senses against his Almighty word? or would their belief of that word be a contradiction, and not rather a confirmation of all his previous miracles?

Thus, my brethren, you see how ridiculous the sophism of our opponents is; as ridiculous, indeed, as their comparisons of a stick taken for a town, and a man for a mountain; just as if Christ could have a motive for

making such silly changes; although, if he had made them, we should still believe his word, and not our senses. Thus you see, that the testimony of Christ is superior to that of our senses; and that, so far from invalidating his miracles, the Catholic doctrine confirms them. For, would the apostles have believed his word: "This is my body," if he had not already attested his infallible truth by undoubted miracles?

Moreover, reason and experience tell us, that, if we wish to know the true state of objects, we must employ *all* our senses in their investigation. Let us do so with the sacrament. Our sight, taste, &c. represent it as bread. But there is our sense of hearing too. What does that tell us? Why; we hear Jesus saying: "This is my body." Our hearing, therefore, which conveys to us his divine word, prevents the error into which our other senses would lead us. Besides, we do not know, whether the first elements of matter are compounds or simples. If the latter, as Leibnitz maintains, a body can be reduced even to no space, without annihilation; and if the former, it can be compressed into the smallest, as well as dilated into the largest. But, the fact is; in the adorable Eucharist, there is not even a false appearance. The senses are not at all deceived. There is the colour, the size, the taste, and all the other sensible qualities and effects of bread and wine. Now, if the Son of God, when he instituted this holy sacrament, intended *not* to exist in it without these qualities; if he gave us his body and blood to

be eaten and drunken ; if, for this purpose, they must have the above qualities ; if they cannot be present in this divine banquet without them ; if, in the literal meaning of the words, he said : " This is my body—This is my blood ;" who shall dare to give him the lie ? Who shall dare to set up, not his corporal senses, (for they are not deceived,) but the false conclusion of his own proud and ignorant mind, against the word of Omnipotence ? Who, in fine, shall dare to say, that it was impossible for Christ to make his body and blood exist with all these qualities ?

Nothing is impossible to God, but what involves a self-destroying contradiction. He could not, for instance, make his body be, and *not* be, in the sacrament, at the same time. This absurdity attaches, not to the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation, but to the doctrine, if it deserves that name, of the Church of England, in the days of Elizabeth and James the First, and which doctrine is still to be found in the Protestant catechisms ; namely : that the sacrament is truly and really bread, and truly and really the body of Christ, at one and the same time. If it be bread, it cannot be the body ; and if it be the body, it cannot be bread. This, as it involves a self-destroying contradiction, is impossible even to God. Indeed, the absurdity was so evident, that the Anglicans have subsequently run off into the mere figurative sense of Calvin. Similar was that other absurdity of theirs—that what was the body in the mouth of one receiver, was bread in the mouth of another. A body is matter ;

and its existence cannot depend on the thoughts, or "faith," as they are pleased to call it, of either receiver. It must be there, or it must not; there is no medium; unless they choose to give to the whim of every individual mortal, that power of changing substances, which they refuse to an immortal God. But this reverie, too, they have given up, not for the Catholic reality, but for the visionary emblem of the Genevan school. These, indeed, are self-destroying contradictions, and absurd impossibilities. But, where is the contradiction or impossibility for God, to clothe, in the sacrament, with sensible qualities, that body, which, during his life, was clothed with mortal—in his transfiguration, with glorious—and after his resurrection, with immortal qualities? The difference between the mortal and immortal state, is far greater, than between the mortal and sacramental. Yet, even our own bodies shall be raised to that immortal state; a state, so far superior to the present, that St. Paul does not hesitate to call it *spiritual*; although, in it, our bodies shall still continue *real*. In this sense, the eucharist, also, is sometimes stiled the *spiritual* body of Christ; because, though still *real*, it is not in its *mortal* state, but in that state, which he chose, in order to render it fit to be eaten. This state, which I call sacramental, is far inferior to the immortal state, already assumed by Jesus; and which latter state, even *we* shall enjoy after our resurrection. The resurrection, therefore, is a greater miracle, than transubstantiation; and shall we deny the latter, while we admit the former?

The question of possibility, therefore, I trust, I have completely set at rest. Not only the believers of scripture, but the believers of a God, must confess that he *can* transubstantiate, if he please.—The next, and though vast in its demonstration, the only remaining question is—Has he done so? But, this is so clear from that sole, that infallible means, which we have, of ascertaining past events, namely, history; under which term comes the scripture itself, as a part of history; that no one, who admits the possibility, can, with the least claim to common sense, deny the fact. For this reason, have I been diffuse on the former; for I am convinced, that the understandings of the Christian people would never have been insulted by all the idle quibbles of sectaries, about the meaning of the most precise and positive words, which ever fell from the lips of Jesus—about the most clearly, most universally, and most repeatedly expressed belief of the Christian Church in all ages—if these sectaries did not, at bottom, though ashamed to profess it, blasphemously reject the Omnipotence of their Saviour. On to-morrow then, (Friday) I shall prove the *fact* from Scripture; and refute the objections of its scriptural opponents.

May my words open their eyes, and bring them back, at length, to the belief, adoration, and reception of that most blessed sacrament, of which their and our Jesus said: “He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up on the last day.” A blessing, &c.

SERMON II.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES:



FRIDAY.

Within the Octave of Corpus Christi.



FACT OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION, FROM SCRIPTURE.

"I have received of the Lord that which I also delivered to you, that the Lord Jesus, the night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and giving thanks, broke, and said: Take ye and eat; this is my body which shall be delivered for you: do this for the commemoration of me. In like manner also the chalice, after he had supped, saying: This chalice is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as often as you shall drink it, for the commemoration of me. For as often as you shall eat this bread, and drink the chalice, you shall shew the death of the Lord until he come." 1 Cor. c. xi, v. 23, &c.

YESTERDAY, my brethren, I demonstrated, that there is no impossibility, no contradiction, no absurdity, in the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation. I proved, not only against the sectaries, who admit the scripture, but against the Deists, who reject it, that God has the

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power of changing, if he please, the substance of the bread and wine, into the substance of his body and blood, preserving, still, the sensible qualities of the bread and wine. I have, thus, I trust, removed from the minds of all sincere enquirers after the truth, those obstacles, which a blind and unreasonable enslavement to the impressions of their senses, throws in the way of that calm consideration, with which they are bound to hear the words of Omnipotent Truth. If, then, I shall now make plain from the sacred writings, that the Redeemer of mankind has been pleased to perform this wonderful change; that he has, in the most positive, express, and literal manner, declared, that the bread is changed into his body, and the wine into his blood; no one, who admits his power—no one, who believes his divinity—no one, who receives the scripture as the word of his truth—can refuse to bow down, with the Catholic Church, and adore the body and blood of Jesus Christ, substantially existing in the blessed sacrament of the altar, under the outward appearance of bread and wine.

I say, then; if our opponents admit, as they must, the possibility, how can they deny the fact? In Matthew, Mark, Luke, and Paul, Christ says: "Take and eat: this is my body, which shall be delivered for you.—Take and drink, this is my blood, which shall be shed for you." In John, he says: "Amen, amen, I say unto you, unless you eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you, for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." Paul

again says : " The chalice of benediction which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? And the bread which we break, is it not the partaking of the body of the Lord?" And in another place : " Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and of the blood of the Lord. But let a man prove himself; and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of the chalice. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord."

There are some things, my brethren, so clear and evident, that an attempt to demonstrate them, only serves to involve them in a factitious obscurity. Who would undertake to prove, that the sun shines at noon-day? Could any argument of his, add light to the lustre, by which the luminary makes known its own presence? After I, for instance, who am but a mortal, had, repeatedly, and with the most solemn asseverations, stated a fact, would I feel complimented by a person, who should, as repeatedly, tell me, that I did not mean what I said; that I spoke metaphorically; when I cautiously avoided the least appearance of metaphor? Would I make a distinction between such a caviller, and a man who should, roundly and plumply, tell me I lied? The latter, in fact, would only be expressing, (in a very uncourteous way, it is true,) his disbelief of my words; but the former, while he equally disbelieved me, would be aggravating the insult, by wishing to persuade me, that I was, not only a knave, but a fool.

Yet, such is the treatment, which Jesus Christ receives from those, who, with his scriptures in their hands, and his words in their ears, still deny, that he changed bread and wine into his body and blood !

Were I—a Catholic, believing, as I do, in transubstantiation—were I to have been so blest, as to sit among the apostles at the last supper ; were I there anxious, that Christ should make use of words, which should leave no room for doubt, which should silence all possible cavil upon the truth of this dogma ; were I allowed to suggest, to the Saviour of mankind, the very terms of the institutional form—could I, could any man, could any apostle, could any angel, could the God of eternal wisdom himself, have selected words more expressive, or so expressive of the miraculous change he was about to effect, as those which he actually did use : “ This is my body ? ” When I now say that it is his body, no one dares to tell me, that I do not mean that it is his body ; and when Jesus himself says that it is, shall any one, calling himself Christian, or even pretending to understand the most simple and obvious words within the range of human speech, dare to contradict the Son of God, and tell him that it is *not* his body ? that it is only a sign, a figure, a representation, an—I know not what—which he has pawned upon mankind, declaring it to be his body ? and *that*, with an “ Amen, amen, I say unto you ? ” and—to keep up the solemn imposture—carefully avoiding the most distant allusion to sign, figure, or representation of any kind ?—Oh blasphemy !—Why, thy very mur-

derers, O Divine Victim ! who were to hang thee upon thy cross on the morrow—the very Jews, though they called thee seducer and impostor, never charged thee with an imposition so gross as this !

Well, Calvinists; will you still persist in telling your Redeemer, that he does not mean what he says ? Will you still contend, that it is *not* his body, after he has, so expressly, so repeatedly, assured you, that it *is* ? What shall I do to remove your obstinacy ? for, it is so absolutely void of the slightest shadow of common sense, that I cannot even palliate it with the name of—delusion. Perhaps, the Son of God himself, if he were to address you in person, might succeed in convincing you. Let us see. Suppose, then, that Jesus Christ should descend, once more, from his heavenly throne, and standing, in my place, should invite you to question him on the subject. Would you not rejoice at the opportunity, thus given you, to dispel your doubts for ever ? Would you not eagerly ask him, whether the sacrament was really his body ? And, if he most solemnly assured you that it was, would not that be enough ? would you not instantly bow to his infallible word, and believe, though you do not comprehend ? Yes ; if you deserve, at all, the name of Christians, I am convinced you would. But, I will push my supposition still further ; I will suppose the extremest possible case ; namely, that, in spite of this solemn asseveration, thousands of you were, not only, to persist in your unbelief, but to turn your backs upon your Jesus, and abjure him

for ever, as a liar and impostor ! How, think you, would your Saviour act in this emergency ? Would he let you go, when a word would keep you ? Would he, who came to teach you—to die for you—would he suppress the truth, and by that suppression, leave your souls to ruin ? Would the lover of souls do this ? Nay, more ; would he, again and again, tell you, that you should “eat his flesh and drink his blood ;” and that too, with the threat of your “not having life in you,” unless you did it ? Would Christ say this, if the truth did not oblige him ? Would he say this, if, at the same time, he only meant, that you were to eat bread and wine, as the *figures* of his flesh and blood ? and when, by candidly telling you so, he could remove all your difficulties, at once, and save you from the perdition of infidelity ? Would, in a word, the Lamb of God be guilty of so gratuitous, so cruel an imposture ? Now, then ; suppose, as I was saying, that, standing in this very pulpit, he were to act in the very manner I have just described. Would this, O Calvinists, be sufficient for you ? would this remove the obstinacy of your unbelief ?

“It would,” you reply ; “but the supposition is absurd ; Christ could not act so.”—I deny it. He *has* acted so. Read the sixth chapter of John. He, there, for the first time, said : “The bread which I will give, is my flesh for the life of the world.” No sooner had the word passed his lips, than the Jews questioned its possibility, debating among themselves, and saying : “How can this man give

us his flesh to eat?" What did Jesus reply? Did he tell them they had mistaken him? that it was only, *in figure*, they were to eat his flesh? No. But, using that asseveration, which, with him, was in lieu of an oath, he said: "Amen, amen, I say unto you: Unless you eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you..... For my flesh is meat indeed; and my blood is drink indeed: &c." What followed? Why, not only were the Jews still more offended, but many of his own disciples exclaimed: "This saying is hard, and who can hear it?" And yet, upon so alarming a symptom of desertion, how did Jesus act? He, who was so wont to explain his parables to his disciples, nay, soften down his words, lest they might, prematurely, offend the prejudices even of his enemies—did he do, or say aught, to stop the spreading apostacy of his own followers? Did he palliate? did he explain? did he clothe in metaphor, his first assertion?—On the contrary; to confirm its absolute truth; to show them, that unqualified belief must be paid to his infallible word; he added to its apparent impossibility, by saying: "Does this scandalize you? If then you shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before?" In other terms: "You do not believe," says he, "that I can give you my flesh to eat, now while I am present among you? What, then, shall you think, when I tell you, that it shall be eaten, even after I have ascended to my Father?"—Such was the manner, in which the Eternal Truth met the doubts, the questions, the unbelief, not only of the Jews, but of his own disciples. Every

word, which their infidelity extorted from him, was but a stronger, and still stronger, declaration of his corporal reality in the eucharist. Nay, he saw them go back, quit his company, and abjure his doctrine altogether, rather than let fall a sentence, which might, even by possibility, throw a doubt on the wonderful mystery of Transubstantiation. He grieved—oh! how his loving heart grieved at their obstinacy! But, he would not purchase their salvation, at the expence, or even with the palliation, of the truth. And, beholding himself now almost alone, turning to the twelve, he said: “Will you also go away?”—when Peter, like every faithful and rational Christian, subjecting his senses to his faith, and believing the word of a God, because it was the word of a God, replied: “Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed, and have known, that thou art the Christ, the Son of God.”

Thus, my brethren, we see, that, of all the divine dogmas of Christ, the one before us was, not only, the most precisely expressed, but, likewise, the most obstinately contested. If, then, we must believe his unequivocal word, ‘This is my body,’ how invincible, in our minds, does that word become, when we hear it maintained, and with so much perseverance maintained, by Christ himself, even to the loss of his disciples’ faith; and, consequently, maintained in that sense, which alone could have shaken their faith, or given rise to the contest—the literal sense of the Catholic Church. For, either this was the sense, in which he main-

tained it; or, we must blaspheme him for the grossest and silliest of impostors! There is no medium; and, therefore, while the Catholic believes his Saviour's word, let the Calvinist tremble at the other branch of the dilemma. He, who denies Transubstantiation, may allege, as long and as often as he pleases, its incomprehensibility—his denial charges imposture upon Christ!

And then, what follows? Why, that the whole scripture, from beginning to end, is an imposture, where it relates any thing, which we cannot comprehend. Give the victory, then, O ye figurative sacramentarians!—give the victory to the Arians, the Socinians, the Unitarians and the Deists, who deny the divinity of Jesus and the Holy Ghost! For, the very texts, which stand for the Trinity, are not more express, than those, which I have quoted for transubstantiation. “In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God:” “The Father and I are one:” “He that seeth me, seeth the Father also:” “I am in the Father, and the Father in me:” “The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name; the Spirit of Truth, who proceedeth from the Father:” “Baptizing in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:” finally, “There are three that give testimony in heaven: the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one.” These texts, which prove the Trinity, are not more literal and express, than the repeated asseverations of Christ: “This is my body; This is my blood.” Give

the victory then, ye Protestants! to all the Anti-trinitarians; and, with your figurative sense, or, to speak correctly, your absence of all sense, deny the divinity of the second and third Persons! Why should you believe, that either is God? Do you understand, how they are God? Much less than you do, how the bread is changed. Treat their divinity then, as you do the sacrament; make it figurative; the most convenient way in the world to deny, what you do not comprehend; say, out with it at once; "They are not God, they are only the signs, the figures, the representations of God!"

But, will your figurative sense stop here? will it be content with destroying Transubstantiation and the Trinity? Not at all. It is a *besom* of destruction, (to apply that expressive term of the prophet Isaias,) which sweeps, clean away, every relic of revelation. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." 'Poh! how could God be made flesh? It is all a figure.'—"Behold a virgin shall conceive." 'No such thing. Who can understand such a thing? It is only an emblem.'—"Christ Jesus, being in the form of God, debased himself, taking the form of a servant, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." 'What a contradiction! that God should die? It is all a sign, a figure, an emblem, a representation, a false appearance.'—Well, Calvin! have you yet made havoc enough in the fields of revelation? No, no; you are determined to reduce them to a complete desert.—'Who can understand the creation? the fall of man? the temptation of the serpent? the eternity of punish-

ment? the eternity of happiness? the resurrection of all human bodies? Who can understand the being of a God?—Away with all these truths, then; we must not believe what we do not comprehend; “let us eat; let us drink; for to-morrow we shall die!”—A devastation, an universal infidelity, to which the figurative sense has paved the way, and which the Bible Societies are now completing. For, if men are once taught to set aside a reality by a figure, because they comprehend not the reality—they will extend this sweeping privilege—so flattering to their pride, their ignorance, and their passions—from the sacrament, to all the unintelligible dogmas, aye, and disagreeable duties of religion.

But, have Calvin and his figuratives nothing to say for themselves? Say? that they will, and say, and say for ever; and though you were to prove to them, one hundred times, that ‘is’ is ‘is;’ though Christ himself were to tell them, one hundred times, that it *is* his body; they would, one hundred times, reply to him that it is *not*. What can you do with such men?—But, not to offend their vanity, (for they would rather die, than be considered dumb,) let us hear, not their arguments, (for they have not the shade of one to offer,) but their talk, of which they are so fond. “Christ is called a door and a vine,” say they; “but, these are metaphors; ergo.”—Metaphors! Aye, and I will add to this formidable array of metaphors, if metaphors be of any use to them. He is called a lion, too, and a lamb, and a rock, and a corner stone. Well, and

what then? Because some passages of scripture are evidently metaphorical, does it follow that all are so? What, then, becomes of the Trinity, the incarnation, and all the other mysteries I have just now mentioned? Are they all metaphors too? Because Christ uses metaphors, and parables, and similitudes of every kind, according to the practice of his age, taking care to let us know, by the context of his discourse, that they are metaphors—does it follow, that he never said any thing but in metaphor? even when his very words exclude the possibility of a metaphor?

But, let us compare these metaphors, so eternally flung in the face of our common sense, with the words of the institution. Christ says, "I am the door; I am the vine," &c. Now, as the word "I" is, and remains, the nominative case in these sentences, there can be no change in the thing expressed by that "I," namely, the person of Christ; and, therefore, these sentences must be metaphors, by the common rudiments of speech. But, with regard to the Eucharist, Christ did not content himself with saying, "I am the living bread that cometh down from heaven." That was a metaphor; and, had he said no more, our adversaries might have some colour of grammar, at least, on their side. But he says, "*This* is my body—*This* is my blood;"—and, lest we should dream of a metaphor, he adds, my body "which shall be delivered for you;" my blood, "which shall be shed for you." Now, here, the nominative case is not "I," which, as in the objected instances, would show a metaphor;

for, then, there could be no change in the person of Christ ; but the nominative case is " This ;" namely, that substance, which he then held in his hand, and which he declares, and, by that declaration, makes, (for his word is omnipotent, as well as true,) to be instantly changed into his body, or his blood. He does not even say this *bread*, this *wine*, lest we might suspect any metaphor ; but " This," without an adjunct ; to show, that there is nothing there, but his body and his blood ; and, whereas, in the objected phrases, there can be no change in his person, which continues what it was, in the nominative case " I ;" so, on the contrary, in the words of the institution, the nominative " This," having no noun in either sentence, to which it can be referred, except " body," or " blood,"—by the rules of common grammar, as well as by the power and truth of Jesus, " This" must be, respectively, his body, his blood.

You see, my brethren, into what holes and crannies of even grammatical chicane, the denial of the plain words of Christ will drive unbelievers. But I think I have dislodged them from that vapor of verbal subtleties, with which they strive to cloud the vision of the ignorant.—Whither go they next? Oh!—to that formidable passage, " It is the spirit that quickeneth: the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life."—Blasphemers!—What!—Does the flesh of Christ, then, profit nothing? that flesh, which hath redeemed the world?—Dare you say this? Nay, more, dare you make himself say this?

Oh! ye Scripture-readers! Go, at last, and learn, that wherever "the spirit and the flesh" occur in opposition, it is not the sacred flesh of Christ, which the scripture opposes to his divine spirit; but the carnal notion of unbelievers and worldlings, like you, which it opposes to the spiritual knowledge of Christ's religion. "Walk in the *spirit*," says Paul, "and you shall not fulfil the lusts of the *flesh*. For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh." "The *spirit*, indeed," says Jesus to his apostles, when they fell asleep in the garden, "the *spirit*, indeed, is willing, but the *flesh* is weak. Watch ye, therefore, and pray that ye enter not into temptation." Again, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven." And twenty similar passages. So, in the objected one, "the flesh that profiteth nothing," is the carnal disbelief of the Pharisees and Calvinists; both of whom cry out, with Judas and the incredulous disciples, "This is a hard saying, and who can hear it?" both of whom "went back, and walked no more with Jesus." This is the "flesh that profiteth nothing;" and this, Christ himself explains, by immediately adding, "There are some of you that believe not." "For he knew," says the Evangelist, "from the beginning, who they were that did not believe, and who he was that would betray him." But, the "spirit that quickeneth," is the faith of Peter and the Catholics; who, when Jesus said to the twelve, "Will you also go away?" exclaimed: "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou

hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed, and have known, that thou art the Christ, the Son of God." Well, men of the flesh, what think you now? On which side, are "the spirit and life?"—"Oh!" but Christ said: "If then you shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before?" True—and we, with the spiritual Peter, will believe, that he can give us his body and blood on our altars, though they are also in heaven. But you, with the carnal Capharnaïtes, will tell Omnipotence, that he cannot make them be in two places at once! And *you* are the chosen few, are you? that have "faith and the spirit?" Oh! what a monstrous deal of both you must have, to be able, forsooth, to believe, that bread is—bread! And the Catholic Church has the flesh, has she? Yes; the sacred flesh, that saved the world, she has; because she has the spirit of her Saviour's faith. But the "flesh, which profiteth nothing," she leaves to you and the carnal Jews, who, even on the word, the "Amen," the oath of Christ, will not believe beyond your carnal eyes!

What is the next silly subterfuge of those, who thus hate the love, and curtail the power of their Saviour?—"Do this in commemoration of me."—Well, and is not the divine eucharist, in the Catholic Church, a commemoration, a remembrance, a memorial of Jesus? Not, indeed, a naked, nominal, arbitrary, empty, memorial; such as Mahomet, if he pleased, might have left to his disciples, by saying, "Bread shall be the figure of my body;" but a real, substantial, miracu-

lous, memorial; such, as it was possible for, and worthy of, a dying God alone to bequeath. As the Son is the image of the Father; as Christ, hanging on the cross between the good and bad thieves, was, according to St. Augustine, a type of himself, judging the elect and the reprobate on the last day; as any one person, in one state, may be the representative of what himself was, in another state; so, Jesus, in the sacrament, is the substantial memorial of Jesus on the cross. But the pretended memorial of the Calvinists and their sacramentarian pupils, is but a bit of bread; and, for all the purposes of their arbitrary figure, might as well be a stone. Figure! Why, a Jewish sacrifice was a far better figure; for there, at least, there was substantial flesh and blood—an animal killed—something far more emblematic of the death of Christ, than a few inanimate barley-corns.—“Oh! but,” say they, “we eat the body of the Redeemer by faith.” Eat by faith! Do these men understand the meaning of words? Why; eating is an operation of the mouth; faith is an operation of the mind. Eating must have a physical substance to be eaten; faith requires only a mental truth to be believed. But they mean, perhaps, (for we must coin a meaning for them, as they seem to have none of their own,) they mean, perhaps, that the eating of the bread excites their faith. Now; why should the eating of bread excite faith, any more than the reading a good book? hearing an instructive sermon? saying a pious prayer? or looking at a crucifix? All these are much better calculated to excite faith, and are much better figures, too, of Christ, than a piece of

bread ; unless they will have us believe, that a baker can make a more natural representation of the Redeemer, than a painter with his pencil, or an apostle with his pen. And, here, I cannot let pass this opportunity of expressing my Catholic indignation and contempt, for the impious inconsistency of our opponents. They venerate the bread, which they arbitrarily call a figure of Christ ; and they deface and scoff at the natural figures of him, drawn by the hand of the artist !

But let us say, and say, 'till we tire—let us confute them one hundred times—let us prove, and prove again, and again, that they know not the meaning of even their own words—they will still din into our ears their “faith,” their “faith.” They may not, perhaps, after what they have heard, insist any longer, that they eat *by* faith ; (for that is sheer nonsense :) but they will tell us, that they eat *with* faith. A Catholic, indeed, can say *that* ; but how can a Protestant ? What has *he* to believe in the sacrament ? That Christ called bread his figure ? What mystery is there here ? What incomprehensibility, to call forth the supernatural aid of faith to believe it ? Mahomet, as I said, could have done the same. Any one, I myself, could now choose bread, or an apple, or a stone, or any thing ; and say, “eat this, or keep this, in commemoration of me.” And if my friends did so, they would be proving the great force of their supernatural faith, would they ? Why ; Nelson’s pillar is a more substantial, and more expressive memorial of that great admiral, than the Protestant’s bread

is of Christ; and because we keep the pillar standing, we show divine faith, do we? Oh! the delirium of these faith-boasters! I really think they know not what faith is!—Terrible insult this, to utter against men, who say they are saved by faith, and even by faith *alone*! But, let us see. What do you believe, when you eat the bread, and drink the wine? “We believe,” say they, “that Christ died for us.”—And don’t you believe *that*, whether you eat and drink at all, or not? If you don’t, you are not Christians; and the taking of the bread and wine will not make you so.—“Well; we believe,” again they reply, with wonderful gravity, “we believe that, as the bread nourishes our bodies, so the faith of Christ nourishes our souls.”—And do you never believe *that*, except when you are receiving what you call your sacrament? Now; don’t you believe, that the faith of Christ always nourishes your souls, if you have that faith in you? and if you have it not, the bread and wine, instead of serving, will, as you yourselves say, injure your souls; because they must be taken *with* faith. But, you shall no longer run wry of my question. I want to know, what faith you have, or can have, about the act of eating, or about the bread you eat? Come; a direct answer, for once at least. “We believe,” say they, “that Christ made the bread the figure of his body.”—That is, that he *called* it a figure; for *making* a thing a figure, and *calling* it a figure, is, in your empty, figurative, sense, one and the same thing, since there is no change in the bread. But this, any one could do, as I have already

shown. And, had Christ himself called it a figure of his body, what act of divinity could that be in him, since I could do as much? Admit, then, at last, that you eat, *neither by, nor with, faith.*

Take now the Catholic side of the case. We say, that we eat, not indeed *by* faith, (for that is absurd,) but *with* faith. And, that I may not quarrel with you about the definition of the word, I will take a definition, to which, acute scripturists, such as I have shown *you* to be, can certainly have no objection. It is St. Paul's. "Faith" he defines, "the substance of things hoped for, the conviction of things that appear not." In the blessed eucharist, then, we, Catholics, have the *substance*, not the empty *figure*, of our Jesus; we have his body, his blood, his soul, his divinity; the beatific vision of which we hope to enjoy in heaven. Here, then, is, first, the "substance of things hoped for." We have, also, and that, from his own express words, the "conviction," or, as some translate, the "evidence" of his body, blood, soul and divinity; which, being clothed in the sacramental species, do not appear in their mortal, or immortal, state. Here, then, is, secondly, "the conviction of things, that appear not." Here is faith; here, indeed, according to Paul's definition, we eat, *with* faith.—Oh you! who run after your imaginary figure, come and receive our real substance; the "substance" of your Saviour, whom you hope for; the "conviction" of his divinity, "which appeareth not." Come and adore, with us, his wisdom, which hath devised—come and

love, with us, his mercy, which hath granted—come and thank, with us, his power, which hath wrought—come and believe, with us, his truth, which hath announced—this godlike legacy to the sons of men: “TAKE, EAT, THIS IS MY BODY.”

We have, at length, my brethren, got rid of this pretended figure, and pretended faith, of our adversaries. In all argumentative conscience, they ought now to practise the humility of self-convicted silence. However, they have no less than five other paltry cavils to make; and, as I wish to leave them not even one; but, at the same time, without trespassing too long on your attention; I shall make short work of these five: which are—1. Why do we not give the chalice to the laity?—2. Is not the body of Christ digested, like other food?—3. Is it not unworthy of him, to expose it to the profanations of sinners and unbelievers?—4. Does not St. Paul say, that Christ offered himself but once for sin? and—5. Is not the sacrament sometimes called bread in the scripture, even after consecration?—Hear, now, my five answers. 1. The clergy must consecrate, and receive in both species; because the Eucharist, as a sacrifice, requires the two separate consecrations, to express the separation of the body and blood on the cross. The laity, on the contrary, require but one; because the Eucharist, as a sacrament, or divine banquet, contains Christ entire, under each species, and under each particle of each species, as I have before stated. But, which shall I call it? impudence or insanity? for men to

squabble about one half of a *figure*, when they have taken away the whole *substance*! Just like a highwayman, who should carry off my treasure, and then, by way of substitute, offer me the empty, worthless, purse.—2. The body of Christ cannot remain, when the appearance of bread is gone; it, therefore, ceases, when digestion has begun in the stomach.—3. It is no more unworthy of our blessed Redeemer, to permit a sinner to receive him; than it was, to allow Judas to kiss him! no more unworthy of him, to suffer unbelievers, as they often did, to throw his holy body to their dogs and horses; than it was, to let the Jews give him up to Pilate, and his Gentile executioners! no more unworthy of our patient and loving Jesus, to suspend the thunderbolt of his vengeance, when a monster in this city, calling himself a preacher, crumbled, and scattered from his pulpit, as I am informed, the blessed and adorable sacrament, which, with execrable hypocrisy, one of his audacious pupils had received in a Catholic chapel—to permit this, even this atrocious abomination, was no more unworthy of the Son of God, than when, without manifesting his divine power, he suffered the devil to carry him up to the top of a high mountain! Oh! Jesus! what didst thou not, what dost thou not endure for the love of thy elect!—And though, in thy eucharist, thou dost not *suffer*, as in thy mortal state, shall that impassibility excuse the sacrilegious profanation?—4. Where St. Paul says, that Christ offered himself but once for sin, he is speaking of the bloody sacrifice of the cross, and comparing it with the bloody

sacrifices of the law. The Eucharistic sacrifice is not bloody, but consists in the two separate consecrations; by which, the same apostle says, "we show the death of the Lord until he come."—5. The sacrament is sometimes called bread, in scripture, even after consecration, because it was bread before; just as Moses' rod is said to devour the Egyptian rods, although they were all serpents, when he devoured them. Besides, the sacrament, because it is eaten, as if it were bread, is, very properly, called the bread of life, of salvation, &c. by us, Catholics; as it is called the bread of benediction, and so forth, by St. Paul; without contradicting our, or his, previous assertions, which are both the same, with regard to this sacred mystery. For, what prevents us from using a metaphor, in speaking of the body of Christ, any more, than in speaking of any other subject, when the language we use, expresses that metaphor?

I have now disposed of the five questions, which sectaries think so formidable; and I have disposed of them, with very great ease. Shall I add a sixth?—It is, indeed, so superlatively ridiculous, that I am afraid it will break in, on the gravity of my subject. Yet, (wonderful to tell!) the more ridiculous it is, the more conclusive it appears to ignorant Protestants! The ludicrous question I allude to, is this—"Will not a host, that has been poisoned, poison the receiver?"—To be sure it will.—"Why? if, by the consecration, it becomes the body of Christ?"—For this plain reason—that Christ makes the *bread* his body; but we do not find that he ever said, that *arsenic*

would be changed into his body!—Have I replied to all the fooleries of our opponents, or shall I tire you, my brethren, with one or two more? However, as my hand is in, I may as well dispose of them all, *in globo*; lest they might boast, (poor boast!) that I had left even one, unanswered.—“Is a bit of bread,” say they, “changed into the Divinity?”—No; nothing can be changed into the Divinity; any more, than the Divinity could be crucified, or die. But the bread is changed into the body, and the wine into the blood—creatures into creatures—matter into matter—yet, with the body and the blood, there exist also the soul and the Divinity, on the altar, as well as on the cross. Finally—for, though Error never wearies in his labyrinth, Truth, sober Truth, who holds the guiding thread, will not deign to pursue her frantic adversary, through his wild, and endless maze; and I, with her, must therefore come, once for all, to a close. Finally, then, our adversaries ask: “Is not Transubstantiation contrary to the nature of things?”—Nature of things! How men amuse, and delude themselves with words! Who created the nature of things? Was it not God? Was it not Jesus? And can He not *change*, what He *created*?—Was it in the nature of things, that a virgin should be a mother?—that God should be man?—that a mortal body should become immortal?—I care not which way our opponents answer my questions; but, as they answer mine, I answer theirs: “No word is impossible with God.”

Now I have done, I think, with all the ob-

jections, as they are termed; and what a mass of silly sophistry do they exhibit! I have demonstrated the possibility of Transubstantiation, from reason; demonstrated the fact, from scripture; and confuted the unbelievers, from both. Is the proof complete?—To all, who believe the Omnipotence of Jesus, and the truth of his written word, the proof must be decisive; the *possibility*, and the *fact*, must, both, be evident. This ought to be enough with scripturists. Nevertheless, on Sunday, I will further prove to them, that the Catholic doctrine was the faith of the Christian Church in every age.

Oh! loving and dying Jesus! Open the eyes of souls, for whom thou hast shed thy precious blood! Bring them again to believe a truth, which thou hast surrounded with so many, and such invincible attestations! If I have confuted their error, with that tone of argumentative confidence, which truth alone can inspire; I call Thee to witness, that I have done so, not to wound their feelings by the mortification of a fruitless defeat, but to humble their spirit to thy divine word; to root out those prejudices, which are opposed to thy Omnipotence; and to conduct them, once more, back to the bosom of that Holy Church, in which their ancestors fed, in unity of faith and love, upon that “bread of life,” which is thy flesh; which thou once gavest on thy cross, and still givest on thy altars, “for the life of the world!” A blessing I wish them, in the name, &c.

SERMON III.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

—•••••—

SUNDAY.

Within the octave of Corpus Christi.

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**BELIEF OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION, FROM
FATHERS, COUNCILS, AND HISTORY.**

*“If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the
heathen and the publican.” Matt. c. 18, v. 17.*

THESE words of our Divine Redeemer, my brethren, contain a very awful denunciation. Every man, who has his eternal salvation at heart; who dreads that eternal ruin of his soul, which Christ here threatens; who is anxious not to be treated by his Judge, on the last day, as the heathen and the publican, will weigh, deeply, these awful words. He will fear nothing, so much, as not to hear and follow the voice of that Church, which Jesus established; with which he promised to be to the end of time; to which

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he sent his Holy Spirit, to remain with her for ever, and to guide her into all truth; that Church, which is the pillar and the ground of truth; which he built upon Peter; and, against which, the gates of hell shall not prevail. That Church, my brethren, we know, to be the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church only. And, were this point the intended subject of the present discourse, I should find no difficulty in proving it, to the satisfaction of every man, who takes scripture and common sense for his guides. But, as my object, this evening, is to show, that Transubstantiation has always been believed in the Church; and as Protestants deny, very ridiculously indeed, but still deny, that the Church, in communion with the See of Rome, is the Church which Christ commands us to hear; I will, for the present, only ask them to admit, that Christ and his apostles founded some Church or other; and that this Church existed in some portion, at least, of those, who, in former ages, have professed the faith of Christ. Well, then; if I can show, that Transubstantiation was held by the Christians of every age, from the apostles, down to the pretended reformation; they must confess, that, by denying it, they refuse to hear that Church, of which their Saviour speaks; and, by their disobedience, become as heathens and as publicans.

How, then, shall I prove to them, this constant and uninterrupted faith of the Church of Christ? Why; by History. "History!" they cry; "oh! you must not touch history at all." No! why not? What dislike have

you to history?—Oh! I see; history is against you, then? And hence, all this alarm. Ah! were it for you, we should never hear the end of it. But, you will allow me, kind antagonists as you are, to take the road of common sense to discover the truth, although you refuse to take that road yourselves. Why all this outcry against history? what *other* means have you to ascertain a past event? And I hope you'll admit, at least, that Christ instituted the Eucharist some eighteen hundred years ago. What is that scripture you read, but a history? And you are in the right to read it, provided you take care to understand it; for you have it from very respectable authority; namely, from the ancient fathers of the Catholic Church, who tell you, that it was written by the apostles and disciples of Jesus Christ. Now, if all these fathers understand the doctrine of the Eucharist, as I do; don't you think, that I had much better follow their opinions, than yours? If they have not deceived us, with regard to the authenticity of the scriptures; surely, they would not, nay more, they could not, mislead us about their meaning; particularly, as far as concerns the Eucharist. In those early times, there was no printing; no, nor Bible-societies either. The bulk of mankind did not read. It was no easy matter, to procure a manuscript copy of the testament. There were, also, many spurious gospels and epistles. It required the utmost vigilance and study of the bishops, priests, and other learned Christians, to distinguish the true scriptures from the false: and, although some of the books were received

by all, yet, others were, for a long time, the subject of doubt, with several; nor was it till the General Council of Trent—that same Council, which condemned your abuse of the scriptures—that the present canon of the New Testament was received, by a formal decree of the whole Church in a body. So, you see, my Protestant brethren, that you make use of that sacred book, not by a Protestant, but by a Catholic title. Don't suppose I blame you for admitting its authenticity; for, it is good to get you to admit any truth, even though you don't know why.

Now, remark. It was neither a very difficult, nor a very dangerous matter, for this or that father to doubt, with regard to the authenticity of this or that book of scripture; for, the deposit of faith had been delivered, not in writing, but verbally; not by the written word, but by the word of preaching. Thus it was, that Christ himself, and his apostles, taught. And the doctrine, so delivered, is called Tradition. A primitive Christian, therefore, while he adhered to this doctrine, might, without any disparagement of his faith, be mistaken as to the authenticity of this, or that book of scripture. But, with regard to the Eucharist, it was impossible, absolutely impossible, that all, or even any one of them, should mistake. The Eucharist was received, in those ancient times, by every Christian, every day of his life; and it was thus received, for years, before a single book of the New Testament had been written. No one, not even of the people,

therefore, could be ignorant of what Christ had taught his apostles and disciples on the subject. Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Paul, in process of time, committed the doctrine to paper; and we have seen, that their writings make, most evidently, for the Catholic dogma.

Now, if all the Christian writers, who came after them, for upwards of a thousand years, are with us, and against you, don't you think that we must be right, and you, wrong? I say, then, that Clement of Rome, Ignatius of Antioch, and Polycarp of Smyrna, in the first age; Justin Martyr, Irenæus, and Tertullian, in the second; Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Cyprian, and Dionysius of Corinth, in the third; Athanasius, Basil, Gregory, Cyril of Jerusalem, and Ambrose, in the fourth; Augustine, Chrysostom, Cyril of Alexandria, and Leo, in the fifth; I say that these, and all their innumerable contemporaries, teach the Catholic doctrine. Their testimonies, on this head, are so numerous, that it would be impossible, in a sermon, to quote one, out of every hundred. I shall select a few.

St. Ignatius, a disciple of the apostles, third bishop of Antioch, who was devoured by lions in the Roman amphitheatre, under the emperor Trajan, about the year 100; in his epistle to the church of Smyrna, speaking of certain heretics, who denied that Christ had ever taken real flesh, says: "They do not admit eucharists and oblations, because they do not confess, that the eucharist is the flesh

of our Saviour Jesus Christ, which suffered for our sins, and which the Father raised again by his bounty."

St. Justin Martyr, of the second century, in his second apology to the emperor Antoninus—a work, which being addressed to the Pagans, was, therefore, explicit on the Christian faith—speaks of the sacrament thus: "We do not take these, as common bread and common drink; but, as Jesus Christ our Saviour, being incarnated by the Word of God, had flesh and blood for our salvation; so, we learn, that through the prayers of the Word of God, that food, whereby our flesh and blood are nourished, through the alteration thereof, being made the Eucharist, is the flesh and blood of Jesus, who was incarnated."

St. Cyprian, bishop of Carthage and martyr, in the third age, says, in his sermon on the Lord's supper: "This bread, which the Lord gave to his disciples, is changed, not in outward appearance, but in substance; *non effigie, sed natura mutatus*; and by the omnipotence of the word, it is made flesh. And, as, in the person of Christ, the humanity appeared, and the divinity lay hid; so, in the visible sacrament, the divine essence hath infallibly infused itself."

In the fourth age, St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan, in his book "De Initiatis," or persons making their first communion, proves, that the bread and wine are supernaturally changed,

by consecration, into the body of Christ, which was born of a virgin, and into his blood. "Perhaps," says he, you may tell me, 'Oh! but I see another thing!' I must then prove, that what you receive, is not that which nature framed, but that which the benediction has consecrated; and that the benediction is of a greater force than nature, because it changes the nature itself. Moses held a rod in his hand; he threw it down, and it was made a serpent. Again, he took hold of the serpent, and it returned into the nature of a rod. You see, therefore, that by prophetic grace, the nature was twice changed, both of a serpent, and of a rod. The rivers of Egypt ran with streams of pure water; when, presently, the fountain-veins gushed forth blood. There was no water in the rivers; and again, at the prayer of Moses, the blood ceased, and the nature of waters returned." To these, St. Ambrose adds other miracles; that, when Moses held up his rod, the sea opened a passage for the Israelites; that Jordan ran back; that Moses brought water out of a rock, by striking it; that Eliseus made iron swim upon the water, contrary to its nature; &c. "We see, therefore," continues the holy father, "that grace is stronger than nature. Now, if a man's blessing could change the course of nature, what do we think of the divine consecration itself, in which the very words of our Saviour operate? For, the sacrament, which you receive, is made by the words of Christ. And, if the words of Elias were able to draw fire from heaven, will not the words of Christ be able to

change the specific natures of the elements? We read of all the creatures in the world, 'He said, and they were made; he commanded, and they were created;' Is not, then, the word of Christ, which could give a being to that, which had none, able to change those things, which are, into what they were not before? For, it is not less to give new natures to things, than to change their natures." The holy doctor proceeds: "But what need is there of foreign arguments, seeing that we may prove the truth of this mystery by the incarnation? Was our Lord Jesus naturally born? It is clear he was born of a virgin, above the laws of nature; and this body, which we consecrate, is born of a virgin. Why, then, do you seek for the order of nature, in the body of Christ, who was born of a virgin, contrary to it?" So far St. Ambrose. Will Protestants say, that he did not believe in Transubstantiation? And remark, my brethren, that this long quotation is taken from his catechistical instruction to persons making their first communion; on which occasion, it was necessary for him to be, as he has been, most particular and explicit, in stating the doctrine of the Church.

St. Gregory, bishop of Nyssa, in the same century, having said, in a catechetical discourse likewise, that "the immortal body of Christ, as a powerful preservative, is received into our bowels;" and then enquired, "how this same body, which is distributed to so many thousands of the faithful over all the

earth, should be entire in each of these, and in each part which they receive, and yet not cease to remain still entire in itself?" thus answers: "It is because the visible substance of bread is changed into it. The body of Christ," says he, "is deified by his person. And, therefore, I have reason to believe, that, to this day, the bread, being sanctified by the word of God, is changed into the body of God the Son; as that body, when mortal, was nourished by, and made out of bread. For there, the Divine Person sanctified the body, which had bread for its nourishment, and so was, as it were, bread; and here, in like manner, bread, to use the words of the apostle, is sanctified by the word of God, and by prayer. Not so, that it is to be changed into the body of Christ by nourishing it; but that it is suddenly changed into it by these words, *This is my body*. The nature of those things that appear, being trans-elemented into it, by the power of consecration."

St. Epiphanius, bishop of Cyprus, a cotemporary father, has these words: (in Ancor.) "We see what our Saviour took into his hands; that he rose from supper, that he took these things, and when he had given thanks he said: *This is mine*, and this, and this. And we see that it is not equal, nor like to the proportion, or image in flesh, to the invisible Deity, to the lineaments of members; for this is of a round form, and insensible according to power. And he was pleased, through grace, to say: *Hoc meum est, Hoc, et Hoc*; and yet, every

one believeth his speech: for who believeth it not to be his very true body, doth fall from grace and salvation."

The great St. Augustine, bishop of Hippo, in Africa, whom St. Ambrose converted, in his second book against the Adversary of the law and the prophets, c. 9. writes as follows: "We take, with a faithful heart and mouth, the Mediator of God and men, to wit, Jesus Christ being man, who gives his flesh to us to be eaten, and his blood to be drunken; though it may seem a more horrible matter to eat man's flesh, than to destroy man's flesh; and to drink blood, than to shed blood." And, commenting on that passage, as he read it, of the 33d Psalm: conc. 1. *Ferebatur in manibus suis*, "He was carried in his own hands;" St. Augustine says: "Who can understand, how this can happen in man? For who is carried in his own hands? A man may be carried in the hands of another, but in his own hands he cannot be carried. How this may be literally understood in David, we find not, but, in Christ, we find. For Christ was carried in his own hands, when, commending his body, he said, *Hoc est corpus meum*; for then he carried that body in his own hands." And again; explaining that passage of the 98th Psalm; "Adore ye his foot-stool:" and quoting the prophet Isaias, who says; "The earth is his footstool:" the holy doctor thus writes: "Doubting herein," (that is, how the earth can be adored without sin,) "I turn myself to Christ, because I seek him here; and

I find how, without any impiety, the earth may be adored, his footstool may be adored. For he took earth from earth, because flesh cometh of the earth; and he took flesh of the flesh of Mary. And because he here walked in that flesh, and gave that flesh to us, to be eaten for our salvation. Now, no one eats that flesh, unless he has first adored it. Here then is found, how such a footstool of the Lord may be adored; so that here, not only we do not sin in adoring, but we sin is not adoring."

So far, out of innumerable testimonies of that great light of the Church, St. Augustine, Chrysostom, Basil, Eusebius, Theodoret, Tertullian, and Irenæus, speak of the Eucharist in the same way; but, as I must close these quotations of the early fathers, I shall do so with one, from a catechistical work of St. Cyril, bishop of Jerusalem, who died in 381; (Catech. Mystag. 4.) "Jesus Christ," says he, "in Cana of Galilee, changed water into wine, which has some affinity with blood, by his will only; and cannot we believe him, that he changed the wine into his own blood? We become *Christophori*, that is, we carry Jesus Christ in our body, when we receive into our mouth, and into our stomach, his body and blood. Let your soul rejoice in the Lord, being persuaded of it, as a thing most certain, that the bread, which appears to our eyes, is not bread, though our taste do judge it to be so; but that it is the body of Jesus Christ."

Such, my brethren, are a few, and only a few, of the thousand passages I could cite, from the writers and great saints of the four first ages. And what do our sectaries of the sixteenth century, who are come, so late in the day, to reform the Church of Christ, what do they say to such authorities? Why; the most of them give up the fathers to ourselves, and say nothing at all about them. These, indeed, act wisely, for they know, that they would gain nothing by the contention. Others of them tell us, that they know the meaning of Christ's words, better than all the fathers put together. This second class are only to be laughed at, for their idiotic arrogance. A few, however, make a shift to say something. And how do they go about it? Why, out of three thousand places, where the Eucharist is mentioned, they pick up half a dozen, in which the species, or external appearances of bread and wine, are called the symbols, the signs, the figures, the types, the memorials, of Christ's body and blood. Well, and what of that? Do not we, Catholics, to this day, call these appearances by the same names? Does not the very word, sacrament, mean sign? And are not these external qualities, the signs to our senses, by which we know, that the body and blood are there after consecration? Does an external figure exclude the internal reality? Does it not, on the contrary, show us, where the reality is? Is not a tomb, which contains the body, as much, and more, a memorial of that body, than a cenotaph, which contains it not? Then, at all events, we must let the fa-

thers explain their own meaning; and, as I have shown, well do they explain it.

But, that I may not affront our antagonists, I will condescend to answer, directly, to one of these expressions, which they have culled out, and called an objection. And observe, it is the one they consider strongest of all. From its weakness, then, you shall judge of the remainder. It is this passage of Tertullian. In his book against the heretic Marcion, c. 40, he says, that "Christ made the bread his body, by saying, this is my body, that is, the figure of my body." Now, my brethren, this is not an objection, but a mistake of our opponents. The case was this: Marcion, like other early heretics, maintained, that Christ, when on earth, had not a true body, but the shadow, the appearance, the mere figure of a body. Tertullian, to confute him, shows, that figures belonged to the old law, but realities to the new. And this he shews by the Blessed Sacrament; arguing, that bread, which was a figure in the old law, as in the sacrifice of Melchisedec, &c. is made the real body of Christ in the new. But, in arguing this, he uses a turn of phrase, very common with him, and which grammarians call "hyperbaton," or transposition of words. Thus, he says, in another place: "Christ is dead, that is, anointed;" instead of saying: "Christ, that is, the anointed, is dead." And again: "I will open to a parable my ear, that is, a similitude;" instead of, "I will open to a parable, that is, a similitude, my ear." And this transposition he uses, in order not to interrupt the scripture, which he happens to be quoting. So, the ob-

jected passage, if we replace the transposed words, will run thus; "Christ made bread, (that is, the figure of his body,) his body, by saying, this is my body." And this is clear, from what he instantly adds: "*figura autem non fuisset, nisi veritatis esset corpus.*" Which, in English, is: "But it, (the bread,) would not *have been* (the past time) a figure; (namely, in the old law.) if the body were not (the present time) a reality, namely, in the new law."

What do our opponents now think, of their celebrated objection from Tertullian? But, it is fair that we should let that writer speak for himself. Hear him, then. In his book on the Resurrection of the Flesh, c. 8, he says: "Our flesh eats the body and blood of Christ, that our souls may be fattened with the God-head." But, after all, suppose Tertullian had called the sacrament a figure of the body, pray, is it not, as I have often said, a figure? not, indeed, of the body absent, but of the body present.

To this their blundering objection from Tertullian, our antagonists add, with equal imbecility of logic, three or four passages from other fathers. In pity to the ignorance, which could adduce these passages; and, because I have a respect for the common sense of my Catholic audience, I shall not go into any detail; but, with one word, as it were, shall make my opponents ashamed of their folly. St. Augustine says, that children, who are baptized, though they do

not receive the eucharist, yet, partake of the body of Christ, because their souls receive his redemption; that is, they communicate spiritually. But, because children communicate spiritually, does it follow, that the rest of the faithful do not communicate corporally, when they receive the blessed sacrament? Oh! what admirable logic!—Again, St. Augustine says, that the unworthy communicant does not receive the body of Christ; that is, he does not receive, in his soul, the benefit of Christ's redemption. But, what fool will hence conclude, that the sinner does not receive him corporally? For, St. Augustine, in the very same passage says, that the unworthy communicant "presses with his teeth" the body of his Saviour.—What other passage do Protestants adduce? Why; St. Pius the First says, that to eat the body of the Lord, is to believe the word of the Lord; that is, that faith is necessary for a worthy communion. These, my brethren, are the formidable passages, quoted by our silly opponents; and to infer, as they do, that the body of our Redeemer does not really exist at all, in the sacrament, is just as if they argued thus: "St. Paul says, that the unworthy receiver eats and drinks damnation to himself; therefore the sacrament is, not the body of Jesus, but—damnation." What blasphemous folly! For, does not the Apostle add, that the unworthy receiver is "guilty of the body and blood of the Lord?" But, how could he be guilty of them, if they were not really

present, independently of the faith, and of every other disposition of the receiver?

Such, my brethren, are the paltry quibbles, for which Protestants have left the faith of all the great Saints and Fathers of the Church. Oh, what blindness! to differ from all antiquity! For, although I have quoted but a few authors of the first ages, all their contemporaries, and all their successors to the present day, state the same doctrine. And this, not in their individual capacity alone, but when assembled in the general councils of the Church. At Nice, at Ephesus, at Constantinople, the congregated bishops of Christendom declared this saving faith. For brevity's sake, I shall quote one subsequent author, for all, and one council, for all. St. John Damascene, or of Damascus, before the middle of the eighth century, thus delivers the sense of the Church. In his fourth book of the Orthodox Faith, c. 14, he says: "If the word of God is quick and powerful; if God made all things which he pleased; if he said, let the light be made, and it was made; let the firmament be made, and it was made; if by his word the heavens were made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth: if heaven, earth, water, fire, air, and all their perfections, were the production of his sacred word; if man himself was made by it; if God the Son, when he pleased, was made man, and formed himself a body out of the immaculate blood of the ever-virgin Mary; what can hinder him from being able to *make his body from bread, and his blood from wine and water*?—Not that his body descends from

heaven; but that *bread and wine are changed into the body and blood of God*. Neither are bread and wine the figures of the body and blood of Christ, (God forbid!) but *the very body of Christ incarnate*; since he did not say, *this is the sign of my body*, but, *this is my body*; nor, *this is the sign of my blood*, but, *this is my blood*. And if some of the fathers," says he, "have called bread and wine (*antitypa*) the figures of the body and blood of our Lord, as St. Basil did; they did not say this of what is offered after consecration, but only before it; yet we call them *antitypa*, antitypes, or figures of things to come; *not that they are not truly the body and blood of Christ*; but, because by them we are partakers of Christ's divinity now, of which we expect hereafter a clear sight in the beatific vision. So far St. John Damascene.

The Council I shall quote, is the seventh general one, the second at Nice, of two hundred and fifty bishops, in the year 781, who met to condemn the Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers. These heretics, though they did not deny transubstantiation, yet, to justify their contempt of holy images, had, in their profession of faith, called the Eucharist, "the only true image of Christ to be worshipped." The Fathers of the Council reply to them thus: tom. 7, Conc. p. 447, "Never did any of the Apostles, or of the Holy Fathers, call the unbloody sacrifice, (which is made in remembrance of Christ, and of all that he did and suffered,) the image of his body. For, they did not learn that from Christ, but heard him say in the gospel, un-

less you eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not enter into the kingdom ; and, this is my body, &c. he did not say, take and eat, the image of his body. And so, St. Paul, deriving his doctrine from the same divine fountain. Neither Christ, nor the Apostles, nor the Holy Fathers, call the unbloody sacrifice, offered by the priest, an image; but the very body and the very blood. Some of the fathers, indeed, call them types before consecration, as St. Eustathius and St. Basil; but the following words show, that he means they were types before they were consecrated; but that, *after consecration, they are properly called the body and blood of Christ; that they are properly so, and are believed to be so.*" Thus speak the Fathers of the Seventh General Council.

But, besides the writings of all Christian authors, from the commencement of the Church, and the decrees of all the general councils, there is another kind of historical evidence, which proves transubstantiation, to have been the universal belief of Christians, in every age and clime. It is the evidence of the Liturgies, the Missals, the forms of public prayer, in the daily celebration of the divine mysteries. This is a kind of practical evidence; in which we do not merely read the sentiments of antiquity, but in which we see, as it were, with our own eyes, the whole family of Christ, sitting round his sacred table, and eating and drinking the body and blood of the lamb, which was daily immolated on the altars of the whole Christian

world. All these Liturgies, or Missals, mention the bread and wine, as no longer existing after the consecration; as changed, by the words of consecration, into the body and blood of Jesus. These Liturgies have been published from manuscripts of more than one thousand years old; and, even at that time, were the long-established forms of public worship, in the different countries which used them. Thus, the Liturgy of St. Basil, used by the Armenians, and other Christians of Asia Minor; that of St. James, practised by those of Palestine and Mesopotamia; St. Chrysostom's, followed at Antioch and in Syria; the Coptic, in vogue among the Christians of Egypt; the Greek, the Mozarabic, the Gothic, the Gallican, the Spanish, the Saxon, the Russian, the Slavonian, the Illyrian, and the Roman Liturgies; in a word, the ancient forms of public, or common prayer, in every spot of the earth, where the name of Christ was known, all vouch the transubstantiation, or substantial conversion of the bread and wine, into the body and blood of Jesus; nor was this dogma ever called in question by any one individual, even among the heretics, for one thousand years. Towards the middle of the eleventh century, indeed, Berengarius, a French priest, first of all, denied it; was condemned in no less than eleven councils, and abjured it himself three several times. No error was so universally, or so unanimously anathematized. All the general councils, that have been held since that time; the third, fourth, and fifth of Lateran; that of Constance, in 1415; that of Florence, where the Latin and Greek churches

were re-united, in 1431 ; and that of Trent, in 1563, have, in the most explicit terms, pronounced their anathema against this shocking error. Nay, so late as the seventeenth century, the Schismatics of the East, in two councils, one at Nazareth, and the other at Constantinople, condemned it; and deposed Cyril, patriarch of the latter city, who had been bribed by some Dutch Calvinists, to issue a profession of faith against the real presence and transubstantiation.

But, to set the whole matter at rest, with one reflexion; if the primitive Christians, had been told by the Apostles, that the sacrament was a mere figure, how could they, or their descendants, have ever even dreamed of Transubstantiation? Are we to suppose, that the first converts, as well Jews as Gentiles, were so many millions of idiots? that they did not ask their instructors, what Christ meant, when he said, "This is my body?" Or, are we to suppose, that the Apostles were a dozen of knaves? that they declined to answer? or told a falsehood? Both suppositions are absurd. The first is, in human nature, impossible. The second is falsified by the apostolical character. The converts, therefore, did ask; and the Apostles did reply. Now, then; if the reply had been, as Protestants pretend; namely, that the bread was only a figure of the body; how, in the name of common sense, in the name of possibility, could even the idea of Transubstantiation have ever entered into the minds of men? How could the Christian

writers of every age; the doctors, the saints, the fathers, the councils of all antiquity; the Catholics, the Schismatics, the Heretics; the prelates, priests, and people of every clime, from Cadiz to Moscow, and from Dublin to Grand Cairo; how, in a word, could the whole Christian universe have rejected the *figure*, which presents no mystery at all, and adopted the *reality*, which, to be believed, requires the utmost stretch of divine faith? How could this have happened, if Christ and his apostles had not taught Transubstantiation?

Oh, ye unbelievers! reflect on this; reflect, and see; see, in the very doctrine, from which your senses recoil, the evidence of its truth. For, it was impossible, absolutely impossible, that *such* a mystery could ever have been believed, and so universally, so constantly believed, unless upon the plain, positive, palpable, authority of God himself. You scoff at us, for what you call our "credulity," because we believe the express words of Christ; and yet, your own credulity is so vast, so monstrous, that you believe in the existence of an universal error, which the very nature of man declares to have been impossible!

Well, my Protestant friends, what say you now? Having no ground of reason, or common sense, to stand upon, as I showed in my first discourse; confuted by scripture and revelation, as I proved in my second; condemned by the unanimous voice of the whole Christian

world in every age, as I have now demonstrated in my third; will you still remain fixed in your obstinacy? Why do you not use, at least, the same means, to secure your eternal salvation, that you would, to secure your most trifling temporal interest? If you had as many titles to an estate, as the Catholic doctrine has to truth, would you renounce that estate, as you renounce this sacred doctrine? Can you expect the mercy of your God hereafter, when you abjure his infallible truth, with a contempt, which you would not evince in the most trivial concern of this life? Oh! think of your souls; each of you has one to save; and each of you must answer to your God for that one alone. To say, that you followed the opinion of your friends, or connexions, will be no excuse. You will, every soul of you, be called to an account for yourselves individually. To each of you, then, I say: lay all worldly considerations aside; embrace the truth, come what may; what will it profit you to gain the whole world, if you lose your own soul?

Then, consider what a mass of contradictions *that* is, for which you have renounced the truth of your Jesus. Luther maintained, that the body of Christ was in the sacrament, but that the bread remained there too. Some of his followers adored the sacrament, and others refused to adore it. Calvin, one time, joined Zuinglius, who said it was nothing but a mere figure of the absent body; another time, he sided with Luther; and, constantly shifting from one opinion to the other, he has left so many inconsistencies in his writings, that no

one can well say, which side he took. His disciples, however, have decidedly gone into the empty, figurative, sense. The Church of England would fain be, neither Lutheran, Calvinist, nor Catholic; and has, in consequence, made such a medley of the thing, that, in one line of her catechism, you find her saying, that it is verily and truly the body; in another, that it is verily and truly bread; sometimes, that the bread contains the body; at other times, that it only represents the body; some of her writers, speaking like Catholics, others like Calvinists; and the same writers speaking, now like those, then like these, at different times, in different works, and often, in the same page of the same work! Whence these perpetual contradictions? Whence, but from the evident words of Christ, and the voice of all Christian antiquity, on the one hand; and from the spirit of opposition and party, on the other. These contending motives gain the ascendancy by turns; but the misfortune is, that by thus shaking the foundations of faith to and fro, they have, at length, nearly demolished them altogether; and the Church-of-England-men of the present day, have, without, I believe, one single exception, given wholly into the naked, useless, and unmeaning, figure.

Oh! my Protestant brethren! rise out of this sea of uncertainty; be no longer tossed about by every wind of doctrine; reflect on the discourses I have pronounced; read them attentively, when I shall have published them for your benefit; read them again and again; pray, sincerely, for the light of heaven, to di-

rect you in this important, this eternal affair. Yes, pray; again I say, pray; pray, and repent of your misdeeds; for, without prayer, persuasion will be vain; and, without penance, prodigies will not convert you. Consult and examine for yourselves; read both sides of the question; learn from Catholics, what Catholics hold; nor pin your faith, and, consequently, your salvation, to the canting tales, and lying fooleries, of the petty tract-press. One of these puny pen-men, the other day, in a pamphlet which he published, challenged me to quote a single text from any of the ancient fathers in proof of Transubstantiation. I have accepted the challenge, this evening; and I leave to Protestants themselves to say, which side has come off victorious. Let my bold, my foolish antagonist, read this sermon; let him read it sincerely; and I do not hesitate to declare my confidence in that Jesus, who is the author and consummator of our faith, that, not only the pamphleteer, but all who think with him, shall, at length, be mercifully brought to know, and acknowledge the Catholic truth!

Oh! May we all, then, as we used in ancient times, meet, once more, at the same holy table, to feed on the flesh of the Lamb! may we all attend, in union and love, at the same sacrifice of that divine Lamb on the altar! which sacrifice I shall fully demonstrate to-morrow. And may we all, finally, rejoice together, in the mansions of that eternal bliss, which Jesus purchased for us by his redeeming blood!

A blessing, &c.

SERMON IV.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

MONDAY.

Within the Octave of Corpus Christi.

SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of Hosts, and I will not receive a gift of your hand. For, from the rising of the sun, even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles, and, in every place, there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation: for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts.

Malachy, c. i, vv. 10, 11.

GOD, my brethren, is above all things: we must, therefore, acknowledge his sovereign, universal, dominion. He made us what we are, and gave us all we have: we must, therefore, thank him for our being, and for all the blessings we possess. From him, alone, we can receive the continuance of that being, and of those blessings: we must, therefore, beseech him to continue them. We offend him by our sins: we must, therefore,

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sue for pardon. Reason tells us, that these four obligations are comprised in the duty, which a rational creature owes her Creator ; and these obligations we discharge internally, when, in our souls, we perform the four acts of adoration, thanksgiving, petition, and repentance. But, we are beings composed of soul and body : God is Lord of both : therefore, with both, we must acknowledge his dominion. God created and blessed both : therefore, with both, we must thank him. He alone can preserve both : therefore, with both, we must beg that preservation. We offend in both ; therefore, in both, we must sue for his forgiveness. Our external and corporal homage is, therefore, as necessary, in our worship of God, as our internal and spiritual submission. Our body is, as it were, the expressive stamp of our soul ; the acts of the former are but the signs, by which we give utterance to the sentiments of the latter.

Hence, from the beginning, man, not only directed by the command of God, but led by the light of his own reason, joined external, with internal, worship ; and, as sacrifice is the most expressive act, by which we can exhibit our dependence on God's sovereignty, our gratitude for his benefits, our entreaty for their continuance, and our sorrow for our sins ; so, we find, that God, from the beginning, required it ; and that man, from the beginning, performed it.

The etymology of the word, sacrifice, is *sacrum facere*, to make a thing sacred: The thing is made sacred, when it is offered to God, by an external act performed on it. If the offering were an animal, it was, generally, killed, burnt whole, or part burnt and part eaten. Thus Abel, Abraham, and the Jewish priests sacrificed sheep and oxen. When the oblation was inanimate, if solid, it was burnt, or eaten; if liquid, it was poured out, or drunk, in the whole, or in part. Thus Cain sacrificed the first fruits of the earth; Melchisedec, bread and wine; and the sons of Aaron, the mincha, or oblation of fine flour. The animal, however, though offered in sacrifice, was not always killed: Such was the emissary, or scape-goat, which was brought before the tabernacle, on the solemn day of the year, when the high-priest entered the holy of holies; and, after confessing aloud his own iniquities, and those of all Israel, he laid his hands on the goat's head; praying the Lord, that punishment might not light on the nation, but be transferred to the substituted victim; which was then sent off to the wilderness, and allowed to go at large.

All these various modes of oblation, came, equally, under the name of sacrifice, and were an acknowledgement of God's supreme dominion over life and death, over the existence and condition of all creatures, whether animate or inanimate; and, therefore, sacrifice could not be offered to any

but God alone. The person offering it, was called a priest; the building, where he officiated, a temple; and the table, which received the offering, was stiled an altar. So that any one of these names implies a sacrifice. Every body could not be a priest. This dignity was confined, during the patriarchal ages, to the heads of families; and under the Mosaic law, it was further restricted to Aaron and his descendants. Such, my brethren, is a sacrifice; for though the term is sometimes, metaphorically, applied to religious acts of the mind or mouth, such as prayer and praise; because these are necessary to make a sacrifice acceptable to heaven; yet, a real sacrifice, is the oblation of some real, physical, thing, offered to God alone, by a minister duly appointed to the priestly office.

Thus we find that sacrifice was, from the beginning, essential to religion, as well under the law of nature, as under that of Moses. Nay, this holy rite is so reasonable, so original, so natural, in man, that even the nations, who lost the knowledge of their God, did not lose this essential mode of divine worship. They, too, had their temples, altars, priests, and victims; but their heinous crime consisted in transferring to creatures, or imaginary deities, this act of homage, which was due to the Creator alone.

Bnt, then; has Jesus Christ, my brethren, left the law of grace inferior, in this respect, to

the laws of nature and of Moses? Our Protestant professors of Christianity reply in the affirmative; and say, that the internal worship of the soul, is all we owe to the God, who redeemed us. What! did not the Patriarchs, and the Synagogue, owe this worship too; and did they not perform it? Yet, they added the external rite of sacrifice. Inferior, then, we still must be, unless we have this rite. But it will be said, that we have been redeemed by the blood of Jesus. And were not they likewise? Had not that blood, both retrospective and prospective fruit? They *were to be* redeemed; we *have been* redeemed. Do we owe less than they? Do we not owe more? They sacrificed in figure; shall we not sacrifice in truth? The immolation of Jesus on the cross; that sacrifice, which was offered both for them and us, was future as to them; as to us, is past. They prefigured it in their victims; shall we not continue it in ours? They had the shadow; shall we not have the reality?—Oh, how low do sectaries degrade the Church of Christ, by denying her the sacrifice of his body and blood! Her worship, both internal and external, was to have been the perfection of the ancient worship; yet, in one of these two essential parts, they make her inferior, not only to the synagogue, but to the law of nature. They deprive her of one-half of that whole homage, which men, as beings composed of soul and body, owe, by their double nature, to the God who made them.

But I shall no longer argue *a priori*, that is, upon *first* principles, the propriety, nay, necessity, of a sacrifice in the Christian Church. 'The thing is plain, too plain to require more discussion. I will then proceed to argue *a posteriori*, or from evidences of the fact, the existence of a Christian sacrifice. And here, not only history, as well scriptural as ecclesiastical, but prophecy too, presents itself.

In the words, which I have chosen for my text, the Lord, by the mouth of his prophet Malachy, announces to the Jews, that the Mosaic sacrifices were to be abolished, and to be replaced by a new one, the oblation of which was, not like the former, to be confined to Jerusalem, but to be extended to all the regions of the earth. "I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of hosts, and I will not receive a gift of your hand. For, from the rising of the sun, even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles, and, in every place, there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation: for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts."

Now I ask, what sacrifice is this, which God here promises shall be offered up, from the rising to the setting of the sun? Is it the sacrifice of the cross? Such an interpretation is as strained, as unnatural, as contrary to all the rules of speech, as de-

structive of both the letter and the spirit of the prophecy; as that other interpretation, of which I have already said so much, and which the sectaries give to the words of Christ: "This is my body, this is my blood." Unfortunate Sectaries! unhappy Scripture-readers! Are you, then, destined, by your obstinate rejection of the sacrament and sacrifice of the altar, to give the most direct contradiction to your God in the new, and to your God in the old testament? Blind, *wilfully* blind religionists! (for, though I know not your hearts, what other epithet do your words and conduct suggest?) When, oh! when shall the bandage fall from your eyes?—The sacrifice of the cross! How can the sacrifice of the cross be meant by the prophecy? The sacrifice of the cross was offered on Calvary, and on Calvary alone. There, and there alone, was the blood of our blessed Jesus shed; there, and there alone, was the Lamb deprived of life, whose blood taketh away the sins of the world. But the prophet speaks of "a sacrifice, of a clean oblation, which was to be offered, in every place among the Gentiles, from the rising of the sun, even to the going down." And where is this sacrifice, this clean offering, to be found, except on the altars of the Catholic Church throughout the world?

Driven from their first interpretation, what second absurdity do our adversaries invent? Why; they say, that it is the internal sacri-

fice of divine love, in the hearts of Christians, and the external sacrifice of divine praise, in their mouths, that the prophet foretels; and, therefore, the Hebrew word, which the Catholic vulgate translates "sacrifice," the Protestant version renders "incense." But their cause is nothing bettered by the change. For, supposing even that Malachy means, by that word, the sacrifice of internal love, or the incense of external praise; still he adds a second word, which means a corporal thing, a thing which is to be physically offered in sacrifice; and which both Protestant and Catholic translations call "a clean oblation, a pure offering." Now, this second word, in the original Hebrew, is *Mincha*, the name given, in the book of Leviticus, to the sacrifice of fine flour, which, together with wine, was offered, every morning and evening, in the temple, and was therefore called the *juge*, or daily and perpetual sacrifice. Thus, then, the prophecy runs: "a *mincha katora*, a pure, or clean *mincha* is offered to my name," saith the Lord. How admirably does this one word confound our opponents! How admirably, how expressively, how literally, does it designate the pure sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ, offered on our altars, under the appearance of bread and wine, from the rising to the setting of the sun! A pure oblation, indeed; which contains, truly, the very author of all purity; and to which the *mincha*, and the other

sacrifices of the Jews, have given way, as the figure gives way to the reality.

But, is there not another prophecy, equally celebrated, and equally conclusive? There is, my brethren. David, in the 109th psalm, addressing God the Son, says: "The Lord hath sworn, and he shall not repent: Thou art a priest for ever, according to the order of Melchisedec." Who was this great Melchisedec, of whose order, and not of Aaron's, Jesus was to be a priest? What we read of him in the scripture is; that he was a priest of the Most High God, who blessed Abraham, on his return from the slaughter of the five kings; and that Abraham gave him the tythe of all the spoils. But what was the sacerdotal act of Melchisedec on that occasion? He "brought forth bread and wine," not, as Protestant silliness would have it, to feed Abraham and his troops, for they had come laden with all the provisions of the enemy; they did not want food, and even if they had, the giving them bread and wine, the ordinary aliment of the country, was not an act to be so solemnly noticed by the inspired writer. Melchisedec, therefore, the "priest of the Most High God, brought forth bread and wine," for no other purpose than to offer them, as a sacrifice of thanksgiving, for Abraham's success. This is the only sacerdotal act; the only sacrifice, regarded of Melchisedec. If this sacrifice, then, be not a type of that, which Christ was to offer,

and to institute for ever, how, could Christ be, according to David, "a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedec?" How can the bread and wine of the latter, be said to be a figure of the former, dying upon the cross? There is no similarity here. But, compare the sacrifice of Melchisedec with the sacrifice of the altar; and what emblem can be more expressive of the reality?

"But," say the Protestants, "Paul, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, makes the priesthood of Melchisedec, of which Christ was, superior to that of Aaron, because the Jewish priests offered many sacrifices; but 'Christ,' says he, 'offering one sacrifice for sins, for ever sitteth on the right hand of God, having, by one oblation, perfected for ever them that are sanctified; neither by the blood of goats, or of calves, but by his own blood, he entered once into the sanctuary, having obtained eternal salvation.' Ergo, conclude our adversaries, there is no sacrifice of the altar—no sacrifice, but the bloody sacrifice of the cross."—Such a conclusion, my brethren, shows, that Protestant commentators have totally mistaken the object of the epistle to the Hebrews. In that inspired production, the whole and sole drift of the Apostle is to convince the Jews, that the Christian law is superior to the Mosaic. This he does by proving, that the priestly and personal dignity of Melchisedec was superior to that of Aaron; since Abraham,

the progenitor of Aaron, was blessed by Melchisedec, and paid him tythes, as to a superior. Now, as Melchisedec was only a type of Christ, it followed, that Christ's priestly and personal dignity was far superior to Aaron's. This was all St. Paul had to prove, in the controversial part of his epistle; and, against the Jews, nothing could be more absolutely conclusive. He, therefore, calls Melchisedec, from the etymology of his name, the King of justice; and from that of his royal city, Salem, the King of Peace: and, because neither the names of his ancestors, nor his own birth and death, contrary to the patriarchal and Mosaic custom, are given in the scripture, he says, figuratively, that he was "without father, without mother, without genealogy; having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but likened unto the Son of God," who is both eternal in his generation from the Father, and eternal in his priesthood. This is what the Apostle discusses with regard to Melchisedec. He compares only the person and dignity of Melchisedec, with the person and dignity of Christ, the ground, and only ground of which comparison, was the sacrifice of Melchisedec. In the course of his controversy, he contrasts, indeed, the bloody sacrifices of the Jews, with the bloody sacrifice of the cross; and shows, that the former did not take away sin; that therefore, the victims were killed, and killed successively; but that Christ, having once redeemed mankind, by the shedding of his blood, had no occasion to die again. As to the sacrifice of Melchisedec, however, he

draws no contrast at all; that being quite foreign to his argument, for the Jews had not that sacrifice; and any thing the Apostle might say about it, would not apply to them. Besides, as I have already demonstrated, it was not a type of the bloody sacrifice of the cross, but of the unbloody sacrifice of the altar: and, as the Jews, against whom the controversy was directed, had not yet embraced Christianity, they could know nothing of the Eucharist, which, in those early times, was seldom explained, except to the Christians.

And, of this, Paul himself, in the same epistle, gives us no insignificant intimation, where to the Jews he says: "Of whom, (namely of Melchisedec as a type of Christ) we have great things to say, and hard to be intelligibly uttered; because you are become weak to hear. For whereas, for the time, you ought to be masters; you have need to be taught again what are the first rudiments of the word of God: and you are become such as have need of milk, and not of solid food. For every one, that is a partaker of milk, is unskilful in the word of justice: for he is a little child. But solid food is for the perfect: for those who, by use, have their senses exercised to the discerning of good and evil." Thus we see that, in the controversial part of his letter, St. Paul is silent upon many things, which he could say of Melchisedec, as a type of our blessed Redeemer; and what these things were, we may judge from what he writes, in the moral part of his epistle, towards the close, where he addresses the Jews, who were

already Christians, and who, therefore, could understand him. "Jesus Christ," says he, "yesterday, and to-day: and the same for ever. Be not carried away, with various and strange doctrines. For it is best to establish the heart with grace, not with meats: which have not profited those that walk in them. We have an altar, whereof they have no power to eat, who serve the tabernacle." As if he had said: "You, Jews, who have embraced the faith of Christ, be not carried away by your unbelieving brethren, to eat of the flesh of the sheep and oxen, which they continue to offer in the tabernacle, but which do not profit them who eat. If you wish to eat, come to our Christian altar, and eat thereof the food of grace, the body of Jesus Christ, who, though he has entered heaven, is still present with us, yesterday, to-day, and the same for ever, upon our altar—that altar, of which, though you eat, they have no power to eat, who serve the tabernacle." Here the word, 'altar,' establishes the sacrifice; and the word, 'eat,' the sacrament, of the body and blood of Jesus. Thus, in that very epistle to the Hebrews, which sectaries, by misunderstanding it, are eternally quoting against the Catholic doctrine, St. Paul declares, that we have both sacrament and sacrifice.

"But," proceed our talkative antagonists, "is not the sacrifice of the altar, injurious to the sacrifice of the cross, as if the latter had not been sufficient for our redemption?" By no means. For, the sacrifice of the altar has all its merit from the sacrifice of the cross. It is,

in fact, but a continuance of the same sacrifice. Not that Christ dies again upon the altar; but that he there presents himself to his Father for us, *as if* he were dead, by placing his body and blood under the separate and inanimate appearances of bread and wine. In a word, the same victim, who once died for us on the cross, constantly applies to us, on the altar, the effects of his death.

And, by doing so, does he injure, and not, rather, confirm the merit of his death? Then, he injures that merit likewise, at present, in heaven; where, as St. Paul says to the Romans, "he is on the right hand of God; and maketh intercession for us." And, to the Hebrews, again, he writes: "Jesus hath entered into heaven, that he may appear now in the presence of God for us." Thus, our blessed and eternal Jesus continues to offer himself in heaven; and why not upon our altar? Nay, as he now offers himself, in reality, both in heaven and earth, after his death; he offered himself, in intention, before his death, not only from the moment of his incarnation, but from all eternity; and in this sense, he is called "the Lamb that was slain from the beginning of the world." And shall we now be told, that this constant, this eternal offering of the Son of God, is injurious to his death? Is it not, on the very reverse, the consequence and confirmation of his death? For, wherever he is, he offers himself in sacrifice. And, therefore, when I had proved transubstantiation, I had, in fact, disposed of the present question; since

Christ cannot be present, as a sacrament, on the altar, unless he be there, also, as a sacrifice.

But what do I talk of the sacrifice of the altar? Do not baptism, and all the other sacraments, apply the merits of Christ to our souls? And are they, therefore, injurious to his merits? Nay, are not our own actions necessary for that application? Must we not believe? must we not repent? must we not pray? must we not do good works, in order to apply the redeeming blood of Jesus to our souls? And are they, therefore, injurious to that blood? If so, Protestants; reject faith, repentance, prayer, good works, and all the sacraments, on the same principle, on which you reject the sacrifice of the altar! Some of you, indeed, have followed up this levelling principle; and maintain, that good works are, not only, unnecessary, but, though performed with a view to salvation through Christ, are downright damnable sins; for, that—faith alone is acceptable to him. But, let me ask you, what is faith? Is it not a good work, too? How came you, then, to spare it in that general war, which you have proclaimed against all good works?

But I am wandering from my subject.—I have now, my brethren, confuted all the objections, which sectaries make against our adorable sacrifice; and I have confuted them, too, from that very apostle, and from that very epistle, whom, and which they press into their anti-catholic service. I have proved the sacri-

fice of the altar from the prophecy of Malachy the prophecy of David, and the history of Melchisedec, as commented on by St. Paul. I shall proceed to prove it, further, from the New Testament, and the history of the Church.

In the words of the institution, the Apostles and Evangelists record Christ, as speaking in the present tense: "This is my body, which *is* given for you. This is my blood, which *is* shed for you." From these expressions, "*is* given, *is* shed," it is clear, that Christ did, at the last supper, really offer up, in a mystical and unbloody manner, that body and blood, which, on the following day, he was to offer up, in a physical and bloody manner, on the cross; and that he, therefore, instituted, at one and the same moment, the sacrament and sacrifice of the altar. You have already heard St. Paul, to the Hebrews, saying, that we have an *altar*; and "*altar*" implies sacrifice. Hear him, now, saying the same to the Corinthians, 1 Cor. i, 10. "Wherefore, my dearly beloved, flee from the service of idols. I speak as to wise men; judge ye yourselves what I say. The chalice of benediction which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? And the bread which we break, is it not the partaking of the body of the Lord? For we, being many, are one bread, one body, all who partake of one bread. Behold Israel, according to the flesh: are not they, who eat of the sacrifices, partakers of the altar? What then? Do I say, that what is offered in sacrifice to idols, is any thing? Or, that the idol is any

thing? But the things which the heathens sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God. And I would not, that you should be made partakers with devils; you cannot drink the chalice of the Lord, and the chalice of devils: you cannot be partakers of the table of the Lord, and of the table of devils." Here, the Apostle calls "table," what, to the Hebrews, he calls "altar;" and, by the comparison he draws throughout this passage, between the Christian rite, and those of the Jews and the Pagans, he, in every word, shows, that we have a real and true sacrifice. St. Peter, too, in his first epistle, ii, 9, says to his converts: "You are a chosen generation, a royal *priesthood*, a holy nation, a purchased people, &c." Therefore the Church of Christ has a *priesthood*. Now, a *priesthood* implies a sacrifice; for sacrifice, under every law, was the religious act, peculiar to the priestly character.

Nay, we not only *hear* the apostles declaring this truth in the new scripture, but we *see* them actually performing this adorable sacrifice of Christ's body and blood. St. Luke, in the Acts, c. xviii, relates, that "there were in the church, which was at Antioch, prophets and teachers; and, having mentioned several of their names, among the rest Barnabas and Saul, he adds: "And as they were *ministring* to the Lord, and fasting, the Holy Ghost said to them: separate me Saul and Barnabas for the work to which I have taken them." Now, the word, *ministring*, here means, *sacrificing*, to the Lord. For the expression in the original Greek, is λειτουργουνται δι αυταις τω κυρω; and,

though *λειτουργια*, or Liturgy, signifies any kind of public ministry, and is, therefore, literally translated in both Catholic and Protestant versions, yet, all history informs us, that among the Christians, from the very commencement, it was exclusively confined to the sacrifice of the altar. The same thing is to be understood of the "breaking of bread," which so often, and so peculiarly occurs in the Acts, and which cannot signify the taking of ordinary food; for otherwise, we should meet with the expression in every book of scripture. This "breaking of bread," therefore, according to all the holy fathers, means the sacrifice and communion of the body and blood of Christ. In a word, the celebrated vision, related by St. John, in the fifth chapter of the Apocalypse, demonstrates the existence of this adorable sacrifice in the Church. "And I saw," says the Evangelist, "and behold, in the midst of the throne, and of the four living creatures, and in the midst of the ancients, a Lamb, *standing as it were slain*. And he came; and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat on the throne. And when he had opened the book, the four living creatures, and the four and twenty ancients, fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints: And they sung a new canticle, saying: Thou art worthy, O Lord, to take the book, and to open the seals thereof, because thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God, in thy blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation:

And hast made us to our God a kingdom, and priests: and we shall reign on the earth." Here, then, St. John beholds the Lamb, not slain, but living, *standing*, and yet appearing, *as it were, slain*; or, as the Greek text has it, *εφαγμην*, *immolated*. Now, this vision of the Lamb cannot point at the death of Christ; for there the Lamb was really slain; here, though living, he only appears slain; and thus he is, in the sacrifice of the altar. He lives; yet, having the external appearance of inanimate bread and wine, he seems to all our senses, *as it were*, bereft of life. And that the sacrifice of the altar, not of the cross, is meant by this mysterious vision, is further clear from the canticle of the heavenly company, who represent the Church, and give praise to the Lamb for having "redeemed them, and made them a kingdom and *priests*, that they might reign on the earth." The Church, therefore, who reigns on the earth by the wide dominion of her mission and doctrine, has her *priests*, and if priests, has her sacrifice; the sacrifice of the Lamb, "standing, *as it were, slain*," or, immolated, on her altars.

But, if the existence of the Christian sacrifice, were not even thus evident from the very nature of religion; from the prophecies of the old, from the declarations and history of the New Testament; if it were not an intimate and necessary consequence of the real presence of Christ in the sacrament; yet, the joint testimony of all the Fathers, of all the Councils,

of all the Liturgies, and of all the writers of Christendom, whether Catholic, Schismatic, or Heretic, down to the sixteenth century, must put the fact beyond the reach of doubt: I could quote all these authorities, and multiply my quotations, as I yesterday did on transubstantiation. For, the same authorities speak alike of sacrament and sacrifice. But I shall content myself with one only, that I may not exceed the bounds of a sermon. It is from that great luminary of the Eastern Church, and archbishop of Constantinople, in the fourth age, the *golden-mouthed* Chrysostom. Commenting on that passage of the tenth chapter to the Hebrews, where it is said that "we are sanctified by the oblation of the body of Jesus Christ *once*," the eloquent father proves, that the daily and universal sacrifice of the altar, is the same as that of the cross, though not offered in the same manner. His words, Hom. 17, are these: "Do we not offer every day? We offer, indeed, but we offer in commemoration of his death. And the victim is one, not many. How is it one, and not many? Because it was offered once in the Holy of Holies, and the sacrifice which we offer, though it be a memorial, is still the same. Nor do we offer one lamb to-day, and another to-morrow, but always the same. Therefore, the sacrifice is proved to be one. But are there many Christs, because he is offered in many places? By no means; but the one Christ is every where, entire here, and entire there, the one body. For as he, who is every where offered, is one body, and not many bo-

dies; so the sacrifice, also, is one. Our High Priest is he, who offered the victim which cleansed us; but we, too, offer it now; for though it was then offered, it could not be consumed. But what we do, we do in commemoration of that which was done. For, says he, "Do this in commemoration of me." The sacrifice is not another, as the priest is another; but we always offer the same, and commemorate the same one sacrifice." So far St. John Chrysostom.

Oh, my brethren, have I not proved the existence of the Christian sacrifice? Oh, shall we not, on bended knees, and with prostrate hearts, return endless adoration to that Deity, who has given us such a sacrifice? A sacrifice, which contains, and accomplishes, in an infinite degree, all the purposes for which sacrifice was originally instituted. Do we wish to offer a victim, worthy of the acceptance of a God? Behold, here, a God himself the victim. Would we acknowledge the supreme dominion of the Creator over the life, death, and condition of his creatures? Behold, here, Jesus Christ, God and Man, presents himself before his eternal Father, as it were, slain; not, indeed, shedding his blood again, as he once did on the cross, but voluntarily reduced to a state, more humiliating, if possible, than that of death. For there, the divinity alone lay concealed; but here, both humanity and divinity are clouded, under the appearance of inanimate bread and wine. There, his body and blood were separated by the stroke of death;

but here, by the word of his power, they become the nourishment of our mortal frames. Do we desire to express our unbounded gratitude for the divine favors? What sacrifice of thanksgiving could be comparable to this? in which we offer, to the Godhead, the body and blood of Him, who, being God himself, can alone return that meed of thanks, which equals the favors of the Godhead. Are we anxious to obtain from heaven a continuance of its blessing? What price can we offer for the purchase of these blessings, so rich or so acceptable, as the very person of that Redeemer, in whom we have been adopted as the children of God? Do we sue for the pardon of our manifold and daily sins? Lo! we have here that victim of propitiation, whose tears were heard for us on Calvary; whose blood cries, not, like Abel's, for vengeance, but for mercy; who, as he still intercedes for us in heaven, so, daily presents himself on our altars for the remission of our sins. Do we wish for a pledge of our future resurrection, and eternal happiness both in body and soul? What pledge more strong or formal could even a God give us, than that sacred humanity, which rose from the dead, which reigns in heaven, and which will come again to claim as its own, our bodies incorporated with its flesh, our souls purified by its spirit?

Here, my brethren, is a sacrifice, worthy of the religion of Jesus; worthy of our great benefactor; worthy of our loving Redeemer! Oh! how naked, how cold, how blank, how

inefficient, is the public worship of our Protestant neighbours, for want of this divine victim! More than once have they themselves admitted, how miserably fallen they are in this respect; but on a recent, and most important occasion, their poverty was so piteously expressed, as to draw tears of compassion from their more fortunate Catholic brethren. Europe, combined, had humbled the celebrated, the terrible, Buonaparte on the plains of Waterloo. The various Protestant sects of Germany determined on a public thanksgiving to the Lord of victories. They searched their own forms of worship. Their liturgies presented nothing, suitable, even in their own opinion, to the greatness of the favor. They met; and to their own confusion, to the glory of the Catholic Church, they resolved, in express terms: "That, whereas the Protestant liturgies do not contain a form of thanksgiving worthy of such a blessing, a committee of learned Theologians be appointed, from the Protestant professions, to fill up this vacuum in the Protestant worship." Ah! had not their first seducers abolished the sacrifice of the altar, there they would always find, as we Catholics do, a mode of thanking heaven, equal, not only, to the highest temporal, but to the infinitely higher spiritual and eternal, blessings of their God.

May they kneel again, with us, before that altar, and fill up the vacuum of their worship and of their souls, by that holy sacrifice, the adorable dignity and efficacy of which, I have, this

evening, endeavoured to exhibit; reserving, for to-morrow, a brief description of its august ceremonies.

In the mean time, may the blessing of Jesus in the eucharist, light on their minds to dispel their errors; and, on our hearts, to inflame them with his love !

In the name, &c.

SERMON V.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

TUESDAY.

Within the octave of Corpus Christi

CEREMONIES OF THE MASS, FIRST PART.

"Thou art a Priest for ever, according to the order of Melchisedec." Psalm cix, v. 4.

THE adorable sacrifice of the altar, my brethren, being, as you have already seen, the most solemn act of the Christian worship, the Church, from the earliest ages, accompanied its performance with a variety of prayers and ceremonies, which form, as it were, an abridgement, a summary of the whole system of that divine religion, which the Redeemer of mankind came to establish. This variety, therefore, obliging me to direct your attention, successively, to many subjects, puts me under the

necessity, of being, in this discourse, very brief upon each. Without further preamble, then, I shall commence at once, as well to improve that information, which Catholics, from their infancy, attain, as to remove that ignorance, in which their education leaves our Protestant brethren, with regard to the sacrifice of the Mass.

And first, as to its name, how came it to be called the Mass? In the early ages, this holy sacrifice was designated by various names. The Greek Christians called it the *Mystagogia*, or, the initiation in the mysteries; *synaxis*, or the assembly of the faithful; *anaphora*, or the raising up; *prosphora*, or the oblation; but their most common appellation of it, was *Liturgia*, or the public ministry; and this name of liturgy is now, and has been, for several centuries, the ordinary term, by which the Oriental Christians denote the sacrifice of the altar; because there is no ministry so solemn, in the Church, as the action of the Priest sacrificing the body and blood of Christ. The Latins, or Western Christians, called it *collecta*, which is the same, as *synaxis* with the Greeks, namely, the assembly of the faithful; they also used the words, *Dominicum*, or the Lord's sacrifice; *agenda*, or the sacred action; the terms, oblation and communion, which they likewise employed, require no explanation. But, like Liturgy in the East, Missa, or Mass, has, for upwards of a thousand years, been the ordinary title, by which the sacrifice is known in the West. This word, *Missa*, is the same

as *Missio*, or the dismissal; and it is thus used, sometimes, in the Latin classics. The catechumens, or persons under catechistical instruction, and who were not yet baptized; the penitents, or those Christians, who were undergoing public penance, during which they were not admitted to communion; the energumens, or persons possessed of evil spirits, who by their cries, or conduct, might interrupt the solemnity of the holy mysteries; finally, the infidels themselves, whom curiosity might lead to the church; all these descriptions of persons were allowed to be present, while the lessons from the scripture were reading. But, as soon as the Gospel was over, the Deacon, in a loud voice, directed them to depart; this was called the *missa*, or dismissal. And as this was the sign, that the most solemn part of the sacrifice was about to commence, the whole sacrifice began to be called the *Missa*, or Mass, which is now become its ordinary name. At the close of the sacrifice also, the Deacon gave formal notice to the faithful to depart, which is still done, in the words: "*Ite, Missa est*,—Go; it is the dismissal; or, the moment of departure is arrived." This second dismissal contributed to confirm the name, which the sacrifice had obtained from the first dismissal.

Such, my brethren, is the origin and etymology of the word, Mass; upon which our opponents, in their ignorance, pass so many unmeaning and cold witticisms. But I wish you here to observe, that, by whatever names

of Mass, Liturgy, &c. the ancients, according to their respective languages, designated this holy action, all of them, whether Orientals or Occidentals, in describing what the action is, tell us, as I have already shown, that it is the sacrifice of the real body and blood of Jesus Christ, under the outward appearance of bread and wine.

I shall now proceed to touch upon the prayers, which are recited in the Mass. The Priest, at the foot of the altar, signs himself with the sign of the cross, saying, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," thus professing his own, and the people's faith, in the adorable Trinity, and in the death of Christ, which is the source of our salvation. A most expressive, most solemn, and most Christian commencement, which our enemies, though they talk so much of their faith in Christ, are not ashamed to scoff at. We, however, will still glory in this sign of the Son of Man, which was practised in the apostolical ages, as appears from Tertullian, and all Christian antiquity. The Priest then recites, alternately, with the people, the 42d psalm: "Judge me, O Lord, &c. which David composed, when, flying from Saul, he consoled himself with the hope of again seeing the altar of his God. This ardent effusion of his inspired pen is admirably calculated, as may be seen by its perusal, to excite our desire, and express our joy, at approaching the sacred altar of Jesus. At its conclusion, we again profess our adoration of Three Persons

in one God, by the words of the doxology, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen."

The Priest next makes, in general terms, a confession of his sins to God, to the Blessed Virgin Mary, to all the Angels and Saints in heaven, and to the whole Church upon earth. He strikes his breast three times, like the contrite publican in the gospel, and begs of the whole Church, both triumphant and militant, to pray to God for him. The people, by the mouth of the clerk, offer up a prayer for his pardon, and then repeat the same form of confession; to which the Priest, in his turn, replies, by beseeching Almighty God to have mercy upon both. Thus we observe that advice of St. James, "Confess your sins to one another, and pray for one another, that you may be saved: for the assiduous prayer of the just man availeth much." And if we confess to, and ask the prayers of each other here below, why not confess to, and ask the prayers of the Mother of God, of the angels and saints, our fellow creatures in heaven. Does Heaven deprive them of that most pleasing work of holy charity, to pray for us, who are still pilgrims in this vale of tears?

After this mutual act of sorrow, and brotherly love between the priest and people, they recite, alternately, a few short ejaculations from the scripture, beseeching of God that

pardon and purity of heart, which are so necessary for the due celebration of the divine mysteries. Upon which, the Priest ascends the altar, and kissing it, to show his respect for the holy victim, which is soon to lie thereon, he again recommends himself to the prayers of the saints, particularly of those, whose sacred remains may be under the altar. The Scripture, old and new; the practice of the patriarchs, of the synagogue, of the Apostles, and of the whole church from the beginning; nay, nature itself inspires us with respect for the remains of the holy men, who have served God, and whose bodies, like that of our blessed Jesus, shall rise in glory on the last day.

The Priest next reads out of the book, on the right hand corner of the altar, a verse or two from the psalms, adapted to the subject of the particular festival of the day; and having said, "Glory be to the Father, &c." returns to the centre, where, alternately with the people, he repeats three times, "*Kyrie eleison*, or, Lord, have mercy," to God the Father; three times, "*Christe eleison*, or, Christ, have mercy," to God the Son; and three times again, "*Kyrie eleison*," to God the Holy Ghost. These words are Greek; and their use, in the Latin Church, is of apostolical tradition, as likewise the use of the Hebrew words, Amen, or, True; Alleluiah, or, Praise ye the Lord; Hosanna, or, Hail; Sabaoth, or (the God) *of hosts*. These three languages, the Hebrew, Greek and Latin, had been, as it were, consecrated by the triple inscription on the cross

of our blessed Saviour; and one or other of these three, was the language of the Church, when established by the apostles. The preservation, then, of Greek and Hebrew words, in the Latin rite, expresses the union, by which the Hebrew Church of Judea, the Greek Church of the East, and the Latin Church of the West, formed but one body in Christ.

After the Kyrie eleison, the Priest raising, and, then, joining his hands, proceeds with that beautiful, affecting, and sublime hymn of thanksgiving for the redemption of mankind, which begins with the words of the Angels, on the birth-night of Christ: "Glory be to God on high, &c." A hymn, every word of which must fill the pious mind with heavenly rapture; a hymn which, though familiar to all who open a Catholic prayer-book, I cannot refrain from inserting here. "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good-will. We praise thee; we bless thee; we adore thee; we glorify thee; we give thee thanks for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly king, God the Father Almighty. Lord *Jesus Christ*, only begotten Son; Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, thou who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us; thou who takest away the sins of the world, hear our prayers; thou who sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us. Because thou only art holy, thou only art Lord, thou only art Most High, O *Jesus Christ*, with the Holy Ghost, in the glory of God the Father. Amen."

Having ended this delightful hymn, and kissed the altar, he turns round to the people, and opening and joining his hands, salutes them, saying, "The Lord be with you." The people answer: "And with thy spirit." By this solemn salutation and gesture, so often repeated in the Mass, (besides the prayer which it contains,) the priest warns the congregation to renew their attention; and they, by their response, express that renewal. Returning to the book, he reads aloud a prayer, which always refers to the solemnity, or feast of the day, beseeching the favor of heaven "through our Lord Jesus Christ, &c." which is the conclusion of all the prayers, to show, that the merits of Christ are the source of our salvation. The people declare their concurrence in the prayer, by the Hebrew word, Amen, or, True. This first prayer is styled the collect, or collection, because the people are by this time collected, and congregated at the sacrifice. The priest holds his hands raised, while he recites the prayers, or orations, according to that of the Apostle to Timothy: "I will that the men pray in every place, raising pure hands." Thus Moses prayed, while Josue fought Amalec. And David says: "Hear, O Lord, my prayer, while I raise my hands to thy holy temple."—And again: "In thy name I will raise my hands;—I have stretched forth my hands to thee, &c." You see, my brethren, that these gesticulations are not unmeaning levities, as those call them, who, like certain heretics, of whom the Apostle Jude speaks, "blaspheme whatever they are igno-

rant of." The raising of hands in prayer, practised by Moses and David, is recommended by St. Paul. At the words, "through our Lord Jesus Christ," which close the prayer, the Priest joins his hands, to show the unity of substance, in which our Saviour "liveth and reigneth one God, with the Father and the Holy Ghost."

The Priest next reads the epistle, which is always from some part of the scripture, except the gospels; and having repeated one or two scriptural ejaculations, with Alleluiah, bows down at the middle of the altar, and prays that his lips, like those of Isaias, may be purified, to announce the holy gospel. In the mean time, the book is removed to the other side of the altar, and he proceeds to read the gospel, namely, a chapter from one of the four evangelists, applicable, like the epistle, to the festival of the day. Neither is this passing from side to side, to be stigmatized as levity. It originated in the respective positions occupied by the Subdeacon and Deacon, the former of whom read the epistle, and the latter the gospel, as they still do in solemn or high Mass. This change of position, likewise, represents the reprobation of the Jews, and the vocation of the Gentiles. Therefore, the epistle is read on the left, and the gospel on the right; not left and right, with respect to us, but with respect to Christ, who, on the altar, is represented as nailed to the cross.

In ancient times, after the gospel was read,

the Catechumens, Infidels, and others. as I mentioned before, were dismissed, which gave rise to the name of *Missa*, or *Mass*; for, here, the ceremonies begin to assume a more solemn complexion. The Priest, in the middle of the altar, recites the Nicene Creed, in the name of the Church, as her public profession of faith. He then takes the bread, which is unleavened, as that was, which, according to the paschal law of the Jews, our Saviour used at his last supper. Having placed it on the paten, or plate, he offers it up, beseeching the Eternal God to accept that immaculate victim, into which the bread shall soon be converted, "for the remission of his own sins, the salvation of all present, and the eternal happiness of all faithful Christians, living and dead." Putting wine into the chalice, or sacred cup, he mixes a little water therewith. This was likewise done by Christ at the last supper; for, although the scripture is silent on this circumstance, as St. John, in his Gospel, says it is, upon many other actions and doctrines of our Saviour; yet, St. Clement, the disciple of St. Paul, and the third bishop of Rome; or, whoever compiled the ancient Apostolical Constitutions attributed to that Pope, states the fact; as also Justin Martyr, Cyprian, Ambrose, and the other fathers. 'This mixture of water with wine, represents, according to them, 1st, the union of Christ's humanity with his divinity; 2ndly, the union of water with his blood, when his sacred side was pierced; and 3dly, his union with the faithful, who, by receiving him, become, like members, incorporated with

their head ; being made, as St. Peter says, " partakers of the divine nature." The Priest then offers up the chalice, praying that the sacred blood, which it is shortly to contain, " may ascend in the odour of sweetness before the Divine Majesty, for the salvation of all present, and of the whole world." Then, bowing down with an humble prayer, and raising hands and eyes to heaven, he invokes the Holy Ghost to descend upon, and bless the matter prepared for the sacrifice, making, at the same time, the holy sign of the cross over the bread and wine. The frequent repetition of this sacred sign, which occurs throughout the Mass, is to show, that the sacrifice of the altar has all its merit from the death of Christ, of which it is the substantial memorial, and continuation ; because the victim is the same, though offered in an unbloody manner ; and because the High Priest is the same, namely, Christ Jesus ; who, though he employs, as his instruments, and substitutes, his own and his apostles' successors in the priesthood, yet, it is still he himself, who effects, in their hands, by his omnipotent power, that wonderful transubstantiation, in which the sacrifice consists.

The Priest, having washed his hands at the corner of the altar, to express the purity of soul, with which both he and the faithful should attend at this holy sacrifice ; returns to the centre, where, bowing down, he beseeches " the Blessed Trinity to accept it, in memory of the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ ; and in ho-

nor of the Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, of St. John the Baptist, of the holy apostles, SS. Peter and Paul, and of all the Saints." Not that the sacrifice is offered to any but God, but that, by this honorable mention of the saints, we may pay them that inferior respect, which is due to them as his servants ; whom he has honored by his gifts and graces, and whom we, therefore, honor, for the sake of their divine Benefactor. This inferiority of respect to our fellow-creatures, the saints, is expressed by the words which the priest immediately adds, to wit : " that the sacrifice may profit them for their honor, and us for our salvation ; and that they may vouchsafe to intercede for us in heaven, whose memory we make on earth." After this prayer, which he recites in a low voice, the Priest turning to the people, calls upon them to join him aloud, which they do, praying, " that the Lord may receive the sacrifice from his hands, to the praise and glory of his own name, the advantage of themselves, and of his whole Church." The Priest then reads, in silence, the prayer, which is, therefore, called the Secret ; and which refers to the oblation, as connected with the subject of the occurring festival. Having, by this silence, prepared the minds of the congregation, with awe and attention, for what is to follow ; he again, with an exalted voice, bids them raise up their hearts to the Lord ; and, in that sublime strain of praise and adoration, which runs through the address, called the Preface, (because it immediately precedes the Canon, or most solemn part of the Mass,) both Priest and people join aloud, with the an-

gels, arch-angels, cherubim, seraphim, and all the powers and hosts of heaven, in that celestial canticle, which the prophet Isaias heard; and in which, to heighten the effect, choir, organ, and the sound of bells unite: "Holy Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, the heavens and the earth are full of thy glory." To which the Church has added the triumphal song of the disciples and multitude, upon the entry of our blessed Jesus into Jerusalem; "Hosanna in the highest! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest!" —

All now is wrapped in awful silence. The people, prostrate, withdraw their minds from all earthly things; and, in the deep fervor of mute devotion, fix the eyes of their souls upon their King, their God, their Redeemer, whose approach has been announced. Nothing breaks upon the solemn scene, save the gentle tinkling of the bell, which gives notice of the moment of his presence; and the distant, soft, and soaring, strain of symphony, half angelic, which throws an air of heavenly sweetness, round the devout, enraptured, silent, congregation. Thus encompassed, the Priest reads to himself, and performs the whole of the Canon; the people following every word and action, with their eyes fixed on the altar, or on their books. Canon means, a rule, and this part of the Mass is so called, because it contains the prayers and ceremonies, immediately connected with the great act of sacrifice—the consecration of the

body and blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The Priest begins the Canon, by raising hands and eyes to heaven; then, bowing down, he beseeches the Eternal Father, to bless the sacrifice he is going to perform, and, through it, to pacify, preserve, unite, and govern, his holy Catholic Church throughout the world; he recommends, by name, the Pope, the Bishop, and the King; after which, he makes the *Memento* of the living, praying the Lord to remember all present and absent, and, in particular, those, for whom he is specially bound to pray. He next unites the Church on earth, in spirit and communion, with the Church in heaven; mentioning, by name, the Mother of God, the Apostles, and several of the early martyrs and saints; and praying that, through the merits and prayers of all the saints, we may be strengthened with the divine protection. But, whereas the saints have no merit, except through Christ, who, in them, crowns only his own gifts; and, whereas they cannot assist us by their prayers, any more than we can assist ourselves by our own, except through Him, who is the mediator of God and men; for these reasons, the Priest ends this address to the Church triumphant, with the words, "Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Praying, in this way, to the saints, has always been practised in the Church. For brevity's sake, I shall only quote St. Augustine; who, in his sermon on the feast of St. Fruc-

tuosus and his fellow-martyrs, says: "The true God, alone, ought to have a temple; sacrifice is to be offered to the true God alone. We do not look upon our martyrs as gods, we do not worship them for gods. We do not present temples, altars, or sacrifices, to them. Our priests do not offer to them; God forbid! These things are given to God; or, rather, they are offered to God, by whom all things are given to us. Even when we offer at the memories (or shrines) of the holy martyrs, do we not offer to God? The holy martyrs have, indeed, an honorable place. For, as you may observe, in the prayers recited at the altar of Christ, they are mentioned with honor; but yet, they are not adored in place of Christ. When did you ever hear me, or any of my brethren or colleagues, or any priest, say, at the memory (or shrine) of St. Theogenes; I offer to thee, holy Theogenes? or, I offer to thee, Peter? or, I offer to thee, Paul? You never heard it. It is not done: it is not lawful. And should any body ask you: "Do you worship Peter?" Answer, as Eulogius did of Fructuosus: "I do not worship Peter, but I worship God, whom Peter also worships."

And, in various other sermons, St. Augustine has the following passages: "The discipline of the Church is, as the faithful know, that the Martyrs should be mentioned at the altar of God, in that part, where they are not prayed for; other departed souls, who are commemorated, are prayed for. But it is an insult to pray for a martyr, to whose prayers we our-

selves ought to be recommended." Again, he says: "You know the part (of the sacrifice), in which the martyrs are named. The Church does not pray for them. She, very justly, prays for the other dead who sleep; but for the martyrs she does not pray, but, on the contrary, she recommends herself to their prayers." In another sermon: "The justice of the martyrs is perfect, because they were perfected in their very passion. Therefore, in the Church, they are not prayed for. The other faithful, who are dead, are prayed for; the martyrs are not: for they departed so perfect, that they are not our clients, but our advocates. Nor are they so in themselves; but in Him, to whom, as to their head, these perfect members are united." Thus, by the authority of an Augustine, I have, over and over again, vindicated, in one and the same breath, the praying to the saints, and the praying for the dead.

But, to return to the Canon. The Priest, having, by the commemoration of the saints, invited the whole Church triumphant to join the Church militant in the adorable sacrifice, proceeds to stretch his hands over the bread and wine. What does this ceremony mean, my brethren? In the old law, when the high priest offered the solemn and yearly sacrifice, for his own and the nation's sins, he laid his hands on the head of the victim, placing, as it were, all their sins thereon; and thus acknowledging that, by sin, they all deserved that death, which was going to be inflicted on the

victim so substituted. In the same manner, the Eternal Father "placed," as the prophet says, "the iniquities of us all" upon his Blessed Son; who, on the cross, blotted out, in his redeeming blood, the hand-writing which stood against us; suffering for us, in his innocence, that death, which we had deserved in our guilt; but which, in our guilt, we would have suffered in vain. This is meant by the stretching of hands over the bread and wine, which are now on the point of being changed into the body and blood of our victim; and, therefore, the Priest, while in this attitude, prays, as follows: "This oblation, therefore, of me, thy servant, and of all thy family, we beseech thee, O Lord, that, being appeased with us, thou mayest accept, mayest dispose our days in thy peace, and mayest command us to be snatched from eternal damnation, and numbered in the flock of thy elect. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The Priest, next, makes the sign of the cross, three times, over the bread and wine together; thus expressing the Unity in Trinity; and, then, once over each, separately; to show the separation of the blood from the body on the cross. While doing this, he prays the Father, "that the bread and wine may be made, for us, the body and blood of his most beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ." By this prayer we do not express any doubt of that effect; but we acknowledge that, as God was free, when he made the promise, he is also free, though certain, in its performance; and that it is the same almighty power, which first made.

the change, that continues to make it every day. We likewise pray, that “*for us*” the bread and wine may be made the body and blood; that is, that we may be worthy, by a holy communion, to participate of the victim, and of the benefit of the sacrifice. The Priest, or rather the Church, in this prayer, gives to the oblation, five epithets, which are very remarkable: *benedictam*, blessed; *ascriptam*, ascribed; *ratam*, ratified; *rationabilem*, reasonable; and *acceptabilem*, acceptable. These five terms refer to the five successive acts, by which a victim was sacrificed to God, and which apply, with peculiar force, to the victim of man’s redemption. By his incarnation, he was *blessed*, or selected for sacrifice; by his nativity, he was *ascribed*, or presented at the altar; by his death, he was *ratified*, or consummated, as a victim, by immolation; by his resurrection, he became a *reasonable* victim, purified from his mortal sufferings, and worthy of the sight of God, like the victims washed of their blood; and by his ascension, he was rendered *acceptable*, that is, was received into heaven by his Father, as the vapour of a holocaust ascends on high.

At length, the expected moment arrives; the solemn, awful moment of majesty and power; the rapturous moment of love and mercy; the moment of renewed humiliation for Jesus; the moment of renewed redemption for man.—The Priest, having prayed to the Eternal Father, that the bread and wine might be made, for us, the body and blood of his most

beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, puts on the person of our Blessed Redeemer, whose substitute and instrument he is ; and, accompanying each word with the action it expresses, he proceeds : “ Who, the day before he suffered, took bread into his holy and venerable hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, to Thee, God, his Father Almighty, giving thanks to thee, blessed, and broke, and gave to his disciples, saying : “ Take, and eat ye all of it—for—THIS IS MY BODY.”—Angels and Saints of Heaven ! Faithful Church of Christ throughout the world ! Adore the body of your God under the appearance of bread !—Prostrate, priest and people fall ; then, rising up, the minister of Jesus lifts aloft that body, which was lifted on the cross ; then, lays it on the altar.—What thoughts now press upon my soul !—Be silent, thoughts, nor interrupt the ritual of your God !—The Priest proceeds : “ In like manner, after supper was finished, taking this excellent chalice, too, into his holy and venerable hands, also giving thee thanks, he blessed, and gave to his disciples, saying : Take, and drink ye all of this, for—THIS IS THE CHALICE OF MY BLOOD OF THE NEW AND ETERNAL TESTAMENT ; THE MYSTERY OF FAITH ; WHICH SHALL BE SHED FOR YOU, AND FOR MANY, TO THE REMISSION OF SINS.—As often as you do these things, you shall do them in remembrance of me.” The Priest, here, kneels again, elevates the chalice, containing the blood of Jesus ; the people adore ; and the act of sacrifice is performed. For, in the consecration the sacrifice consists. The very instant,

in which Jesus is present on the altar, that instant is the instant of the sacrifice. For, as soon as the change is wrought, by his omnipotent words, pronounced by his minister, Jesus, our High Priest and Victim, clothed in the appearance of death, living under the species of inanimate food, offers himself in sacrifice to the Godhead. Under either species, therefore, the sacrifice would, if he had so ordained, be essentially complete; but, to render it a lively memorial and representation of his death, he has commanded the double consecration.

O Jesus! God of love! What praise, what love do we not owe thee, for this incomprehensible condescension of thy love! Not content with shedding the last drop of thy blood upon the cross; not satisfied with thus making thyself the innocent victim of propitiation for our sins; thou wouldst, likewise, that we should partake in this, thy sacrifice, by eating the immaculate flesh, and drinking the divine blood of thee, our victim.—In most of the Jewish sacrifices, those, for whom they were offered, partook of the oblation. But, (what is very remarkable,) when the offering was for sin, the people ate no part thereof. Why? Because the blood of sheep and oxen could not take away sin. That blood was but the emblem of the redeeming blood of “the Lamb, who taketh away the sins of the world.”—Yes, thy sacrifice, O Divine Jesus! was the only efficacious sin-offering; and, therefore, thy faithful people partake of thee, their sacred victim of expiation. For the sake of man,

thou, God of heaven ! didst become man. Infinite honor this, to human kind !—But, thou didst, not only, become man ;—thou didst die for man. Humiliation as low, as God is high !—Yet, neither the honor, thus conferred, nor the humiliation, thus endured, could satisfy thy love for man. Thou wouldst unite thyself with him both in body and soul, as intimately as one being can be united with another—thou wouldst become his food ! And, to become his food, thou wouldst place thyself in his hands, that he, too, as well as thyself, might offer thee to thy Eternal Father ; and that both priest and people might receive thee into their very bosoms ! O love, worthy of a God ! *thus* to communicate himself to the creatures he loves ! Oh creatures, loved of God ! shall sin ever again tear you from such love ? Oh men ! oh angels ! oh heaven ! oh earth ! praise, thank, adore, love your Jesus, who, at the consecrating word of his priest, at the breath of him, whom he has chosen for the instrument of his power, presents, on the altar, his body and his blood, under the appearance of bread and wine, at the awful, yet enrapturing moment of the holy elevation !

Here let me leave our victim for the present. To-morrow, I will continue the ceremonies of the sacrifice, and discuss those things, which are not of its essence ; the vestments, language, communion in one kind, &c. concerning which our erring neighbours make so great a noise. Ah ! they would never quarrel with the foliage, if they knew the value of the fruit. They know

it not ; may Jesus make them know it ! In the mean time, ye faithful, humble, Catholic believers, contemplate your God incarnate on his altars ; adore him there, as you would have adored him on the cross ; adore him there, as you adore him in heaven ; swear to die, rather than doubt his word ; swear to die, rather than sin against his love.

And now, my brethren, having advanced thus far in the publication of my seven sermons on the Blessed Eucharist, let me inform you of my future intentions. But, first, I have a debt of gratitude to discharge, towards those pious and zealous persons of both sexes, who have, so religiously and disinterestedly, served the public, by the distribution of the sermons in town and country. They have been to me, what Aquila and Priscilla were to St. Paul ; and, if I may humbly hope, in the mercy of my God, to partake of that "crown, which is laid up" for those, who, like the Apostle, and under the same divine commission, "preach Christ crucified ;" shall not my Assistants, without whom I could have done but little ; shall not they, too, confidently look forward to find "their names written in that book of life," in which, according to the same Apostle, were enregistered those of the above-mentioned holy couple, and of "the rest, who had laboured with him in the gospel?"

To the co-operation I have received from these lovers of their religion, our holy faith is already indebted for the diffusion of little less

than fifty thousand copies of these sermons, in the short space of ten weeks! The joy, with which the Catholics of Ireland have viewed the undertaking, is evinced by the daily-swelling list of Subscribers. While, on the other hand, the benefit it has begun to confer on our separated brethren of all sects, is sufficiently evident from the altered tone of those among them, who have been ever foremost in decrying every thing Catholic. Driven from their long-boasted strong-holds of scriptural argument, they have found no retreat for their confusion, but in the ribaldry and ridicule of *un-reasoning* infidelity. Specimens of their defeat were to be seen in the columns of that sink of falsehood, indecency, and anti-catholic rage, which, for the honor of humanity, has, at length, been choked in its own filth—*The Antidote*.

Such unparalleled success, my brethren, encourages me to continue my labors. I therefore announce, that I will follow up the Seven Sermons on the Eucharist, with the publication (at the same interval of a fortnight,) of Seven other Sermons, the subjects of which will be—VIII. CONVERSION. IX. CONFESSION. X. CHRISTMAS. XI. LOVE OF GOD. XII. LOVE OF OUR NEIGHBOUR. XIII. EDUCATION OF THE POOR. XIV. LAST JUDGMENT.

By thus intermixing morals with controversy, I shall exhibit the practise, as well as the faith, of the Catholic Church; for she

preaches by example, as much, if not more, than by word. And while, by these sermons, I endeavour to make Catholics be in reality, what they are in profession—the true followers of their Jesus; oh! may that same Jesus, “who wishes all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth;” may He, in his infinite mercy, render my humble voice instrumental in bringing back to the bosom of the ancient faith, those unhappy souls, who, for three centuries, have been tossed about on the waves of delusion—the sport of every wind of error! An event, which the present, hourly, derangement of their religious ideas, combined with many other causes that are at work, promises to be, by no means, so remote, as they themselves imagine.

A blessing I wish them, in the name, &c.

SERMON VII.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

THURSDAY.

The Octave of Corpus Christi.

SUMMARY OF THE FOREGOING SERMONS; USE
OF THE LATIN TONGUE.

Amen, amen, I say unto you : unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life : and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed : and my blood is drink indeed : He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father : so he that eateth me, the same also shall live by me. This is the bread, that came down from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat manna, and died. He that eateth this bread, shall live for ever, St. John, c. vi, v. 54, &c.

BEING now about to close, my brethren, the course of sermons, which, during this sacred octave of the Most Blessed Sacrament, I undertook to deliver for your edification ; let me,

for a moment, throw my eye back over the ground I have passed. Conscious of the fundamental importance of this holy revelation of the Son of God; with a mind, full of the numerous and incontestible proofs, with which he has surrounded this wonderful mystery of his power and love; yet aware, at the same time, of the many obstacles, which our senses, governed by appearances, throw in the way of that faith, which, by the very dictate of reason herself, ought to subject both senses and reason to the infallible and omnipotent word of a God; with a mind, I say, thus impressed with the extent and importance of my undertaking, and invoking the light of the Holy Spirit of Jesus, I entered on its execution. To prepare human reason for the calm examination of so supernatural a topic, I first demonstrated the possibility of Transubstantiation. I showed that there was no contradiction, no absurdity, no repugnance, in that mystery. In thus arguing with the common sense of mankind, I replied to, and confuted, all the difficulties, which an unfounded and unreasonable reliance upon the sensations of our body, raises in minds, which allow themselves to be governed, more by animal instinct, than by reasoning reflection.

When I had made good this first stage of my argument, when I had thus proved the possibility, I next proceeded to demonstrate the fact of, Transubstantiation. In testimony of it, I adduced texts of scripture, as explicit, as literal, as free from metaphor, as incapable of figurative interpretation, as any of those

oracles which attest the Trinity, Incarnation, Redemption of man, eternity of bliss, eternity of woe, or any other of the mysteries which are believed on the word of revelation. While, thus armed with the two-edged sword of the divine word, I opened for the truth a passage to the minds of men; I was, at the same time, careful to repel, with the buckler of faith, the shafts, which, in the shape of objections, the enemies of truth levelled at my progress. These shafts, drawn sacrilegiously from the scripture, and pointed with the poison of misinterpretation, fell, blunt and broken, from the adamantine shield of genuine scriptural examination. Thus, then, the written word of God attested the fact as demonstratively, as reason had previously attested the possibility.

Here I might have stopped. The truth was placed beyond the reach of doubt. Jesus had said, and in saying, had made the bread his body. But, as in the investigation of natural truths, we often arrive at the same identical conclusion, by several distinct routs of demonstration, so, in the examination of his supernatural truths, God has been pleased to assist our reason with a variety of attestations: which, though each alone be, of itself, sufficient for conviction, yet, by their concentration, mutually strengthen one another, until they burst upon the attentive mind, in one splendid ocean of faith, which dispels every mist of ignorance and doubt. Unwilling to deprive my subject, of such an accession of proof, I subsequently demonstrated that, what the written word so expressively revealed, was believed in

every age since the blessed truth of Christ came to illuminate mankind. By numerous quotations, from the ancient saints and fathers of the Church, from her early councils and primitive liturgies, I showed, that no dogma was more universally received, than that of transubstantiation; that no error was more universally anathematized than its rejection; and that, in the whole history of Christianity, there is not to be found a document, a sentence, a word, an allusion, or a practise, to throw even the shadow of truth or probability upon the innovation which denies it. What a consolation, my brethren, to find ourselves still repeating the creed of the Clements, the Ignatius's, the Cyprians, the Cyrils, the Gregories, the Basils, the Chrysostoms, the Ambroses, and the Augustines! What a consolation to find ourselves professing that faith, which these saints, these martyrs, these vanquishers of idolatry, these propagators, champions and apologists of the Christian truth, had received from the Peters, Pauls, Johns, and Matthews! And, on the contrary, what an unhappy turn of mind must that be, which will not yield to this combined phalanx of scriptural and ecclesiastical authorities! Such a spirit of obstinacy cannot possibly give, even to itself, a consistent, or conclusive reason, for believing any one truth of Christian revelation.

Though I had, by the time I ended my third sermon, thus completely set at rest the question of debate, Transubstantiation, and beaten its opponents fully out of the field of discussion; yet, as their routed army still

kept up a species of desultory warfare, by attacking the outposts of the Catholic Church, namely, those ceremonies and religious practises, with which she honors her Jesus in the blessed sacrament; for this reason, I entered into a detailed explanation and defence of the holy sacrifice of the Mass; and, in the three succeeding sermons, accounted so effectually for every rite and custom, and so triumphantly confounded the wild and random assaults, which ignorance and malevolence direct against the exterior of her worship, that, I am sure, the man, who after hearing, or reading these sermons, shall continue the ridiculous charge of superstition, must blame himself, when every rational Christian shall stamp, upon his brazen forehead, the burning brand of wilful and incorrigible falsehood.

There remained, however, I now recollect, one point to be settled—the use of the Latin tongue. Returning then, briefly to the form of dialogue—the *Protestant* haughtily says to the *Catholic* :

P. “What can *you* know of religion, when your priests preach and pray in a foreign tongue, in order to keep you in ignorance?”

C. “Preach in a foreign tongue! Neither you nor I ever knew a priest such a fool, as to give a Latin Sermon to an English congregation. They say Mass, indeed, in Latin; but we, laymen, have it in our books in English, and follow the priest in the prayers throughout. The Clergy want to keep us ignorant, do they? Why, they are always instructing us, as the

Rev. Mr. Hayes has done in his seven sermons; and may God give him grace to continue?"

P. (fretfully) "But why do they read in Latin at all?"

C. "I will tell you then.—In the first place, you must know that the Catholic Church looks upon it as a matter of perfect indifference in itself, what language her service is performed in. Hence, at her first establishment by the Apostles, she adopted the respective languages of the countries, which she enlightened by the faith of Christ; for instance, the Syro-Chaldaic, or modern Hebrew, in Judea; the Greek, in the East; and the Latin in the West. The Hebrew fell into disuse, when God, in his just vengeance, set his seal of reprobation on the obstinate mass of the Jews, and destroyed Jerusalem by the hands of the Romans. At that awful crisis, the Jewish converts, all of whom had escaped from the unhappy city, became amalgamated with the Greek or Gentile Christians, and adopted their language. Thus ended the use of Hebrew in the religious worship of the Catholic Church.—The Greek tongue, on the contrary, has continued to this day the ecclesiastical idiom of the countries, where it was originally spoken; and, although the Mahometan invasions, assisted by the ever-corrupting hand of time, have so vitiated the language, as well as deteriorated the condition of the Greeks, that their modern tongue is, in fact, as distinct from that of their forefathers, as the Italian is from the Latin; yet, all the

Christians of the once Greek empire, as well Schismatics, as Catholics, retain, in their Liturgy, the ancient classical language of the Chrysostoms and Gregories."

P. (Interrupting.) "This may be all very well, about the Hebrew and Greek; but I want to know, why your priests read Latin to you in England and Ireland?"

C. "Have a little patience, and you shall hear.—The Latin, you know, was the universal language of the Western Empire for many centuries after the establishment of Christianity, and became, of course, the established language of the Western Church. Succeeding ages brought down upon the Roman empire inroads of barbarians. These barbarians had nothing but unwritten jargons of their own. If they wished to read, they were obliged to learn in Latin. The Christian Missionaries preached to them, indeed, in their own barbarous dialects; and explained the sacrifice of the Mass, as our Priests now do in English. Foolish, however, the Catholic Church would have been, if she had allowed every missionary to discard the ancient language of her liturgy, for the half-formed idiom of each of these numerous tribes; tribes, who could not even have read the translation. Oh no; she was too fond of antiquity; but, at the same time, she provided for the instruction of these tribes, by the preaching of her missionaries. Were the Mass to have been translated at every hand's turn, errors would have crept into it; the great variety of jargons would have rendered it impossible to prevent these errors;

and every individual priest would thus have become the modeller, of what the Church ought to be most careful in preserving pure and correct."

"Nor," continues the *Catholic*, "did the Church, in this respect, do any more, than what the very nature of the case caused society at large to do. For, down to the thirteenth century, education was confined to the Latin tongue. By degrees the barbarous and unwritten dialects mixed with the Latin in the mouths of the people, and formed the Italian, French, Spanish and English languages. But this formation was in progress for centuries, before it was completed. And was the Church to be shifting and changing the words of the most sacred act of her worship, exposing it thus not only to error, but to contempt, almost every year, and in almost every place? For the jargon of this year was often obsolete next year, and what was spoken in this village, was not spoken in that. When the modern languages, however, became grammatical, would the Church have been prudent in laying aside the Latin, which was now a dead, and consequently a fixed language, in order to adopt a different tongue in every different kingdom of the world? What do the people lose by this prudence of the Church? They have translations for their own use. Therefore they lose nothing.—But see, what both people and clergy gain by it. If an Irish layman goes to France, he can hear Mass there as he does at home. The language and ceremonies are the same. If an Irish priest goes, he can offici-

ate for a French congregation, quite as well as a French priest. Besides, this uniformity of language and ceremonies preserves uniformity of doctrine; and by obliging all the clergy to know Latin, keeps open that general channel of correspondence in one language, which is so well adapted to preserve, united to their head, and to each other, the various and distant nations, which compose the universal family of Christ."

"So, my dear Protestant friend," concludes the *Catholic*, "say no more of our clergy keeping the people in ignorance; for I will produce to you hundreds of Catholic tradesmen, who understand more of the Christian religion, and converse more rationally upon it, than any of your proud scripturists, your would-be evangelical preachers, or even your gowned and mitred divines."

Our Catholic disputant, my brethren, seems to have discharged the duty I imposed upon him, quite as ably as I could have done myself; and I join, heartily and devoutly, in his prayer, that God may give me grace to follow up, with other Sermons, the seven which I am now about to close on the subject of the Blessed Eucharist.

Oh! in how many ways, does our God point out to the children of men that Church, which he commanded them to hear; that city which cannot be hid, because she stands upon a mountain. Her Catholicity, her universality, appears in every circumstance

even of her daily worship. She holds the one faith in the four quarters of the globe. She adores the one Jesus on her altars, whether in China or in Rome. She offers the one sacrifice, the one oblation, from the rising of the sun to the going down. She gives the one ordination, the one mission, to her priests in every clime. Her very language bespeaks her to be the Church of all nations. For while every sect adopts a tongue confined to some one corner of the earth, and therefore speaks itself to be a sect; the Catholic Church, by the providence of her Jesus, has preserved that tongue, which is not pent up in any country, which is known, read, and written, throughout the civilized world; which is the common language of all classical education, and of all liberal professions; the language of philosophy, of law, of medicine, of theology; a language, which is understood by a thousand for every one, who knows any of all the other tongues either living or dead; a language which, therefore, challenges for her doctrine and practise, the investigation of the whole learning of mankind; a language, in fine, which bears remarkable testimony to the literal accomplishment of that celebrated vision of Nabuchodonosor, in which—after the successive fall of the Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman empires, represented by the statue, with a head of gold, a breast of silver, a belly of brass, and legs of iron—the little stone, cut without hands from the mountain, and which had struck the statue into dust, became itself a great mountain, and filled the whole earth. This little stone, which is Christ, has crumbled to pieces these mighty empires, and on their

ruins has established the religious kingdom of his Church, which shall never end. See her now, after one thousand eight hundred years, erecting her head in the imperial city of Rome, extending her pale beyond the boundaries of the Roman empire, and speaking the imperial language, with a greater multitude of voices, than ever uttered it in the days of Cicero or Trajan. Such, my brethren, is the Catholic Church, such is the uniformity of her worship, such is the universality of her sacrifice, such is the Catholicity of her faith.

Is my task, then, finished? Have I accomplished the object I proposed to myself, on the sacred solemnity of Corpus Christi? Have I attained the end, which Jesus had in view, when he bequeathed us his body to eat, and his blood to drink? Have I attained that end? For his view ought to be the view of his minister. Was it, then, a mere speculative truth, which he announced when he said, "This is my body?" Did he intend that his followers should content themselves with an idle belief of his word, and as idle a confutation of its unbelievers? Did he intend that here his Church should stop? or did he, on the contrary, determine, that all who bless his name, should feel within themselves the practical fruits of his divinest of legacies? If he did, as he surely did, intend the latter, how far, alas! am I still short of doing justice to my subject! How many sermons would such a subject still require! And yet, could sermons, ever so numerous, ever so eloquent, I will not say, exhaust, but even sketch a subject so infinite? Since, then, it surpasses, not only utterance, but even

thought; since it hath not entered into the heart of man, what Jesus hath laid up in his sacrament for those who love him; since language, equally with silence, fails to tell it; since the more we say, the more we have to say, and the less we say, the more we have to think; since length, not more than brevity of speech, can sound the depths of this unfathomable mystery of love; let me no longer loiter on its brink, but trusting to the mercy, from which it flows, and entreating you, my brethren, to make each word of mine, a sermon in your thoughts, let me plunge at once into that ocean of love, where Jesus, God and Man, is the food and drink of mortals!

What more need I add? One word has said all that can be said; that word is from the lips of Jesus: "Take and eat, this is my body." What! He made us out of nothing. We rebelled; he suspended the arm of his vengeance. We could not pay our ransom; he came from heaven to pay it. We were mortals, he clothed himself in mortal flesh. We were ignorant; he taught us. We were vicious; he reclaimed us. We were doomed to death; he died for us. We were sentenced to hell; he tore the warrant of our damnation. We were banished heaven; he reversed the decree of our eternal exile. Was not all this enough? Could he devise, could he perform more? Was there in the everlasting stores of his love, wherewith to add a claim to our gratitude, or a proof to his boundless generosity? Oh! "the mercies of the Lord, I will sing for ever;—his mercy is above all his works, and of his tender mercies there is no end." He had searched

his mercies throughout their whole bottomless abyss, to find a favor equal to his love. Great as was his power of creation, it did not furnish him what he sought. No created gift was equal to his love. Himself, himself alone, the uncreated God, could satisfy his tenderness; and therefore he gave himself to us. His body, which hung upon the cross; his blood, which gushed from under the scourges, thorns, and nails; his soul, whom pangs unutterable tore from her sacred mansion; in a word, his whole blessed humanity, which had been immolated for our sins; and his whole divinity, which had from all eternity reigned in heaven; these united in the one divine person of himself, formed the gift his love chose for us.

Oh! my brethren, think of this gift; and when the ocean of thought, which such a gift pours out, has passed across your minds, then prepare them for another, and another ocean, with which each attending circumstance of the gift must overwhelm your astonished souls. And first, where and when does he give himself? He gives himself to you, not in one quarter of the earth, not in one kingdom of each quarter, not in one city of each kingdom, not in one church of each city, not on one altar of each church, not in one Mass of each altar, not in one host of each Mass, but in all the hosts, in all the Masses, on all the altars, in all the churches, in all the cities, in all the kingdoms, in all the quarters of the globe. He gives himself to you, not for one

period of each life, not for one year of each period, not for one day of each year, not for one hour of each day, but for all the hours, days, years and periods of all your lives; in health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow, in life and in death.

Then, consider another circumstance of this gift. He gives himself, not merely that you may fall prostrate and adore him; not merely that you may enjoy the consolation of his presence; not merely that you may even embrace him; but he gives himself, that you may eat him; that you may lodge him in your bosom; that you may sanctify your soul with the presence of his pure spirit, and your body with the contact of his sacred flesh; nay more, that you may be incorporated with him, as closely as you are incorporated with the aliment which feeds your frame; and hence it is that he gives himself to you under the qualities of bread. Oh! who but a God could have devised this mystery? Could men have even thought it, if God had not revealed it? Its very incomprehensibility is the evident testimony of its truth.

Now, reflect again. With a view to what peculiar effects, did Jesus make us this bequest? In baptism and the other sacraments, we receive that benefit of his redemption, sanctifying grace, by which we are constituted spiritually his members, children of God, and heirs to the kingdom of heaven. But even this immense favor,

was too little for the love of Jesus. He was not content with saving us, and making us thus become the members of his church—that mystical body, militant on earth, and triumphant in heaven, of which he is the head. He would unite himself also corporally with us, that he might abide in us, and we in him; that as he lives by the Father in unity of substance; so we, by eating him, might also live by him, not, indeed, in *unity*, but in *union* of substances. Thus we become, as it were, the one body and the one spirit with Jesus, by corporally receiving his sacred flesh, animated as it is with his blessed soul; and from this intimate incorporation, all the other peculiar effects of this divine sacrament flow. By it, all the children of the Church, though already morally united in faith and love, are cemented by a still more intimate bond; not merely as individuals partaking of the same table, and eating of the same kind of food, which often happens in worldly society; but as brethren, however distant from one another, yet nourished, all and each, with the one identical aliment; and thus, “we become,” as St. Paul says, “one body, one spirit, all who partake of one bread.” This blessed bread of life preserves, increases, and perfects us in that grace, which the other sacraments originate in us. It is our celestial antidote, which frees us from our daily faults, and protects us from mortal crime. This it does by diminishing and weakening our propensity to evil; curbing our concupiscence, checking the depraved

affections of our mind, and imbuing us with strength and ardour to advance in the ways of Christian perfection. But the grand and ultimate end, which Jesus seems to have proposed to himself, in giving us his body to eat and his blood to drink, is, that our flesh thus incorporated with his, may acquire, as it were, a natural, physical, and inherent right to that glorious state, in which his sacred body sprung from the sepulchre, and ascended into heaven; which condition even of corporal glory, according to his promise, will be likewise ours: for "he that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day."

Oh! my brethren, shall we not then receive the body of our Jesus? This body it was, which, as the holy fathers remark, made the bodies of the martyrs apparently insensible to tortures and to death. This it was, that raised their minds above every thing terrible on this side the grave. St. Leo, describing the cool courage of a Laurence on the gridiron, and the surprize of the governor at hearing the martyr say to him, "Turn me and eat, for I am roasted enough," observes, that the pagan did not know the food, which had prepared the saint's body and soul for so-excruciating a torture. "For Laurence," says he, "was fattened on that bread, and inebriated with that chalice; and therefore the fire, which burned within him, conquered the fire which burned without." Hence, the greatest care

of the prelates in the times of persecution was, that the confessors of Christ might every day receive the holy Eucharist in their dungeons, to strengthen them, on the rack, and under the scourges of the bloody executioners. Nor, indeed, is it at all astonishing, that the body of Jesus should have this effect; for the faith, which persuades us that our God is present under the appearance of bread, must naturally raise us above every sensation, which is opposed to his divine word and law.

But, if its power be so great against tortures, what will it not be against the no less fiery trials of our own passions? Receive your God, then, Christians, receive your God. I do not think it necessary to caution you against becoming "guilty of his body and blood." The idea of unworthy communion strikes me with such horror, that I will not, for a moment, suppose, that any individual, who hears me, would, like the miserable and cursed Judas, dare to bring the immaculate flesh of Jesus into a heart stained with mortal sin; and thus, blacken himself with a crime rather than commit which, it were well for him that he had never been born. No, no; I will not suppose so heinous, so unnatural, so damning a sacrilege, in any of my audience.

Receive, then, your Jesus; receive him frequently. In ancient times, every Christian received him every day; for he is truly that daily bread, which, in his own prayer, he has directed us to ask for. Nowadays,

indeed, the Church, ever indulgent to the weakness even of her vicious children, commands that the Eucharist be taken, at least once a year. But she commands this under the pain of excommunication; of excommunication to be incurred, by the mere fact of passing the paschal time of communion. Oh! if there be any unhappy Christian so neglectful, let him not lose a moment in freeing himself from so miserable a state. Yet you would be grievously mistaken, my brethren, if you imagined that annual communion will secure your salvation. Do not think that the Church, by that decree, declares what is sufficient. She only selects an extreme case, and visits it with all the rigor of her authority. And your own experience proves to you, that annual communion is far from keeping you in the way of salvation. Receive, then, often; the oftener you receive, the better you will receive each time; it is not fasting, but frequent eating, which gives an appetite for the table of the Lord. If you are in sin, repent; confess; prepare; and then communicate. When you have freed yourself from the habit of mortal sin, receive the body of Jesus every month; it will preserve you from a relapse; and diminish even your venial crimes. If you have a sorrow for these lesser sins, and endeavour to avoid them, receive weekly; and if your circumstances permit you, and your disposition lead you to a more than ordinarily devout and humble life, communicate daily.

Above all things, let me beg of all who hear me, not to allow idle scruples and alarms to frighten them away from the bread of life. These are temptations of the enemy, who wishes to deprive you of the antidote of Christ's sacred flesh. If you feel a hatred for sin, leave the rest to Jesus; receive him confidently; receive him frequently; he will calm your mind, and make you taste, even here below, in his own good time, how sweet he is.

But if frequent communion is commendable, oh! how necessary is the happiness of early communion! As soon as a child is able, as St. Paul says, "to prove himself, and to discern the body of the Lord;" that is, as soon as he is capable of distinguishing, by morality, between good and bad, and by faith, between the body of Christ and ordinary food, let not a moment be lost in preparing him for his first communion. Oh! how many would now be saints, instead of reprobates, if their parents had attended to this most important of all parental duties! Receive, then, early, my dearly beloved children, while baptismal innocence yet makes you so worthy of the Lamb of God. That Lamb of God! whose pardon I now crave, for my deficiency in language to describe his love in this sacrament of love; that Lamb of God! whom I beseech to increase, every day, my devotion in receiving him; that Lamb of God! who not only taketh away the sins of the world, but who enlighteneth every man coming into the world. Oh! in the humility of my soul, in the tears of my sincerity,

I entreat thee, loving and merciful Jesus ! by this body which was nailed for us to the ignominious tree; by this blood, which flowed down its rugged sides; enlighten sectaries, and make Catholics love thee ! Make them adore thee, daily in the Mass, when thou descendest on our altars; make them venerate thee at the benediction, when thou art presented for public adoration; make them receive thee often in the holy communion, when thou enterest their mouths, to preserve their bodies from sin, and sanctify their souls and bodies for eternal glory !

A blessing, &c.

It had been my intention, my brethren, to have noticed, in this sermon, the motly group of silly scribblers, who have been so furiously brandishing their busy, but harmless, pens against me, since I set out on my publishing career. I intended to have just cast an eye at them; as the lion, retiring to covert, scares away, with a look, the vermin which had kept barking after him, while he ranged the forest. Not that I meant to honor, with a particular confutation, all these wretched scribblers, for they are as numerous as they are worthless; but only a select few of the tribe, whose awkward and grotesque vanity might, possibly, make them ascribe to fear (bless the mark !) that silence which they merit from contempt. I calculated that this digression would not have taken up more space, than I could afford it in this Sermon. For it was far

from my mind to follow even this select few, through all their rodomontade of absurdities; declamation and calumny; through all that *crambe repetita*, which, from being daily served up, and as daily sent away from the table of truth, has at last excited the nausea of every rational and religious appetite. You all know, my brethren, from hourly experience, that Protestants, when disputing about religion, shew that they have learned their logic from Goldsmith's country schoolmaster,

"Even though vanquish'd, they can argue still."

So that, in fact, the great bulk of the trash, which fills their pamphlets, and which the writers dignify with the name of 'difficulties,' has long since, in the course of these very sermons, been consigned by me to the tomb of all the—absurdities.

This circumstance, I expected, would have enabled me to compress into a very small space, the notice with which I intended to compliment the pamphleteers; to whom, indeed, I should have been indebted, moreover, for another great cause of brevity in my reply. For, these very logical antagonists have as great a knack of running *away* from the matter actually under debate, as they have of running *back* to matters a hundred times debated. At the very moment you expect to hear them speaking of Transubstantiation and the Sacrifice of the Mass, it is ten to one but you are suddenly entertained with a vigorous attack

upon the Pope's deposing power, the sale of indulgences, and the Lord knows what. Now, as I was by no means disposed to follow these wild and left-handed argumentators, in all the retrograde, transverse, flank, and *zig-zag* movements of their *guerilla* warfare, I was in hopes, that in a page or two of this sermon, I might have been able to answer, whatever they have written worthy of an answer.

But, alas! with all my ingenuity to attain this desired brevity, I have been disappointed. For, I assure you, my brethren, that it is not in a page, or in two, or three, or ten pages, that I could do justice to the mass of nonsense and falsehood, with which, as I find upon inspection, these *tract-mongers* insult as well the common as the Catholic sense of the country. I have therefore come to the determination of giving them a whole sermon apart; and this plan I will observe in the course of all my future publications. After every Seven Sermons which I publish, I will devote *one* to the taking to pieces of the ephemeral productions, which, during each period, shall have proceeded from our doughty antagonists. By this means, the scene of action will be, from time to time, agreeably and profitably shifted. I shall not be eternally employed in merely repelling the attacks, directed, on all sides, against that impregnable Church, which, built upon the rock, defies the gates of hell; but I shall, now and then, make a sally likewise into the enemy's camp, and take advantage of the Babel-like confusion which ever

prevails there. For this purpose, it will be necessary for me to see as many of these tracts and pamphlets as possible; and if any of them should escape my notice, I request my readers to inform me. I have also to observe, that in exposing sectarian folly, I cannot be required to use the same dignified language, as in expounding Catholic truth.

Take notice, then, my brethren, that in my next, that is to say, my Eighth Sermon, to be published on this day fortnight, I will pass in review the following productions, which have fallen into my hands, together with such others of the same stamp, as may in the mean time merit my attention. 1. A Tract, intituled, "*Observations, &c. By a Catholic, not a Roman Catholic.*" This profound *observer* seems to have hit upon a notable discovery; namely, the existence of *two* Catholic Churches!—2. A pamphlet, styled "*Questions, &c. By a Protestant clergyman.*" I should rather suspect the *questioner* to be a Jew; for he asks very seriously, p. 5, "Did not the Jews themselves, long before the reformation, object to the real presence?"—3. Some scattered lucubrations of that Don Quixotte of controversy, the REV. SIR HARCOURT LEES, alias, *Sir Jack the Giant-Killer*, who, with his polemical club, lays prostrate, at a blow, whole phalanxes of Saints, Popes, Bishops, and Jesuits; a champion, in short, every way worthy the cause he defends.—4. "*A Reply, &c. By the REV. JOHN COUSINS, ex-Catholic curate of Enniscorthy, ex-Protestant curate of*

Willisandra, and Prebendary of Ballycahane;
 in a word, the apostate priest! And 5.—to
 crown this climax of ignorance, impudence,
 scurrility, and hypocrisy, with a document
 which, in each disgraceful quality, out-tops
 them all—" *The Charge*," the insolent Charge
 of HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. DR. WIL-
 LIAM MAGEE,—NOT by the grace of God,
 or by the mission, ordinary or extraordinary,
 of Jesus Christ—BUT by Royal Commission,
 derived, in *legitimate* succession, from HARRY
 of *bloodless* memory, and BESS of *virgin*
 fame,—LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, AND
 PRIMATE OF IRELAND!!!

SERMON VIII.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.



REVIEW OF PROTESTANT PAMPHLETS.

"Wo to you that call evil good, and good evil: that put darkness for light, and light for darkness: that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. Wo to you that are wise in your own eyes, and prudent in your own conceits." Isaias, c. v. ver. 20, &c.

WHEN I read the writings of Protestants, my brethren; when I see the heaps of abuse, misrepresentation and calumny, with which they stuff their polemical tracts; when I survey the beggings of the question, the childish sophisms, the twistings, the twirlings, by which they strive to get rid of the plainest words of that Scripture, which they call their only rule of faith; when I consider their astonishing ignorance, as well of religion in general, as of those Catholic tenets in particular, which they are constantly, but in vain, assailing; when I reflect on the unparalleled, the silly, effrontery, with which they, again and again, put forth objections a thousand times refuted, and ascribe to us doctrines a thousand times disavowed; when, in a word, I see men, who in other matters show symptoms of fairness and of common sense, reduced, by their obstinacy in error, to such pitiful shifts, I feel disposed, my brethren, either to let their effusions pass, as the offspring of shameless impudence, or to laugh at them, as the ravings of fools.

But my contempt, as well as my laughter, gives way to the deeper feelings of indignation and sorrow, when I behold the evils produced by these miserable scribblers; when I behold the mischief they do—not to you, my Catholic brethren; for you are too well founded in the faith of your Redeemer; too well versed in the express word of his scripture; too confident in his unerring promise to his Church, to allow the clattering nonsense of such simpletons, or the wilful misstatements of such hypocrites, to disturb, for a moment, the peaceful certainty of your belief. No, it is not *you* that are injured. *Insulted*, indeed, you are; the truth is insulted in you; and therefore a Catholic preacher may be sometimes bound to repel the double insult. But you are not *injured*. Oh no; the injury falls upon the thousands of poor Protestant souls, who are led astray by these unprincipled seducers; souls, who cost Jesus Christ his blood; souls, who would embrace the truth, if it were not maliciously disfigured by their teachers; souls, who, from their infancy terrified by the odious name of “Popery,” to which the most monstrous idea has been industriously attached, never open a Catholic book to seek the Catholic truth, but feed their absurd prejudices with the venom of Protestant tracts.

It is the fate of these poor souls, that fills my breast with indignation against their deceivers. It is when I think of that fate, that the woes, denounced by the Holy Ghost against false teachers, come tingling in my ears. It is then that I hear the prophet Isaias crying out, in the words of my text, c. v. v. 20, “Wo to you that call evil

good, and good evil: that put darkness for light, and light for darkness: that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. Wo to you that are wise in your own eyes, and prudent in your own conceits." And again, c. xxx. v. 1. "Wo to you, apostate children, saith the Lord, that you would take counsel, and not of me: and would begin a web, (the intricate, the ever un-finished web of private judgment) and not by my spirit, that you might add sin upon sin." When I see these pamphleteers scribbling against Transubstantiation; then it is that I hear the same prophet thundering, in c. xlv. v. 9, "Wo to him, that gainsayeth his Maker, a sherd of the earthen pots: shall the clay say to him, that fashioneth it: What art thou making, and thy work is without hands?" When I look back on the generations, which have been torn from the fold of Christ by their apostate pastors, then it is that the voice of Jeremias strikes my ears, c. xxiii, "Wo to the pastors, that destroy and tear the sheep of my pasture, saith the Lord. You have scattered my flock, and driven them away, and have not visited them: behold I will visit upon you for the evil of your doings, saith the Lord."

But if the woes, denounced by the prophets are terrible. how much more appalling are those, which Jesus Christ himself hath uttered against the teachers of falsehood! This Lamb of God, meek and forbearing on every other occasion, was so roused to holy indignation at the loss of souls, caused by the envy, hypocrisy, ambition, and avarice of his enemies, that, in the bitterness of his soul, he thus vents his divine rage against them: Matt. c. xxiii, "Wo to you Scribes and Pharisees

hypocrites: because you shut the kingdom of heaven against men: for you go not in yourselves: and those that are going in, you suffer not to enter. Wo to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because you go round about sea and land to make one proselyte: and when he is made, you make him the child of hell two-fold more than yourselves." — When my brethren, I read such denunciations, such execrations as these, issuing from the lips of truth and meekness itself, how can I but catch a spark of that flame, with which the zeal of our blessed Jesus burned against false teachers? How can I but fulminate the same "Woes," against the hypocrites and seducers of the present day, whose character the divine pencil has so correctly delineated in their precursors, the Scribes and Pharisees? And yet, when I perceive the absurdities of these seducers, it is with difficulty, that my indignation can suppress the laugh of my contempt. However, I shall proceed to review the pamphlets which I mentioned in my last; in the hope, that if the vengeance, above denounced against the seducers, do not deter them from impugning the known truth, the seduced at least, may at length open their eyes and become both afraid and ashamed, to pin their eternal salvation on the *dicta* of knavery the most barefaced, and of folly the most arrant. As I have found the form of dialogue to be the shortest, clearest, and most effectual mode of dealing with such folk, I shall here resume it; premising, however, that I do not mean to let the pamphleteers say the one-tenth of what they have put on paper, but only the *substance* of what they have scribbled worthy of any notice.

"Who, then," says the *Catholic*, "is first on my list?"

"I am," replies one of the tribe; "the author of a most unanswerable work, entitled, *"Observations, &c. by a Catholic, not a Roman catholic."*"

Catholic. "Pray, Mr. Observer, what kind of a Catholic is that? You say, in the Apostles' creed, "I believe the Holy Catholic Church;" and in the Nicene creed, "I believe *One*, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church." Where, then, have you found *two* Catholic Churches; to the one of which you say *you* belong, while you admit that *we* belong to the other? Whether you call us Roman, Irish, Greek, or Chinese Catholics, no matter; you call us Catholics; that is enough; "out of thine own mouth I judge thee, thou wicked servant." You know full well, that to be in the only true Church, you must be a Catholic, and therefore you take the name. Ah! unhappy knave and fool; be in reality, what you vainly strive to be in name. What next?

Observer. "I have proved in my work, that Father Hayes's arguments go to discredit the evidence of our senses in every case; and not in the particular case of the Eucharist only."

Catholic. "I see that you have wasted nearly the whole of your paper and ink in that silly attempt; silly, indeed; for all that you have urged, had been confuted beforehand in the very sermon you are attacking; and therefore, I shall not trouble you to repeat it. No one, who has read the sermon, will ever mind what you have said on that head; for it is clear, that Father Hayes only argues against the testimony of our senses, when that testimony, or rather our own false judgment upon it, is in direct contradiction to the words of Jesus."

Observer. But the evidence of our senses is stronger, than the evidence which we have for the words of Jesus. These words we know

only by hearsay, from the apostles; nay, the apostles themselves had the evidence of sense, only for the words; not for their signification."

Catholic. There you go; what a pretty Christian you are! I always thought that you, Sectaries, had never a firm conviction, or certainty, of the truths of revelation. And you, Mr. Observer, for one, prove that I was right in thinking so. You are not, then, as sure of any thing you hear, as you are of the things you see? You are not as sure of the existence of Constantinople, as you are of that of Dublin? Or, of your Pretended Reformation, as you are of the French Revolution? Then fool of fools! are not distant and past events, which we hear only from others, often as certain, as those we see ourselves? Is not the existence of Luther, of Julius Cæsar, and above all, of Jesus Christ, quite as certain to you, as your own? And are not the recorded words of Christ, as certain as his recorded existence? O, thou defender of Christianity, who tearest up its certainty by the roots! And to add to your infidel ignorance, you dare to insinuate, that the apostles themselves were not as certain of the meaning, as they were of the words of Christ. Oh! this is too bad; I must soon have done with *you*, at any rate: for such horrible nonsense and blasphemy are, in fact, beneath notice."

Observer. "Both you and Father Hayes may rail, as you like, and accuse us of denying the power of God. We do not say that Transubstantiation is impossible to *Him*, but that it is incredible to *us*, because it contradicts our senses."

Catholic. "That is to say, God *can* transubstantiate, but *cannot* make you believe him! Because his power contradicts your senses? Oh blind pride of flesh and blood!

Then God *is* to be a liar, that your weak and corrupted senses may be true! Stop, stop your blasphemy; and answer me a question. Why have you not noticed Father Hayes' innumerable proofs from scripture?"

Observer. "I had not time. But, now, in the last page of my pamphlet, I shall just ask him, as he knows Hebrew, does not the verb '*is*,' in that language, often mean 'represents'? And did not our Lord, though he spoke in Greek, use the Hebrew idiom?"

Catholic. "I doubt much, whether Father Hayes would deign to answer such a compound of ignorance. If he did, he would tell you, first, that our Lord never spoke in Greek at all; but that what He said in Hebrew, the apostles wrote in Greek. He would tell you, secondly, that the verb '*is*,' in every language that has it, often means, 'represents;' as, in English, when you point to a portrait and say, 'that *is* such a one.' He would tell you, thirdly, that, in Hebrew, the verb '*is*' is not used at all, but left understood; as, for instance, *אני וזה*—literally 'My body this,' for 'This *is* my body.'—But Mr. Observer, what has all this to do with Transubstantiation? Has not Father Hayes proved, from the common rules of grammar, from the solemn and repeated asseverations of Christ, and from the unanimous doctrine of all ages and climes of the Christian world (save your little, modern Calvinistic clan) that the word of Omnipotence is not a deception, but that the Eucharist is, what Christ says it is, truly and really his body and his blood?—And now, in taking leave of you, O most profound Observer, I would advise you to lie hid under your absurd name of 'A Catholic, not a Roman Catholic;' for, if you come to be known, the laughter of the public will ruin your trade of scribbling, particularly

after the erudition you have displayed in the hitherto unmade discovery, that Christ spoke Greek !”

Our Catholic disputant, my brethren, seems to have lost more of his precious time than he ought, with his drivelling antagonist. And unless I hurry him, I fear that, even with his valuable aid, I shall not be able to complete, in one sermon, the task I have undertaken. I, therefore, will not trouble him to enter the lists with the next pamphleteer, who calls himself a “*Protestant Clergyman*,” (I suspect him to be a *Jew*) and is the author of a long Tract, entitled, “*A Few Questions, &c.*” Few! why he has about five hundred of them, in four and twenty pages. And he puts them all with such self-complacency, that it would be a pity to disturb him with an answer to any. Take a sample, then, my brethren; and surely, you will be cautious how you alarm the solemn stupidity of this prince of blockheads, by any motion of your risible muscles.

Questioner. “Does not the Rev. Mr. Hayes call all reformed Christians, idiots and blasphemers in his three first sermons, now published in this our day in Dublin, within the octave of Cor-Christi, for rejecting Transubstantiation; yet is there any one point in which all the reformed churches do more unanimously agree than in rejecting this dogma, as appears both by the concurrent testimony of all their confessions, and the unanimous testimony of all their writers? Are not the government and laws of England so far from being idiotical, that they are allowed to be by far the best and wisest on the globe? And does not this demonstrate the wisdom of our legislators in singling out this to be the grand point of test for employment under that government, since it is the only point of controversy in which the whole Church

of Rome holds the affirmative, and the whole Reformed Church the negative, demonstratively proving, that while Transubstantiation is the doctrine of the Church of Rome, it is rejected by the Church of England, and therefore by *name* condemned in its *articles*?"

Catholic. "Glorious and immortal memory of Titus Oates! Thou perjured murderer of eighteen Catholics, priests and laymen! how much doth England owe thee, for that inimitable *test* against Transubstantiation, which still continues to be "the envy and admiration of the world!"

Questioner. "Do not interrupt me, Sir. I only ask questions; I require no answer.—" Why should Romanists so furiously rage against Protestants for differing in this matter from the Church of Rome? Did not the Jews themselves, long before the reformation, object to it on the very same account? And did they not show by it that the doctrine of this pretended change of the Church of Rome opposed the design of our Saviour, and advanced an *interpretation*, which no one accustomed to *Jewish notions* as the apostles were, could understand or literally apply?"

Catholic. "No wonder Father Hayes called you a Jew; at least a half-converted one. I lay my life, that, before you stop, we shall have you questioning the divinity of Christ, and the Trinity."

Questioner. "Is not 'the holy bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations, diligently compared and revised by his Majesty's special command,' incomparably the best, the purest, and the most literal on the face of the globe? But as this matter savours a little of learning, and as to go too deeply or critically into it,

would exceed our limits, would it not be wise to lay it before some learned body of men to attest its truth? Might we not then submit it to the Fellows of Trinity College—are not they as learned a body of men, as any other learned body of men in Christendom, and might not they amplify abundantly in proof of this subject? Are not these words in Mr. Hayes's first sermon, 'worthy a dying God,' and are not these words even more monstrous than Transubstantiation? Is not the setting forth the doctrine of 'a dying God,' the very thing that renders Christians the laughing-stock and abhorrence of Jews and Infidels of every description? In the last agony on the cross, does not the Deity appear to have left the awful scene to the 'one Mediator between God and Man, the MAN Christ Jesus; and does not Jesus say so himself in these words, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' "

Catholic. "I guessed it would come to this at last. Here we have you denying the divinity of Christ crucified; that 'stumbling-block to the Jews, and foolishness to the Gentiles, which St. Paul, however, preached, 1 Cor. c. i, v. 24, as being, to them that are called, both the power and the wisdom of God.'—Stop, stop, Mr. Questioner, we have heard too much."

Questioner. "I have four hundred more questions to put."

Catholic. "Put them in your pocket, then; for yonder comes *Sir Harcourt Lees*, (I beg his pardon) *Sir Jack the Giant-Killer*, I mean, brandishing his club; of which I would advise you to stand clear, as he deals his blows always with his eyes shut, and strikes, at random, friend and foe."

Sir Jack. "Where is this fool of a Hayes?"

let me at him; and if I don't crack his numskull, my name is not Sir Jack. He believes that Celestin, the Pope that sent St. Patrick to Ireland, swam across the Liffey with his head in his mouth. To be sure, he believes it; since he believes the Popish Transubstantiation."

Catholic. "Your argument, Sir Jack, is quite as strong as the calf's-head on the altar of Ardee, or Cowper's crumbling and throwing the host from his pulpit."

Sir Jack. "Yes; I am the hero for confounding the Papists. I know more of their Fathers, Canons and Councils, than all the Cardinals put together; and if I was at Rome, the Pope would make me Prefect of Propaganda. But where is Hayes? Why does he not meet me?"

Catholic. "He would not to dare to encounter so great a champion of Protestantism."

Sir Jack. "He is in the right of it. For I have converted thousands of papists, since I began to publish, which was only three years ago. And if I escape being burned by the Jesuits in my glebe-house, I will root popery out of Ireland in three years more."

Catholic. "Take heart, Sir Jack. However you may be roasted in the other world, you will not be even singed in this."

Sir Jack. "Ha! you would send me to your *smelt-house*, would you?"

Catholic. "Oh! no: 'you may go farther and speed worse.' Nay, don't be angry at what I say. But, by the bye, there are a great many people who think that, if you were in earnest, and in your senses, you would not write as you do. For, Protestantism is now on its last legs; and all that is wanting to give it the *coup de grace*, is the ridicule which you bring upon it."

Sir Jack. Every man that thinks *that*, is as great a fool as Father Hayes. Why, I have converted *priests* too."

Catholic. "So it appears; for I see one of your converts coming towards us with a book in his hand."

Sir Jack. "Aye; *Cousins*, poor block-head; but he will do no good. He has lost his curacy of Killisandra; his sinecure in Limerick is sequestered, they say, for some breach of promise; that is, if *he* be the *Reverend John Cousins*, against whom a verdict was given at the last Spring Assizes of Cork; and the forty pounds a year is stopped. All this is very bad; the loaves and fishes, to be sure, are getting tight with ourselves; but, unless we throw a bone to the priests that come over, I am afraid I shall convert no more of them."

Catholic. "But don't you think that his '*Reply*' to Father Hayes will raise the wind for him?"

Sir Jack. Poh! it is quite a shabby thing. He knows nothing of controversy. At all events, there is no one able for Hayes but myself. However, I must let the friar rest a while; for there is the Antidote come to life again; and I must be off to supply it with a dose of loyal orthodoxy."

Catholic. "May Protestantism, while it lasts, never want *such* a champion! and may *such* a physician attend it *in extremis*!—Well, Apostate!"

Apostate. "Why do you call me Apostate? The name is villainous."

Catholic. "On the contrary, quite honorable to you as a Protestant. It means, that you have 'thrown off the slough of a slavish superstition, and burst forth in the purified form of Christian renovation.' Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, and the other great founder of the

‘Glorious Reformation,’ did the same. They, too, were apostates; and why should *you* object to a name, which they so richly earned, and so proudly wore?”

Apostate. “In that sense I adopt it. And, to show that I am a *true* apostate, here is my ‘Reply’ to the Rev. R. Hayes, against Transubstantiation; a dogma, which, for many years, I *sincerely* believed and taught; for I never was a hypocrite, nor did I ever offer the Mass without proper dispositions.”

Catholic. “It was at the last supper, that Satan entered into the heart of Judas; and when the hypocrite betrayed his master, he *kissed* him!—The world would be better able to appreciate *your* sincerity, both past and present, if you would condescend to inform it, how you came to lose, not only your Catholic, but your Protestant curacy.—But, pray, what have you got in your book?”

Apostate. “Nothing very new, indeed. What I say, has been often urged by abler pens: but in old books, which are now out of fashion.”

Catholic. “And as often answered, no doubt, as well by former Catholic writers, as by the Rev. R. Hayes himself.—But, tell me, where did you discover that St. Paul was converted *before* our Saviour’s ascension? Surely any old Methodist dame, who ever read the Acts of the Apostles, would have corrected that blunder for you.—Ah! unlucky Apostate! take my advice; give over your pamphleteering; do not add insult to the scandal, which you have given to the Church of God. Leave the abuse of her to Magee and Co. who fatten on her spoils. Return, return, like the prodigal son, to her forgiving arms. Black as your apostacy has been, she still will receive you; if not to the honors of that priesthood, which you

have disgraced; at least to the garb of that penance, which is now your only resource. Return, return; your golden dreams are vanished; or, make up your wretched mind to live, to die, despised by all, on the dunghill of degradation and despair."

Here, my brethren, I close the supposed dialogue; nor do I think, that I have lowered my dignity, as a minister of Christ, in noticing, and even ridiculing the gross absurdities, the worse than idiotic ignorance, the laughable, or, if you will, the lamentable fooleries of my Protestant antagonists. The Fathers of the Church did not degrade their sanctity, by the sarcastic scorn, with which they scoffed at the, not more impious, than ludicrous, superstitions of heathenism. Nor did the prophet Elias consider it beneath the character of divine inspiration, to gail the prophets of Baal, with such "jests" as these, 3 Kings, c. xviii. v. 27. "Cry with a louder voice: for he is a god, and perhaps he is talking, or is in an inn, or on a journey, or perhaps he is asleep, and must be awaked."

One more document I denounced for refutation; the "*Primary Charge*" of his Grace, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin.—An attempt has been made to pervert the terms of my denouncement into a source of irritation; and thus draw off the public mind from the main debate, which his Grace has, so improvidently, started. With respect to these terms, I can only say, *qui male loquitur, pejus audit*—"he, who lives in a house of glass, should not be the first to throw stones." The expression "slough," which his Grace applied to the Catholic religion, does not mean *puddle*, (which would have been, Heaven knows, offensive enough) but is the medical name (pronounced *sluff*) which designates the nasty

incrustation of a sore. In his *own* publication of the Charge, with notes, the Archbishop has since substituted the word "trammels," because, as he says in note p. 39, "the former term (slough) when not understood in the figurative sense in which it was intended, wears an offensive aspect." Now, the precise reason *why* it gave offence, was because it ~~was~~ understood, and could not, but *be* understood, in the figurative sense intended. To indemnify himself, however, even for this slight change, Dr. Magee takes care, not only to retain his "slavish superstition," p. 22, but to add, in note, p. 44, the *new* and *elegant* terms, "rubbish and dross." It were well, if he had not so soon forgotten his own advice, p. 12, "Railing is not our province."—And, in reply to all this dignified "slough," what has been my *treason*? Why, an historical allusion to the origin of his Grace's *Church*, and to *her own* Oath of Royal Supremacy!—But it is not a λογομαχία, a quarrel about *words*, which I have with his Grace. It is a quarrel of much more importance to the salvation of souls. It is a quarrel, which involves *three* questions, to which no human being can, consistently with his eternal happiness, be indifferent; namely, 1. Has the Catholic Church a *Religion*? 2. Is the Protestant Church *Catholic*? And 3. Is the Catholic Church *exclusively* Catholic?—In deciding these three questions, within the short compass to which I am confined, I shall give to his Grace, and even to his *Church*, all those titles (what more *can* he require?) which the laws of the realm, usage, and the most fastidious "*civility*" can claim, or extort, from uncompromising truth.—I have also to observe, that want of room obliges me to quote only the substance of his Grace's assertions, re-

ferring to the pages respectively, and answering each assertion, as I proceed. This mode will make us understand each other, and make the public understand us both.

1. Has the Catholic Church a Religion?—No, says his Grace; Catholics are, p. 22, “without what *we* (Protestants) can call a Religion.” Why?—Because they are, p. 22, “so blindly enslaved to a supposed Ecclesiastical authority, as not to seek in the Word of God a reason for the faith they profess.” You are wrong, my Lord; Catholics do, not only *seek*, which Protestants *do*; but they also *find*, which Protestants do *not*, in the Word of God, a reason for the faith which they profess. Your Grace has not pointed out the particular tenets, to which your gratuitous assertion refers, nor offered any proof of that assertion. I, therefore, refute it sufficiently, by this contradiction. But, should you require arguments in detail, I refer your Grace to “*A Defence of Catholic Principles*,” by the Rev. D. A. Gallitzin, a Russian Prince converted to the Catholic religion, and now a missionary priest at Philadelphia. This work is on sale at my printer’s. I intend to annex to it a short preface, and an account of the author’s conversion. In it, for 15d. your Grace will purchase more texts of scripture in proof of those Catholic tenets, which you, p. 14, designate as “inveterate and unscriptural corruptions,” than, perhaps, you met with, while copying Vertinga (the German commentator of Isaiah) from whom you have borrowed, without ever once acknowledging it, the main part of your work on the “Atonement.” In this little production, which I recommend, not only to your Grace, but to all Protestants and Catholics, the dogmas of Confession, the Eucharist, the Mass, Purgatory,

Invocation of Saints, Use of Images, Supremacy of the Pope, Toleration, and, above all, the Infallibility, Authority, and Indefectibility of the Catholic Church, are demonstrated by the plainest texts of the written word of God. What may further recommend this little work to your Grace's good opinion is, that, although addressed to a Protestant Clergyman, who, like yourself, pronounced the Catholic doctrine to be "superstitious"; yet, it is drawn up in the meekest spirit; nor does it contain any of those galling allusions, which, coming from me, have, I understand, so much offended him, who provoked them.

But, to proceed with your Grace's Charge; in note, p. 41, you endeavour to justify your assertion, p. 22, that *we* are "without what *you* can call a religion;" and you say, "Protestants can never admit that to be true religion, which forbids the free use of Scripture; nor can they concede the attribute of Christianity, in its vital character, and in its proper sense, to a form of belief, which subjects the Word of God to the authority of man." Here again, my Lord, you are wrong in your assumptions. The Catholic Church does *not* forbid the *free use* of Scripture; but she forbids the *abuse* of it. She does *not* subject the Word of God to the authority of man, but she subjects the interpretation of man to the authority of God. For, "no prophecy of the Scripture is made by private interpretation," 2 Pet. c. i, v. 20; and, "he that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican," Matt. c. xviii. v. 17. And now, my Lord, answer me one question. Does the Word of God consist in the sound, or in the sense? in the mark of the printer's type on the paper, or in the meaning, which God intended to convey? If a false meaning

be taken, is that meaning the Word of God? Is it not, on the contrary, according to 2 Pet. c. iii. v. 16, "perdition to the unlearned and unstable, who thus wrest the scriptures." This *false* meaning, this *abuse* it is, which the Catholic Church forbids, and not, as your Grace asserts, the *free use* of the Word of God. Will your Grace, now, deny to Catholics "a Religion?" Will you deny to them "the attribute of Christianity, in its *vital* character?" Is there, then, a Christianity of a *mortal* character?—Ah! my Lord, I could ask a thousand questions of this kind, to convince you of the absurdity, as well as of the offensiveness of your insult to the Catholic Church.

Indeed, your Grace admits, in the same note, p. 41, that your assertion has given offence; and you justify it on the ground, that, "as a Protestant Bishop, you only expressed a Protestant sentiment." I receive your Grace's justification. It is a good one; but it is only good for a Protestant; who, *as such*, is never consistent, except in inconsistency. And, then, what follows? Why, that Protestantism first started on a false assumption, and has all along proceeded on a false principle. The false assumption was, that the Catholic Church forbade the *free use* of Scripture, whereas she only forbade the *abuse* of it; the false principle, that Scripture, interpreted by private judgment, is the Word of God. How perfectly ridiculous, then, does your Grace appear, when, p. 22, you thus address your audience: "We, my Brethren, are to keep clear of both extremes (authority, and private judgment); and holding the Scriptures as our great charter, whilst we maintain the liberty with which Christ has made us free, we are to submit ourselves to the authority, to which he has made us subject." What is this,

my Lord? Free, yet subject? Free to follow private judgment, yet subject to authority? This is "keeping clear of both extremes," with a vengeance—by running into both! Why, my Lord, you are equally ignorant of Christian liberty and of Christian authority. The liberty, which Christ has given us, is liberty from error: liberty from that private judgment, which always did, and always will, "toss mankind about with every wind of error." Would Christ have been the teacher of mankind, if he had left them to the guidance of such a weathercock?—He must, then, have given the helm to "Authority," and this you, yourself, admit. Yet could authority hold the helm, if authority were fallible? Could Christ have "made us subject" to an authority, which might strand us on the shoals of error?

Oh! my Lord, see the dilemma, into which Protestantism has brought you? With what face, can you claim authority for *your* church, when you and your predecessors have rejected the authority of the Catholic Church? What have you to reply to a Methodist, when he says to you, "My private judgment, interpreting Scripture, condemns the doctrine of the Established Church, as the private judgment of the first Reformers condemned the doctrine of the, then Established, Catholic Church." What have you to reply to this Methodist? Your Grace is tongue-tied by his short, but pithy, argument. No Protestant can answer him. Will you lay claim to authority over his private judgment? If you do, you upset the very foundation of Protestantism.—For, in the affair of Salvation, neither he, nor any other man, owes submission to authority, unless it be divine; and, to be divine, it must be infallible. Despair, then, my Lord, of bringing back the numerous sects, which

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daily break off from *your Church*—the Mother-sect of all. Let your Protestant principle of “private judgment,” run its vaunted race. You might as well expect to stop the sun in its course, as hope to stay the dilapidating hand of private judgment. This grand Protestant principle will not leave one stone upon another of that crazy fabric, which it first erected against infallible authority.

But it seems, your Grace has discovered a remedy for the evil—a powerful *nostrum* against the rapid consumption, which preys on the vitals of your Church. You have discovered (and here arises my second question) that the *Protestant Church* is—*Catholic*! In p. 22, you say, “From this spirit of tempered freedom, and qualified submission, (that is, from a junction of extremes, ‘both of which are to be avoided!’ p. 22,) sprung the glorious work of the REFORMATION, by which the Church of these countries, having thrown off the trammels (slough) of a slavish superstition, burst forth in the purified form of Christian renovation: and having flung aside the novelties of human invention, presented to the world the fair picture of the *true, and genuine, and ancient CATHOLIC CHURCH*, retaining all that authority, and entitled to all that reverence, which belonged to the early Church, of which it is the disencumbered and legitimate continuation.”—My Lord, do you really flatter yourself that your hearers and readers are fools? that they do not understand the meaning of words? “Legitimate continuation!” I fear, my Lord, that your notions of *legitimacy*, if applied to *temporals*, wou’d not go down with the Monarchs of Europe; for, let me tell you, that, in *spirituals*, they are perfectly *revolutionary*. Parker was the first bishop of *your church*; he was created by Elizabeth;

of whom, pray, was *he* the *legitimate* successor? Was it of Cranmer? Cranmer was created by the Pope; but apostatized. Of whom, then, could *he* be the *legitimate* successor?—*Your* church, the “*legitimate* continuation of the ancient Catholic Church?”

Why, my Lord, it is no *continuation* at all; for, I defy you, to produce a single bishop, Catholic or otherwise, for the long period of fifteen hundred years, that is, from Christ to Cranmer, (I hope the alliteration is not blasphemous) who either held the doctrine of *your* church, or, like you and yours, received his mission from the civil authority.—*Your* Church, Catholic? *Catholic* means universal—in time, in place, in faith. Has she *always* been? Is she *every where*? Have all her members the *same* faith?—Confined within three centuries; shut up in a corner of Europe; her very bosom, as you yourself complain, p. 23, torn by “a sectarian spirit;—such, my Lord, is *your* fair “picture of the *true, and genuine, and ancient CATHOLIC CHURCH!*”—Desist, let me entreat your Grace; for the sake of common sense, and of the meaning of words, desist from calling your *Protestant Church—Catholic*.

And now, (for I must hasten to a close) the third question arises—Is the Catholic Church *exclusively* Catholic?—In a note, pp. 42, 43, and 44, your Grace labours, hard, indeed, but in vain, to shew, that it is, at best a “*vulgarism*” in Protestants, to call us *Catholics*; and you seem quite shocked, that Members of Parliament should have become so *vulgar*. You would have no objection to *re-coin* the insulting and persecuting term of—Papists; but you are restrained by a little qualm of “*civility*.” You, therefore, propose, that, in future, Protestants should call us “Roman

Catholics." Thanks to your Grace's condescension. We, indeed, can have no objection to be so designated ; because, as Catholics, we *must* be in communion with the Supreme See of Rome—the centre of all Catholic Unity. But, what does your Grace gain by allowing us the appellation? "It implies," you say, p. 43, "*a member of the Roman branch of the Catholic Church*;" which church is, p. 43, in "the Catholic pale;" and possesses, p. 44, "some of the sterling treasures of the Church." What, my Lord! the "slough, *i. e.* the trammels, of slavish superstition," p. 22; the want of "what *you* can call a Religion," p. 22; "the rubbish, the dross, the *peculiar* tenets, not *universally received in the first ages of Christianity*," p. 44; all these "abuses of antiquated error," p. 15; all these "corruptions of the Church of Rome," p. 43; are to be found, then, according to you, *in the Catholic Church!* in that Church, which, Eph. v. 28, "hath not spot or wrinkle, but is holy and without blemish;" which 1. Tim. iii. 15, is "the house of the living God; the pillar and ground of truth;" against which, Matt. xvi. 18, "the gates of hell shall not prevail!"—Oh! my Lord, contrast yourself with yourself, one line of your charge with the other, and the whole of it with the words of Christ and the Apostle. See, whether you can bear the double contrast; and say, whether you do not justify me in exclaiming,

"Oh! Judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts!

Magee has lost his reason!"

Quit, quit that *Protestantism*, which being essentially absurd in itself, has made *you* so absurd. It is *not* the Catholic Church, nor a branch of the Catholic Church. Claim not for it a name, which it will never enjoy, even from yourself. Quote not, p. 44, Cromwell, or Craumer, for that name; your own affecta-

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peak to your Grace, as *seriously* as I did to the apostate Cousins; return to her pale; *out* of it, you cannot have any *certainly* of belief; set, then, the example of conversion, as you have set the example of insult.

At all events, my Lord, let me advise you, for *prudence*' sake, not to utter these insults in your *own* name. Why can you not act, as you did with *your* reply to Ward's Errata, and *your* work against Dr. Milner's "End of Controversy?" These productions you ushered forth to the world under the name of your brother-in-law, Dr. Greer, as appears from a biographical and (I have every reason to believe) authentic sketch of your Grace, lately published by Mr. Nolan. Had you observed the same caution with regard to your Charge, your Grace would not have so soon forfeited that name, which I know not how you obtained, of the "excellent" Magee; nor would you have run the risk of offending the Royal and peace-making Author of your exaltation, by flinging your apple of discord, your "*slough*," in the face of his cherished Catholic subjects.

Taking leave of His Grace, my brethren, and recommending myself to the protection of Heaven, let me beseech you to implore the "Divine Author and Consummator of our Faith," that he may vouchsafe to grant me the strength and the light, ever to vindicate that faith, confound its enemies, edify its professors, and gather into the "one fold" the sheep who have strayed from their "one Pastor."

The subject of my next Sermon, on this day fortnight, will be "Conversion;" a subject most interesting to both Catholics and Sectaries; for "what doth it profit *either*, if they gain the whole world, and lose their own souls." Matt. xvi. 26.

That such may never be the fate of any, is the blessing, &c.

SERMON IX.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

CONVERSION.

"What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" St. Matthew, c. xvi. v. 26.

ANSWER, O ye Rich! the question of your Saviour. What doth it profit a son of Adam, a daughter of Eve, to gain the whole world, if they lose their own souls? To pass a life of ease and gaily; to revel in the untroubled enjoyment of all that sensuality calls for, pride commands, fancy whimpers after, affluence gives, and God abhors; to live, the Cæsar, the Cleopatra of the age, wielding, in majesty, the sceptre of despotic sway; or, in private life, with Dives, clothed in purple, to gorge the luxuries of appetite, loll on the couch of pleasure, or frisk, the wanton children of the dance; ignorant of, and pitiless for, the famishing Lazarus's, who in vain crawl round their gates. Answer, O ye Rich! what doth it profit you thus to gain the whole world, if, in the end, you lose your own souls? What doth it profit you

thus to enjoy (pardon, O Religion! the profanation of the term) a *heaven* of transitory comfort here, if you are to be doomed to that never-ending crush of torturing misery, which we faintly designate by the name of *hell*, hereafter? Answer the question of your Saviour, O ye Rich! answer it, in the terrors, in the tears, of conscious guilt and folly.

But, was it to the rich alone thou didst address it, Jesus, Saviour of all? Ah! no. Answer it then, likewise, O ye Poor! Say, what doth it profit *you* to gain the world—to gain, did I say?—what doth it profit *you*, to lose the whole world; to live, to die, bereft of every, even the most trivial, comfort which the world affords; and, after all your sufferings, to lose your immortal souls into the bargain? To spend your days in the most toilsome labour, (happy, even when you so can spend them) and your nights in a desponding anxiety, how you shall fare on the morrow; to eat, through life, the bread of bitterness, and quaff the water of affliction; uneducated and ignorant, to know almost nothing, save the wretchedness under which you groan; in cold, hunger, filth, distemper, and nakedness, with your wives and your hapless little ones, whose future prospects are no better than your own—to drag on a miserable existence, despised, neglected, unpitied, and forlorn, till death comes to close your eye-lids; and then—and then (to fill up your cup of woe for ever to

the brim) instead of passing from labour to ease, from distress to comfort, from tears to joy, from exile to your country, from misery to happiness; in a word, instead of passing from earth to heaven—only to exchange your burthen of temporal affliction, for the eternal weight of God's eternal vengeance, which begins to wreak its fury on your devoted heads. O my brethren, the Poor! Say, speak; if it profiteth nothing to the rich, to gain the whole world, while they lose their own souls; say, speak; who can imagine the misfortune of you, O Poor, who, gaining nothing but affliction in this life, earn for yourselves the horrors of endless darkness in the next?

But, my brethren, in addressing to you this all-important question of your Redeemer, shall I consider only your high, or low station in society? or shall I not, likewise, and principally, consider the respective condition of your souls with regard to salvation? Shall I speak to you only as men, and in the order of nature? or shall I not, likewise, and principally, speak to you as Christians, and in the order of grace? Answer me, then, O ye members of unorthodox communions, and in me, his minister, answer your Redeemer. What doth it profit you to have gained, not the whole world, (for I no longer allude to temporal prosperity) but what the whole world could not give you—the knowledge of the true God—if, nevertheless, you lose your souls for ever? What

doth it profit you to submit your reason to revelation, in your belief of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and some other incomprehensible truths, announced by Christ Jesus—if, nevertheless, you give him the lie, in such of his mysteries as your fancy has rejected, and thus, according to St. James, ii, 10, by “offending in one point, become guilty of all?” What doth it profit you to boast your Saviour’s name, if, by refusing to “hear his Church, you are to him as heathens and as publicans?” What doth it profit you to call him “Lord, Lord,” if he will not admit you into his kingdom; and when, on the day of mankind’s doom, you shall beseech him to receive you, his reply is to be, “I know you not. Depart from me all ye workers of iniquity?” What doth it profit you to read and con by rote his sacred scriptures, if by your own prejudices and wilful ignorance, you find but death in the words of life, error in the oracles of truth, and eternal ruin in the pages of salvation? Oh England! England! rebellious daughter of the Church of God, tossed about by every wind of doctrine; let three centuries of revolt and terror suffice for thy unhappy wanderings. Return, return to thy ancient mother; to Her who preached Christ to thy pagan Saxon ancestors; to Her whom thy forefathers faithfully loved nine hundred years; to Her, from whom thou didst receive those very scriptures, which thou hast so misinterpreted and abused; to Her who is the Church built by Christ upon Peter, against which the gates of Hell shall never

prevail; the pillar and the ground of truth, with whom the Son of God hath promised to be for ever, even to the consummation of the world. Return, O England! return to the Lord thy God; for what doth it profit thy children to gain the whole world, or to see thee at the head of the nations, if they are to suffer the loss of their own souls?

You, my Catholic brethren, have not rebelled against the Church of God. You have not swerved from your allegiance to the Spouse of Christ. You, therefore, cannot, like your unhappy neighbours, be charged with defection from the "faith, once delivered to the saints." But, shall your fidelity to the only true and ancient creed of Christians, exempt, either me from putting, or you from answering, the awful interrogation of your Saviour? Shall it not, on the contrary, give to that question, when addressed to you, a ten-fold terror? Answer me then, you, too, O Catholics! what doth it profit you, to have received your birth, your baptism, and your early impressions, in the pale of the Church of Christ; taught, from your infancy, to reverence his truths, frequent his sacraments, and live according to his laws; conscious of the happiness, and glorying in the honor, of being the sheep of his ancient, only fold; ready to shed your blood, rather than renounce the name you bear; moving heaven and earth, on the bare suspicion of any attempt to injure your religion;—answer me, O Catho

lies ! what do your faith, your zeal, and all your advantages profit you, if your lives square not with your professions ; if your faith work not by charity ; if it be a dead faith, which condemns, not justifies you ; if you be the mere hearers, not the performers of the law ; if you neglect those sacraments, which you so highly venerate ; if, through your crimes, the name of your God, the character of his Church, be blasphemed among the Gentiles, among the separatists and the impious ; if your condition, on that awful day ! prove, consequently, worse than that of Sodom and Gomorrah, of Tyre and Sidon, of the nations, who have never known the Catholic faith of your Saviour, or who, for centuries, have deformed and lost it ; if, in a word, with all your justly boasted privileges, you, you too, suffer the loss of your own souls ? What doth it profit you, if, in the course of the present year, you have formed resolutions of conversion, which, however, you have left unexecuted ? What doth it profit you, if even *now* you be in the state of grace, but will not persevere unto the end ? And what doth it profit *me*, if (soul-shivering word of the vessel of election, St. Paul !) *dum aliis prædico, ipse reprobus fiam*—while I preach this day so ardently to others, I, myself, be among the reprobates on the last ?——

Oh God ! who wilt judge every one according to his works ; and whose sweeping, universal criterion, on the great accounting day, will be the distinction, not of Pagans and of Christians, not of Jews and of Gentiles, not of Here-

tics and of Catholics, not of Rich and of Poor, not of People and of Pastors—but, embracing every condition of man, and every diversity of human act, the all-comprehensive distinction of—Sinners, and of—Just; grant, Thou, then avenging, but now pardoning God! that we, who tremble at the bare idea of thy dread judgment, may, through our sincere amendment and unshaken perseverance, prove, by the fact, our full conviction of that truth, so often inculcated by Thee—that the very faith which we profess, and without which, as the Apostle saith, it is impossible to please Thee—instead of saving us from thy wrath, shall be but to our greater condemnation, unless, through the worthy and holy use of thy sacraments, now while we have time, we stay the arm of thy justice, by washing away our sins in thy mercy!—

However frightful the reflection, that sins, which arise from the infirmities of depraved nature; into which we are often hurried by the force of temptation, the allurements of the occasion, by surprise, perhaps, as much as by malice; sins, to commit which, a moment of passion suffices—however frightful, I say, the reflection, that such seemingly pardonable transgressions, should, by the vengeance of a just God, be visited in another world, with an eternity of the extremest torment;—however anxious the sinner may feel, to persuade himself, if his religion did not assure him of the contrary, that Hell was a mere fable, invented to alarm weak minds—however unwilling even pious and regular Christians may be, to fix their thoughts on a subject so horrible; and however solici-

tous I myself may feel, to escape the character of a preacher, who delights in, terrifying the souls of the Christian people;—yet, neither my delicacy, your thoughtlessness, the scoffs of the impious, who in vain strive to disbelieve it, nor the apparently huge disproportion between the offence and the punishment, will ever make less true, less terrible, less effectual or infallible, the sentence of the God of truth and justice, in the 25th chapter of his Evangelist Matthew, “Depart from me, ye cursed, into eternal fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels.”

Were our forgetfulness of this dread truth, to diminish it in reality, as it diminishes it in our own imagination; were the oceans of iniquity, which inundate the world, to quench that unquenchable flame, which they kindle for the souls of sinners; were my silence to silence either the wailing or gnashing of teeth in outer darkness, or to still the fires of that unextinguishable furnace, which the breath of an angry God shall keep for ever burning; or, did I even hope, that the milder motives which prompt to virtue, could have sufficient influence on the mind of many an obstinate sinner; I should be the last priest in the Church of God, to muster up the horrors of eternal perdition before the eyes of my audience.

But, when neither the love of virtue, the hatred of vice, the example of the good, the misfortune of the bad; honor, shame, human respect; the sanctity of religion, the light of reason, the innate desire of happiness here and here-

after—no, nor the blood and sufferings of the very God who is to judge them, dying for their sins, can induce numbers of unfortunate Christians to fly that course of vice, in which they must long since have tired themselves; when I see them still rushing headlong into the bottomless pit of damnation, shall I not snatch the rod of the Almighty's vengeance, and, as his minister, scourge them back from the brink of Hell?—You may scoff, sinners, at the uncloaked terms in which I address you. Voltaire, the gay, the boasting, the immoral, the irreligious Voltaire, scoffed, all his life time, at the fires and furies and hobgoblins, as he called them, of the Christian Hell. But in vain did he scoff, in vain did he affect, in vain did he boast, in vain did he strive with all his might to banish the distracting thought. It haunted him on his death-pillow. In his terror he sends for a priest; his *philosophic* friends will not allow the minister of consolation to enter. Voltaire, the wretched Voltaire, curses them for their unnatural cruelty; and turning, in his despondence, towards that Jesus, whom he had, for more than fourscore years, blasphemed; not daring to pray, with horrid execrations calls upon his Redeemer, now to wreak his vengeance on him for ever, as the hour of his justice was come; and so, expires, after having experienced, by real anticipation, for a day and a night, to the horror of those who surrounded him, all that torment, rage, fury and despair, to which he felt that his crimes were about to devote him in another world!

Christians ! until you cease to sin ; until you make use of the means given you for your justification—the holy sacraments of Christ's institution ; the ministers of his word will never cease to warn you with St. Paul, that it is a " horrible, horrible thing, to fall into the hands of the living God !" Oh Heavens ! sinners, what are you about ? do you really think ? do you really believe ? Come, answer ; " which of you can dwell with everlasting flames ? " It is not I, it is your God, it is his prophet, it is your conscience which puts you the question. Which of you, then, after such a thought, can remain, not for a moment, but for years, for your whole lives, in that state of sin, in which were you to die, you must be as certain as you are of your own existence, that Hell will be your doom ? Come, I ask plain questions, and demand plain answers ; it is not a time, it is not a subject, in which my conscience can allow me to qualify, or soften down my expressions. Sinners ! do you believe there is a Hell ? You do. Do you believe, that its torments, both of body and soul, exceed all that eye has seen, ear heard, or the heart of man conceived ; and that the scripture justly calls them *fire*, because this element, though only their shadow, is the most excruciating instrument of torture, with which we are here acquainted ? You do. Do you believe, that originally prepared for the punishment of the Devil and his angels, Hell is likewise to be the eternal dungeon of souls, who die in mortal sin ? You do. Do you believe that the smoke of their torments shall ascend for ever, as long as God shall be God ? You do. Are you in

mortal sin? You are. Will you die in mortal sin? You hope not. Why hope not? Because you hope to be converted before you die. How, *before* you die? *When* shall you die? to-day? to-night? to-morrow? in a twelvemonth? *Where* shall you die? at home? abroad? on sea? on land? *How* shall you die? by sickness? by accident? lingering? sudden? in your senses? in phrensy? With what assistance shall you die? with a clergyman? without one? with sacraments? without them? In what disposition shall you die? in contrition? in despair? Answer me, answer yourselves, all these questions, sinners! No; you cannot; you know nothing of them.

Why, then, say you hope not to die in mortal sin? Because others who have lived bad lives, as well as you, have been converted before their deaths? If you speak of death-bed conversions; in scripture, history, and daily experience, I know but of one insulated fact, upon which to rest this your so confident expectation; namely, the conversion of the good thief upon the cross. And it is matter of doubt, whether even he were not well disposed, before he was led forth to execution. At all events, if ever, from the creation of the universe, there existed a moment, in which the infinite mercy of God was more particularly called upon to perform the miracle of a dying conversion; it was when that thrice happy felon hung, expiring in the pangs of crucifixion, alongside the Redeemer of Mankind. But, with what confidence can you, sinners, ground your vain hopes upon so unex-

ampled an occurrence? If, however, you speak
 of the conversions of great criminals, long before
 their deaths, you have hundreds, I allow; but,
 remark the difference between these holy con-
 verts and you. They made sure of the grace,
 which called them to repentance; the reflexion
 which struck them; the sermon they heard; the
 advice which was given; the disaster which be-
 fel them; they made a good and effectual use of
 these favors of their God; and, therefore, were
 they converted. Had they taken no notice of
 them, they would *not* have amended: they would
 have lived and died in their sins. You, on the
 contrary, obstinate sinners! despise all graces.
 The truths of faith make no impression on you;
 the stings of conscience spur you not from
 crime; weariness in iniquity does not make
 you tired of it; sermons gratify your curiosity,
 excite your criticism, but neither entice you to
 virtue, nor drag you from vice. Dare not,
 then, ever to quote, as a proof of your future
 conversion, the amendment of others, (be they
 ever so numerous) who may have returned to
 their duty; until, like them, you have made
 sure of the grace, which calls you. Dare not,
 when a friend, in public or in private, or when
 your conscience (the best of all your friends, if
 you listen to her, the worst of all your foes, if
 you disregard her,) asks you, as I have done
 just now, whether you will die in mortal sin?
 dare not, I say, reply, as you have done, in your
 hearts, to me, that you hope to be converted ere
 you die. It is not hope; it is presumption.
 You have no right to hope your conversion,
 until you have corresponded with the grace

which is to convert you. Those who have done so, and who are serious in their endeavours to accomplish their salvation, *they* may hope for ultimate success ; and this hope, while they do what in them lies, will ensure them that success. But as for *you*, instead of hope, you have every reason to dread, nay, to be certain of, the very contrary, to wit : that a long-suffering God will finally seal that sentence of reprobation, which you have so long refused, and still refuse, to cancel by your conversion.

But, what is it that detains you in sin, Christians ? Leaving Hell and all its horrors out of the question, what is there so charming, so enticing, so powerfully fascinating in that monster, as to make you wish, were it possible, to adhere to it for ever ? I know that, in the moment of temptation, when passion and the senses cloud the eye of reason, and in spite of her fears of guilt and punishment, bewilder the unhappy soul into criminal consent ; I know that, in that fatal moment, a transitory something, misnamed pleasure, seizes, for an instant, on the confused faculties. But, tell me, you who have, with sinful Solomon, exhausted all the resources of vice, and revelled, and roamed at large in the grossest, as well as in the most refined gratifications of sense and fancy ; you, who, in high or in low life, have been, and are, the slaves of unworthy passions ; from the high-born, splendid, voluptuous prodigal, to the low-lived, car-tiff, drunken debauchee ; from the glittering lady of pleasure and fashion, to the ragged, abandoned, famished street-stroller ;—tell me,

for you know it; when reflexion has succeeded to the intoxication of vice; when the momentary, filthy incentive to crime has, by base compliance, lost its allurements; if a spark of religion, virtue, honor, decency, remain in your guilty souls; do you not curse your own weakness and misfortune, and, covered with shame, bemoan, in the rackings of remorse, the vile degradation, into which you have allowed your depraved infirmities to sink you? Are you not even compelled to fly from your own thoughts, and drown the sense of your misery, in a constant round of your crimes and dissipation; which, in the end, leave you no rest, save the gloomy stillness of black despair?—*Filii hominum, usquequo gravi corde?* Oh sinful sons of men! cries out the Psalmist, how long, with heavy, groveling, insensible hearts, will you hunt after empty baubles and gilded lies? which, insuring to you, in the next life, all the endless horrors I have been describing, gratify you, even in this, with nothing but what your own experience must make you call—filthy humiliation and disappointment! Oh sinners! return to the moral dignity of your nature; curb your passions; flee the occasions of baseness. Look to the church into which you have been born by baptism; consider the sanctity of the religion you profess; look to your Jesus, who died to cleanse you from your crimes. Remember, that you once were, and, if converted, will again become, the adopted children of the eternal Father, the co-heirs of the Divine Son, the tabernacles of the Holy Spirit. Raise your thoughts, your eyes, your hearts to Heaven.

Or, if all will not do, remember Hell! for, "what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?"

"But, your vicious habits, oh thoughtless youth! are strong, you say. You would in vain strive to overcome them now. You will do it with more ease and with more effect, when the age of passion shall be gone by; when the steadiness of manhood shall have matured the powers of your mind; when an advancement in years shall have cooled the fervor of youth, and stifled the unhappy flame of sin, in your dissipated and shattered frame."—I hear, I hear; fine delusions of the old deceiver of mankind! which have secured to him, in Hell, thousands of souls, who, flattered by the charming prospects which they had formed to themselves, of future conversion; and running on in their usual career, have been suddenly cut short by an early sickness, and thus forced to trust to the poor, poor chance, the rotten reed of a death-bed confession. I have seen, I have known many. So have we all. Priests of the living God, we administer to them the last sacraments; we pray, we sacrifice for their souls; we thus impart consolation to their grieving friends; but—ask us what our opinion is, and what it ought to be, of such conversions? we will tell you, that, although we cannot confine the omnipotent mercy of God to any moment of existence, yet, the daily experience of relapse in case of recovery, has taught us a dismal, salutary lesson; which is—in public, in private, in the pulpit, in the confessional, by all that is

sacred and holy in our faith, to conjure every Christian, as he values his salvation, and dreads eternal perdition, *never* to depend on a death-bed repentance.

“ But, you are to be one of the few, my son ! whom the Lord hath blessed with a long life.” Be it so. Perhaps you are not acquainted with the truth of what I am about to mention. Extraordinary as it may seem, the fact is not a whit the less true; that it is, in general, a far rarer miracle of grace, to see an old sinner, who has become decrepit in the ways of iniquity, truly converted; than to witness the perfect amendment of the stripling reprobate, whom the ebullitions of youth have for some time carried astray. For, “ his bones,” saith Saphar, in Job, speaking of the former, “ his bones shall be filled with the vices of his youth, and they shall sleep with him in the dust.” And, if some have done penance for their past crimes and follies, in an advanced age, do you imagine that they had not as great difficulties to surmount, as the most youthful among you? or that their amendment was the effect of any thing else but that all-powerful grace, which is now offered to you, as it was to them, with this sole difference, that while you reject it, they, luckily for themselves, co-operated with it?

Away then with all these vain prospects of *future* conversion ! *Now or never !* must be the motto of every sinner ; and no sinner ever did, ever will, ever can, return to his duty, until he adopts it. *Now or never !* then, Christian !

What; do you still hesitate? do you still despair of success? It is an illusion. Try. "But you have tried, and have failed." Try again. "But you have repeated the trial, and have again relapsed." Heed it not; try once more. "But you are wearied of trying, and therefore think you may as well give loose reins to your passions." Hear me, Sinner! The desire of perfect conversion is already half the work. Between each two of these several trials which you have made, tell me, although relapsing, have you fallen the one half, have you fallen the one tenth so often into crime, as since, despairing of success, you have given full scope to your unhappy propensities? No; you have not. Re-commence then; and should you again and again be brought to the ground, rise after every fall. Burst your bonds, before the enemy has had time to rivet them into a habit. Remain not in his power. Fly immediately to confession. A charitable director, who, with St. Peter, has learned from his Divine Master, to forgive, not seven, but seventy-seven times, will pity your weakness, when he sees your sincerity, and comfort and relieve you. And were you to die in the mean time, before you had been established in the complete mastership of your frailties, even so, you would die with a strong and well-founded hope of happiness, of which, on the contrary, you would not have even the shadow, were you to wait till death should wring your confession from you.

Do then, sinner, whosoe'er you be; do, take the warning I now give you; it is not mine; it is the warning of your Jesus, and your

Judge. If you reject it, you have no right to expect another. Nay; your ingratitude, your contempt in rejecting it, would render you *positively* unworthy of receiving a second. Listen to it, then, as you would to the last trumpet; for, be you assured, as you comply with, or, despise it, it will prove to you, like the signal of the Archangel, your summons to Heaven, or, to Hell! Take your choice; your eternal fate is *now* in your own hands. Do, what you shall *then* rejoice to have done. Be not deluded by the infidel cant of the debauchee—that God is too good to punish for ever. Shall He punish *at all*? If he shall; then, he will punish *for ever*. Out of hell there is no redemption. How can there? To be redeemed, you must repent; to repent, you must love God; to love God, you must feel his mercy, and not his justice *only*. In Hell, you will feel *only* his justice; his mercy will be shut out from you. You will, with the devils, “believe and tremble.” You will be the slaves of fear, not the children of love; and servile fear can excite no grief, but the grief of despair. Shall God be a tyrant, in thus leaving you for ever to your doom? Though you *could* repent in Hell, *would* you? You *can* repent *here*, yet you *will not*. What symptom then, do you shew, that you *would* repent *there*?—*When* is pardon offered to the convict? Is it *after* execution? Is it not *before*? And, if he refuse to repent, is the respite never to end? Is the executioner never to perform his office? That is; (quitting the simile) is God to be eternally mocked? Oh, sinner, sinner,

shake off your delusion. It is *here*, it is on earth, it is in this life, that God offers you that grace of repentance, which infidels vainly promise you in Hell. *Now* is the term of your respite; a moment hence, and that term may expire. Seize it, then, *now* while you can. You have only to *will* it, and your pardon is secure. If you refuse; then, remember, that the question of Him, who is now your Jesus, but shall soon be your Judge; that question, which, from my lips, he has so often put to you this morning; that question, I say, shall eternally pierce your ears; and, *in Hell*, changing its *future* tense into the irretrievable *past*, and the never-to-be-ended *present*, shall tear the very vitals of your unhappy, yet everlasting being, with a—"What doth it profit you to *have gained* the whole world, *now* that you *have lost* your own soul?" !!!

I arraign this day before the tribunal of their Redeemer's mercy, (in order that He, their Judge, may not arraign them before that of his avenging justice, when his mercy shall be no more) all the inhabitants of this city; as well those who, being sectaries, have not sought by prayer and unprejudiced inquiry, and embraced, when found, the Catholic Truth of Jesus; as likewise those, who, being Catholics, have, for years, obstinate in sin, neglected to present themselves at the bar of confession, for their acquittal from the mortal crimes, which their consciences lay to their charge. I warn both, to look back and reflect, how many Christians of dissipated character, young and old, have

within the now expiring twelvemonth, passed, as well from the gay, as from the low scenes of corruption, with which Dublin abounds, to take their last trial, on the other side the grave, with no other document to shew cause, why the sentence of eternal reprobation should not be pronounced against them, save the precarious pardon of a death-bed absolution. Though an almost perfect stranger in your city, I could mention the names of several. You, yourselves, my brethren, can point out many more, who have found themselves in this sad condition. And what sinner now hears me, who can promise himself, that he shall not be summoned to the same account, before the lapse of the ensuing year? I arraign, more particularly, the multitude of ungrateful Christians who, having once experienced, after lives of iniquity, the happiness of a reconciliation with their God, have since returned to their former evil practices; and, by not again laying hold on their only remaining plank after shipwreck, have plunged, farther and deeper than ever, into the ocean of crime. Still more solemnly do I arraign those souls, whom the stings of conscience, the inspirations of grace, prompted during the year, to think of, or perhaps begin, the work of their justification; but, who have since relinquished the design; or left this, their only important concern, imperfect.

And now, my God! if the strong expressions and arguments I have made use of on this occasion; if all the horrors of Hell, mustered up by me in black and burning array before thy peo-

ple, terrify to his duty one single individual of this numerous class of unhappy sinners, before the time allotted for the next Paschal Communion shall have terminated ; if the consideration of these dread truths induce me, and all offending and imperfect Christians like me, to work out our salvation in fear and trembling ; if this remembrance of thy wrath teach the virtuous and perfect to prize, with humble confidence, that happy disposition of grace, which requires not the frequent terrors of thy vengeance to make them persevere in thy love and service ; if all or any of these desirable effects, but, particularly, the first, (namely, the conversion of any one sinner, Protestant, or Catholic, who hears me) flow from the discourse, which has just been pronounced ; thy minister, O my God ! will descend from thy pulpit, rejoicing that his words have been of use, and caring little, in that case, how much he may have shocked the delicate ears of sinners or of critics, either in the choice of his terms, or in the management of his subject. For, O Judge of all Mankind ! what will it profit me, or these thy people, to gain the whole world, if we lose our own souls ?

Blessed and adorable Trinity ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ! Eternal, incomprehensible Majesty of Three Persons in One God ! Ever just and ever merciful ! Before whom all things are nothing ; who standest in need of none, but as thou wert, so art, and shalt for ever be, the same incorruptible, unassailable Deity, in spite of the rebellions of angels, and of men ! Vouchsafe to cast thine eye of pity on

us, thy sinful creatures, prostrate at the foot of thy Almighty Throne. Give us a true idea of the infinitely heinous crime, committed by a reptile of earth, when he dares to transgress the law of so great a God. Impress upon our minds, a just dread of that eternal punishment, which thy infinite justice inflicts upon the infinite malice of unrepenting obstinacy. Father! who didst make us to thy image; Son! who didst redeem us by thy death; Holy Spirit! who didst enlighten us with thy truth, and sanctify us with thy grace; restore us all to the dignity of adoption, which we have lost by sin; wash away our filth in the blood of our Redeemer; sanctify us anew by salutary fear, due examination, heart-felt sorrow, sincere confession, and firm and lasting amendment, in thy great sacrament of reconciliation; that so, believing, fearing, adoring, and loving Thee on earth, we may, with thy angels, rejoice in thy presence for ever who livest and reignest, one God, in Three Divine Persons, world without end. Amen.

A blessing, &c.



Awful, my brethren, and terrifying as are God's eternal judgments; their consideration is, occasionally, needful and salutary to us all. However, as the generality of my readers are influenced to the performance of their duties, as much (I trust) and more by filial love, than by servile fear; I shall comply with the tender and

joyful sentiments, which fill the souls of all devout Christians, on the enrapturing occasion of the current solemnity of Christmas. I therefore give notice, that, on this day fortnight, I will publish my Sermon on the Nativity of our blessed and loving Jesus. "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people: for this day is born, to you a Saviour; who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David." St. Luke, ii, 10.

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SERMON X.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

CHRISTMAS.

Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people, for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David." St. Luke, c. ii, v. 10, 11.

ON the birth-night of the Omnipotent Son of God, thus spoke the celestial voice to the shepherds of Bethlehem. As they kept the night watch over their flock, "Behold," saith the sacred Evangelist, "an Angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the Angel said to them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the infant wrapt in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger." Such, my brethren, was the first public announcement of the mortal birth of an immortal God; a

mystery, which angels alone were in any wise worthy to announce; but which far surpasses the highest ken of even angelic intelligence, and soars infinitely above the loftiest flight of seraphic comprehension; penetrable only to the eye of that boundless wisdom which devised, that all-mighty power which displayed, that eternal justice which demanded, and that fathomless mercy and love which determined, the stupendous prodigy—that God should become man; the Creator his own creature; that the hands which moulded the heavens, should be wrapped in swaddling clothes; the voice which said, “Let there be light,” should wail the cry of infancy; and the immense majesty of the Lord of the Universe, should be confined to the compass of a crib; that greatness and sanctity infinite should be clothed in the flesh of infirmity and sin; that He whose very essence is happiness, a ray of whose countenance forms the beatitude of millions of angels, should be doomed to endure poverty, hunger, cold, toil, and all the sufferings which flesh is heir to; that the Co-eternal of the Father should become the reproach of men, and the outcast of the people; that He should be treated by men not even as a man, but trampled on as a worm; insulted, reviled; buffeted, spit upon and torn with scourges; that the face upon which the heavenly spirits love to gaze, the dazzling splendour of the eternal hills, the glorious Sun of divine justice should set in a cloud of his own gore; in a word, that He from whom all the creatures of earth and of

Heaven receive their life, their light, and their being, should, under the parricidal blows of Satan's slaves, expire, like an infamous felon, in the tortures of ignominious execution, on a cross!!!

Here is no metaphor, my brethren; for however incomprehensible the mystery, it is not the less literally true; that, as the two natures of body and soul unite to form one human person, so, by the *hypostatical*, or personal union, which links, in one divine person, Christ, the two natures of God and Man, (which mystery the Catholic Church denominates the Incarnation) that same individual God, who literally formed the universe from nothing, was as literally born of Mary, and put to death on Calvary.

But, *why* this stupendous prodigy of the humiliation, or as the Apostle terms it, the debasement of the incorruptible, impassible Deity? Why?—Hear, O ye Heavens! and be astonished! Earth, and be confounded! To redeem mankind from their impieties; to loose them from the bondage of the serpent and eternal death; to throw open the gates of heaven to the disinherited sons of a rebellious parent; to make, being God, and being Man, that condign atonement, which a man alone *ought*, because Man was guilty, but which a God alone *could*, because God was offended; to adopt for his own co-heirs and children of his eternal Father, the children of wrath, of punishment, of vengeance, and of hell; to

present in his own humble life, for our imitation, a model of virtues, more sublime than we could have exercised, had we never fallen; and, after being here below our Physician, our Teacher, our Redeemer, and our Brother, to raise this same humanity of ours to the supreme throne of the Godhead in heaven; and in his own adorable person, to enshrine, united with his Divinity, this self frail flesh and blood we wear, as the sacred and tremendous object of that sovereign homage, which angels and saints and all creation shall pay, on bended knee, to the Tri-
Une Deity for everlasting ages!!!

Spirit of the Lord! who spoke to the shepherds, re-assume your office; snatch from mortal lips, the task to which no mortal, no created tongue, is equal; descend upon this congregation; and, since neither man can conceive, nor angel fathom, the great tidings which you bear, bring down with you, once more, the whole multitude of the celestial army; that in thanksgiving at least, heaven and earth may again unite their voices in one triumphal chorus of *Gloria in altissimis Deo*, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!"

Yet, since it was for us, my brethren, that Christ was born, you must strive to conceive, and I to speak, the little we can, of this inconceivable, unspeakable mystery; that so, we may collect, of the infinite favor, the

sense at least sufficient not to render it fruitless to our souls. Raise, then, all the powers of your minds to contemplate ; bow them all down to adore ; attend ; yet measure not by human words, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and mercy of your God. Some faint idea thereof, I shall endeavour to afford, by shewing you, as far as I may, the evils which demanded, and the benefits which crowned, the work of your redemption.

God, who is essentially just and good, created man in a state of probation. He vested him, as a reasoning creature, with the power of free will ; that, in adhering to good, he might merit, by his own act, that eternal beatitude to which he was destined ; or, should he turn to evil, might ascribe to himself, as to the sole voluntary author, all the miseries and punishments which were inevitably to follow. Man fell, paradise closed her gates against him. Thrown out into this vale of tears, he was doomed to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow ; to reap the thorns of sickness and tribulation ; and, after being drenched, during his term of woe in this land of exile, with the torrents of distress, misfortune and crime, his body was to return to its parent dust, to be the food of worms ; whilst his immortal half, torn from her sinful companion by the dire fangs of God's avenger, Death, was to be for ever banished the sight of her Creator ; and, by her nature unable to die, was to groan in

everlasting torments, under the bondage of those reprobate spirits, whose rebellion in heaven she had imitated on earth, and whose punishment and despair she had thus justly inherited.

Once the root of human nature had sucked the poison of sin; once the stock had imbibed the fell venom of the infernal dragon; once the father and representative of human kind had, in the fruit of disobedience, swallowed crime and eternal death, the whole race and generation of man became infected. And as, in the opposite event, happy sons of dutiful Adam, by the bounteous mercy of an indulgent God, and without any actual merit of our own, we should all have entailed at our birth, original justice, immortality and bliss, so, under his fatal transgression, wretched children of a criminal forefather, by the rigorous justice of the same insulted Deity, and without any actual demerit of our own, are we now all born to original sin, death, and eternal exclusion from heaven. And though we know, that the different degrees of misery, in a miserable eternity, are proportioned to the respective guilt of the individual reprobates; and may hence infer, that the infant which expires unborn, does not writhe in torments, or fast in fires, for the sin of its first rebellious parent; yet, it is a truth of revealed faith, that, however otherwise tolerable the absence of pain may render its eternal doom, still, branded with the original attainder, it never can behold with the

angels the beatifying countenance of the living God.

But, if such be the effect of hereditary guilt, in the helpless child which is hurried off the stage of crime, before it can know or offend its Lord—take up, Christians, the annals of mankind, and in the dark pages of four thousand years, read the black marks of man's original corruption. See his will bent on evil; his passions clouding, almost extinguishing, the light of his reason; or else abusing, to the deepest degradation of his nature and to the invention of the most abominable iniquities, that last dim beacon, which, by the remaining mercy of his offended Creator, still glimmered over the shattered wreck of his original virtues.

Soon, oh! soon did Adam himself experience, in all their horrors, the guilt and the punishment of his crime. God, the author of all good even to his ungrateful creatures, had, notwithstanding her disobedience, blessed the sinful mother of mankind with two male children. No parents can now feel the consolation of Adam and of Eve, upon these first pledges of their offended Maker's bounty, for the continuation of the human race. Our penitent forefather soothed himself under his misery; and looking forward to better days, carefully educated his sons in the knowledge and service of their God. But oh! what worse hell could he endure, than when his first-born, fired with diabolical envy, at the very innocence which rendered

his brother more acceptable to the Lord ; and unrestrained by the express and immediate interference of God himself, levelled, at one blow, the unsuspecting victim of his fury ; and in the blood-stained, lifeless corpse of their beloved Abel, presented, for the first time, to the eyes of father and of mother, that monster, Death, which their sin had let loose upon their unhappy posterity ! The signal of bloodshed once given, man commenced murderer ; and from the day on which Cain imbrued his sacrilegious hands in a brother's gore, the sword of human destruction hath never returned to its scabbard. Crime executing vengeance upon crime, man in every age, hath proved man's direst foe ; and of all the innumerable miseries to which sin hath, on this side the grave, subjected our wretched nature, the most constant, most galling, and most desolating, have ever been the wars of mutual strife, and the horrors of blood-thirsty enmity between man and man.

As Cain butchered Abel, so he, in his turn, fell beneath the hand of one of his own descendants. For he begot, as might be expected, a posterity worthy of their father's guilt ; who, soon abandoning every principle of religion and morality, by their numbers and example seduced the great bulk of mankind into the worst of abominations. Scarce had Adam paid the temporal debt of his transgression ; while his expulsion from paradise was yet as fresh in the minds of his offspring, as the tradition of yesterday ; to such a weight had their wickedness already swelled, that the unchangeable and

beneficent God is represented as repenting, yes, repenting of the great work of his bountiful creation; and "being" saith the sacred text, "touched inwardly with sorrow of heart, He said: I will destroy man whom I have created, from the face of the earth, for it repenteth me that I have made him." At the word of his wrath, "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the floodgates of heaven were opened. Forty days and forty nights it rained upon the earth, until the waters were fifteen cubits higher than all the high mountains under the whole heaven; and all flesh was destroyed that moved upon the earth, and all men;" so that, of the whole antediluvian generation, which, for various reasons, is calculated to have been far more numerous than has ever since filled the globe or ever will again, *eight* persons only were spared from that universal inundation, in which the vengeance of the tired mercy of the Best of Gods, at length burst forth upon the obstinate iniquities of an unrepenting world.

Thus, at a period, which almost equally divides the space that intervened between the fall of man and his redemption, did the Almighty try the terrible effects of his justice, upon the corrupted hearts of his undutiful children. But, so mortal was the original wound, and so deep and festering were the subsequent incisions, which actual crime had made in the wretched nature of Adam's progeny, that the fear of the Lord passed away with the waters of the deluge, and the polluted face of the earth was hardly

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dry from the torrents of his purging wrath, when the son of Noah merited, by his immoral conduct, together with his father's curse, the eternal malediction of that gracious God, who had made him an exception from the general ruin. His posterity became like unto Cain's; and perished, partly by the fire of Heaven in the conflagration of the devoted Sodom and Gomorrah; and partly, at the express command of the Lord himself, by the devastating sword of the victorious Israelites.

In the mean time, the mass of renewed mankind, not only continued to offend, but so totally forgot, the God of their fathers, that saving the singularly privileged nation of the Hebrews, they likened the Omnipotent Creator to stocks and stones, to the vilest of the animal world, and transferred to demons, to bad men, nay to the most degrading vices, and cruel superstitions, under the name of imaginary deities, the supreme worship of the Sovereign God. Thus we find them, at Carthage and in Palestine, burning their children in honor of Saturn and of Moloch; in Egypt, adoring the reptiles of the field, and the offals of the kitchen; while, at Athens and at Rome, the two most learned and polished cities of the ancient world, their orators, statesmen, and philosophers looked upon themselves as guilty of the most heinous sacrilege, if they did not join, with the blinded crowd, in those horrible profanations, which signalized their worship of the infamous divinities of impurity and intoxication.

When we look back, my brethren, to the state of mankind previous to their redemption; when we admire the stupendous works of genius, of legislation, of public virtue, and of art, in which the great men of Pagan antiquity have so far excelled the moderns; when, on the other hand, we behold the miserable debasement of the human mind, in their total misconception of the great end of man, and of the plainest principles of natural religion; when, I say, we view all this, we are compelled to conclude with St. Paul, Rom. c. i., that "because they liked not to have God in their knowledge; and although from the creation of the world, in the things that are made, he daily manifested to them his eternal power and invisible divinity; yet because, when they thus knew their God, they glorified him not as God; but becoming vain in their own thoughts, their foolish heart was darkened, and they changed his incorruptible glory into the image and likeness of corruptible man, of birds, and beasts, and creeping things; therefore (saith the Apostle) the Lord gave them up to a reprobate sense, to do all manner of uncleanness and impiety."

Yet, shall we, my brethren, glory in our superiority over our departed forefathers, and vainly boast, that our lisping infants know more of all that is essential for man to know, than their Socrates's and their Platos? Ah! no; let us rather adore the mercy of Mary's new-born babe; for if He had not come upon earth, and if the ministers of his word had not opened to us the gates of his holy Church, we should still

be, like our heathen ancestors, bending the knee to the Druidish stone of destiny, or perhaps, like the wretched inhabitants of Indostan at this very day, prostrating ourselves, in the name of religion, to be crushed to death under the chariot wheels of the monstrous idol, Jagernaut.

Thus (St. Paul again, Rom. c. v.) "by one man sin entered into this world, and by sin, death; and so death passed upon all men, in whom all have sinned." Thus, as St. Augustine speaks, Enchir. c. 25, "did every carnal offspring of Adam contract original sin; and deserting to that party of the angels which had rebelled, *totius generis humani massa damnata*, the whole hell-doomed mass of the human race, lay prostrate in evil; or rather, were rolled and precipitated from evil into evil, until through crimes and punishments and crimes again, they were finally to sink in death, and join their corrupters, and possessors, and associates in impiety, Lucifer and his apostates, in everlasting flames."——

But, was the master-piece of God's visible creation, to be thus for ever blasted with irre-mediabile ruin? Was the noble image of the Deity to be thus for ever defaced by the infernal fangs of him, who is the murderer from the beginning? Were the eternal designs of the Sovereign Creator in favor of mankind, to be thus eternally frustrated by the envy of his first and mortal enemy? Forbid it, Supreme Mercy of our God! For lo! redemption hath shone from on high; and that same human nature,

which the fallen spirit dreaded to behold sitting on the throne, which he had forfeited by his rebellion, is now, in the Divine Person of Jesus Christ, God and Man, elevated above the angels and archangels, to receive, whilst God shall be God, the adoration of all the Powers and Dominions of Heaven.

No sooner had man fallen, than Eternal Mercy decreed his redemption; and to prepare him for the happy day of his delivery; to cheer him under his ruin; and by consoling hope, to ply his wretched heart to repentance; at the closing gate of paradise, God himself announced, "that the seed of the woman should one day crush the serpent's head." This hope it was, which saved from his sin the great Patriarch of all human kind. Faith in a Redeemer to come, preserved from eternal death both him and the other saints of the antediluvian world. And lest this saving faith might easily pass away in a rapid succession of generations, a pitying God blessed the primeval population with a most surprising longevity. But, when unhappy men had converted this blessing into a licence for crime; when they had construed this long forbearance into an impunity for such abominations, as at length drew down upon them the cataracts of an universal deluge; when, therefore, to prevent the recurrence of a criminality so extreme, the Lord, in his mercy, had shortened the days of Noah's race, that they might not, like their predecessors, by a long career of iniquity, insult the Godhead and increase their own eternal weight of punishment; when, not-

withstanding this double trial, the Almighty still saw, that the aggregate of mankind were not to be restrained, either by the terrors of his wrath, or by the mildness of his forbearance; when, in a word, the chance of their amendment had thus become, as it were, desperate; then He, whom neither hell's envy, nor man's obstinacy, can turn from his omnipotent and merciful designs, determined to select an individual, from whom to raise a people that, in the general ignorance and depravity, should preserve his worship, obey his law, and hold up, in the midst of the benighted nations, the bright signal of their promised redemption..

Hence, though the God of all mankind never, at any period, so far abandoned (however guilty and obdurate) the wretched sons of fallen Adam; though he never abandoned them *so far as not* to provide them a remedy, either by direct revelation, as he did the antediluvians, or by the light of reason and tradition, as he did Job and others; yet, upon the descendants of Abraham he showered his most singular favors. Them he made the depositaries of man's important history, his creation, his fall, and his future redemption; them he chose to be the witnesses of his most stupendous prodigies; to them he delivered his written law, filled with the prefigurative symbols of salvation, and secured in its observance, by innumerable separate institutions, which, like so many barriers, were to defend this chosen people from the surrounding contagion. From them he raised his prophets, to predict each circumstance of the

Birth, life, preaching, passion, death, resurrection, victory and judgment of his Just One. Among them he selected his saints, to be the living types, the anticipated fruits, of his redemption. In their land, and of their blood, he decreed that the Saviour should be born. And although, *filii iræ sicut cæteri*, for they too, alas ! were children of wrath, like the rest of the nations ; although, I say, they, one hundred times, swerved into rebellion and idolatry ; still, one hundred times, did the Lord, armed with the rod, not of his justice, but of his mercy, chastise them back into allegiance ; until the plenitude of time should come, when the barriers of separation were for ever to be thrown down, and the Redeeming God of Jew and of Gentile, was, in his blood, to cement all nations into One Universal Church.

Four thousand years had now elapsed, since God created all ; the sceptre had passed from Juda, and graced the hand of the stranger ; the term of Daniel's weeks of years was drawing to a close ; the temple of war stood shut in the imperial city ; a profound peace reigned over the whole surface of the globe ; the chosen people of God, warned by the signs of the times, looked forward to their long-expected Messiah ; the Roman Empire itself had caught some glimpse of, it knew not what, the great approaching eastern revolution ; the Baptist, the " Angel-Precursor, who was to prepare the way of the Lord," had blessed by his birth the womb of sterility ; MARY, the daughter of Eve ; the seed of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob ;

the descendant of Juda; the rod of Jesse; the royal shoot of David; the virgin in Isaiah; the woman in Jeremy; the pious, prudent, humble, pure, and even by Adam's universal stain unspotted Mary (worthy to be the Mother of her Maker and the Queen of Angels) departing from the consecrated Nazareth, and bearing within her the sacred embryo of redemption, had entered the pre-elected Bethlehem.—“Bethlehem, land of Juda, thou art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come forth the ruler, who shall rule my people Israel. And his going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity!” In this inspired strain, the spirit of the prophet Micheas, starting, as it were, from his sleep of six hundred years, seems to break in upon the stillness of midnight—when, instantly,

The co-eternal, consubstantial Son of God the Father; He, who made man, and promised to redeem him; in whom all the kindreds of the earth were to be blessed; the Expected of the Nations; the Lion of the tribe of Juda; the key of David; the sceptre of the house of Israel; the orient splendor of eternal light; the sun of justice; the anointed of his Father; the image of the paternal glory; the Priest according to the order of Melchisedec; the Holy of Holies; the Angel of the Great Counsel; the Parent of the world to come; the Emmanuel; the Prince of peace; the corner-stone of the two covenants; in a word, JESUS CHRIST, God, Creator, Judge of Angels and of Men, descending from the everlasting throne of his Omnipot-

tent Majesty in Heaven, and shorn of the eternal beams of his divine effulgence, confines the Immensity of the Godhead, within the narrow compass of an infant frame from Mary's virgin womb!!!—

Descend, ye Angels of Heaven, and adore the God of Glory! Approach, ye Princes of Juda, and bend the knee to your Messiah! Bow down, ye Gentilessages, and view the Wisdom of the Eternal! In a manger—a helpless infant—the outcast of the earth—attended by a poor humble mother, protected by a penniless reputed father, visited by a few lowly shepherds—his kingdom is, surely, not of this world. He comes, truly, a stumbling-block to the Jews, and a foolishness to the Gentiles; not like his ancestors, a David, or a Solomon, to extend with the sword, or exalt with the sceptre, the Jewish name and dominion; not like an Alexander or an Augustus, to vanquish or to govern the nations of the earth. But he comes, in the strength of his humility, to crush the pomps and vanities of the world; and in the power of his infirmity, to subdue the dominions of Darkness. He comes, in the infliction of infinite justice upon his own infinite Person, to expiate the infinite outrage offered to the infinite Majesty of his eternal Father. He comes, in the incomprehensible excess of his mercy and his love, to ransom from ruin a criminal world, by such a miracle of omnipotent humiliation, as that of a God, suffering in the flesh of sin, for the sins of his fallen creatures. He comes, in the sublimity of his obedience even unto death,

to repair the disobedience of Adam ; in the light of his revelation, to chase from our souls the darkness of original ignorance ; and in the power of his grace, to curb in our hearts the unruly passions of inherited corruption. He comes, in his poverty, to console our distress ; in his toils, to sanctify our labors ; in his sorrows, to dry up our tears ; in his life, to model our conduct ; in his blood, to wash away our crimes ; and in his death, to give us life eternal. He comes, to fulfil all the prophecies ; to accomplish all the figures of the Mosaic dispensation ; to loose from Limbo the Patriarchs and the ancient Saints ; and to strike off, from the whole race of man, the chains of Satan and of sin. He comes, to convert the Jews ; to enlighten the Gentiles ; to annul the temporary institutions of the law ; and to demolish the shrines of idolatry. He comes, to subject to the mild yoke of his Divine Religion, the sages, the monarchs, and the empires of the earth ; to convert this vale of tears, of crimes and of misery, into a paradise, not indeed of temporal delights, but of the most exquisite sanctity and consolation. He comes, to draw from evil a greater good, than if evil had never existed ; to render vice itself the instrument of virtue ; from the dangers and temptations of human frailty, to raise the most sublime practices of virginity and penance ; from the reeking sword of persecution, to erect the glorious trophies of martyrdom ; and from the wounds, inflicted on his own Sacred Person by the deicidal hands of an ungrateful people, to pour forth, in the torrents of his blood, life and salvation to his murderers and the whole world.

He comes, to apply to every individual believer, in his every possible necessity, through the medium of his life-giving sacraments, the infinite benefits of his universal redemption. He comes to regenerate the sin-born; to confirm the feeble; to absolve the relapsed; and to feed, with his own divine flesh and blood daily immolated, the penitent and the saint. He comes, to consecrate the ministry; to sanctify wedlock; and by the unction of his holy grace, to strengthen, console, and cheer the infirm and the dying. He comes, to shut up hell; throw open the gates of heaven; and in the glory of his resurrection, leading captivity captive, to elevate, though son of fallen Adam, his own sacred humanity to the very throne of the Godhead. He comes, to crown, though daughter of sinful Eve, his immaculate Mother, as Queen of the celestial regions. He comes, in fine, to fill up the vacuum left by the fall of Lucifer and his angels, with an "innumerable multitude, collected from the four winds of heaven, and redeemed in his blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation; that in union with the thousands, and the myriads of his blessed spirits, they may give to Him, that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb that was slain, benediction and honor and glory and power for ever and for ever !!!"

Oh, stable of Bethlehem! Oh, crib of Redemption! Oh, night of celestial splendour! Oh, Mother and Virgin! Oh, God and Man! Oh, death! where is now thy sting? Oh, grave! where is now thy victory? *O felix Adæ culpa!* Oh, happy sin of Adam! which

required such a Saviour! Oh, Christians! approach your infant God. Adore, in the manger, Him, who made the heavens. Bow down and kiss those helpless hands, which are one day to be pierced with nails for your redemption. Bathe them in your tears with love, clasp them to your bosom with gratitude. Who among you can hesitate to enter the stable of Bethlehem? Let *all* advance; let not a soul be absent. The crib, in which your infant Jesus lies, is the throne of his universal mercy. No child of fallen Adam is excluded. Come, then, all; Sinners and Saints! What do I say? Are we not all sinners? Were we not all doomed to eternal misery, if God this day had not given us his Son? Were we not all to be for ever the slaves of sin and hell, if Mary, the elected and pre-elected among the daughters of Eve, had not this day brought forth to us the virginal victim of our ransom? Brethren, then, in sin and in redemption! the Angel of the Lord, descending from heaven, announces to us all, this morning, in the person of the shepherd, "Fear not; behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people, for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David."

Shall we not all then accompany these pious peasants to the sacred stable? What! Though the crimes of years press heavy on our souls; though passions wage a ruinous war within our changing hearts; though despair fling his dark mantle over our affrighted consciences, shall we not still burst into the arms of our infant Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the whole

world? Shall we not confidently throw our heavy burthen upon Him, upon whom his Father hath laid the iniquities of us all? upon Him, who, even from his silent crib, already directs to our souls that melting call of love, which in the days of his preaching he addressed to the assembled multitude; "Come to me all you that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

Oh, Mary, Mother of our Jesus! present him, then, to our hearts this day. He came to call, not the just (there were none) but sinners to repentance. We renounce henceforward all our crimes. Henceforward, we will love, O Mary! thy infant Son of God. We will no longer, by our ingratitude, render fruitless to our souls, thy miraculous maternity, O Mother! and O Virgin! We will instantly wash away all our past iniquities, in that redeeming fountain of his blood, which flows through his holy institution of penance. We will feed upon that divine flesh, born to-day of thee, which we still possess in the adorable sacrament of his altar. And—when the moment of dissolution approaches, hearing from the lips of the Angels, Guardians of our souls, "the good tidings of great joy that this day is born to us a Saviour," may we, through the infinitely superabundant merits of thy lovely babe, and through the loving intercession of thee, O Mother of our God! O Refuge of Sinners! may we be found worthy to join in that angelic hymn of praise and love, which, for the Incarnation of thine and our Jesus, shall resound throughout the realms of

bliss, *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, "GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH !" for never-ending ages !!!

A blessing, &c.

THUS, my brethren, you see that I do not intend to confine myself to Controversy. When I first announced these Sermons to the public, I promised to embrace in them the whole system of Catholic Faith and Morals. This promise I am determined, as far as I am capable, to execute. Virtues, therefore, and vices ; sanctity and repentance ; mysteries which are admitted, and mysteries which are denied, by Protestants ; the evidences of revelation, which are received by all who call themselves Christians, but which are rejected by Deists and other Infidels ; the use of the sacraments ; the practice of piety ; in a word, all that men are bound to believe or do, all comes within the intended scope of these Sermons. The first Seven were *controversial*. The present Seven are, as you perceive, to be what are properly called *moral* Sermons. To these shall succeed Seven on the principal festivals of Easter, Pentecost, &c. Then, probably, Seven Panegyrics of Saints. Next, Seven *historical* Sermons, beginning with the Creation. Afterwards, Seven, *controversial* again, on—Which is the True Church ? Seven *critical*, that is, Commentaries on the Scriptures generally, and on some books, in particular. Thus I shall go on, not forgetting that every *eighth* Sermon is to be a Review of the Protestant Pamphlets, which may come forth during each current quarter of the

year. Each volume will contain Sixteen Sermons, one to be published every fortnight.

By following this plan, I shall leave untold, very little of what I know, concerning the True Religion. I shall also consult by it, the respective wants and dispositions of my readers. Some admire what is awful in religion; others, what is mild; some need to be alarmed; others, to be soothed; some require to have their minds convinced; others, their hearts converted. The clash of controversy is too much for the nerves of one class; while it inflames the faith and zeal of a second. I shall, therefore, endeavor not to surfeit the one; while I administer the food of salvation to the other. I do not, however, mean to bind myself *rigorously* to the observance of this plan; nor are my readers to be surprized, if, now and then, I season a *moral* Sermon with a little of the spice of controversy. For the Catholic Church, in whose name, as her Priest, I both publish and preach, has received from Christ her mission to "go and teach *all* nations." To all, then, like the Apostle, "am I a debtor; to Greeks and to Barbarians; to the wise and to the unwise;" to Catholics and to Protestants; to Saints and to Sinners. For "the word of the Lord is not bound;" and I must become "all to all, that I may gain all to Christ."

Some persons have complained of my controversial Sermons; particularly, the Seventh and the Eighth. I have been told that I have given "offence;" that I am not "attuned to the sweetness of the Gospel," &c. What has ever given *so much* offence, as the Gospel? *What* brought our Divine Redeemer to the cross?

What caused the murder of his Apostles, and the massacre of ten millions of his Martyrs? Was it not the Gospel? Was it not the Truth? which they fearlessly preached; but which gave "offence," as it ever will give offence, to the vicious, the obstinate, the interested deluders of mankind.

However, those who dislike controversy, quite mistake me, if they suppose that even I have a *taste* for it. Would to God! that controversy were not necessary. Would to God! I say, that all, who glory in the name of Christ, were "careful to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. One body, and one spirit, as they are called in one hope of their vocation. One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Eph. c. iv. Controversy, therefore, has not been *chosen* by me; it has been *forced* upon me by the errors and obstinacy of those, whose salvation I seek. But the Catholic Church preaches "both in work and word." The *word* of her faith has been spoken in the former Seven Sermons; the *work* of her morality shall be inculcated in the present Seven. May Catholics practise that morality! and may Protestants, while they cannot but admire it, embrace the faith which inculcates it!

My last Sermon held forth the terrors of God's justice; the present exhibits the sweets of his mercy; and the next will point out the means, by which we may escape the one, and obtain the other.—Title, "CONFESSION."—Text—"Receive ye the Holy Ghost: Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them: and whose you shall retain, they are retained." St. John, c. xx. v. 23.

SERMON XI.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

CONFESSION.

Receive ye the Holy Ghost : whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them : and whose you shall retain, they are retained. St. John, c. xx, v. 23.

THE Sacrament of Confession, so necessary for sinners, and which has so beneficial an influence on the morals of Catholics, shall be the subject of the present discourse. Jesus Christ, my brethren, (blessed for ever be that adorable name !) after his triumphant resurrection, appearing to his apostles, exhibited to their view and to their touch, that same real and substantial body, which they had seen expire on the cross ; but which, by his own omnipotent power, he had rescued from the iron bonds of death, and raised to a glorious immortality. Having *thus* confirmed them in the full belief and conviction of his divinity, and, by the mighty event which they now beheld, prepared their minds to receive with implicit credit his every word ; he chooses this important juncture to announce—what he had never expressly

announced before, lest, perhaps, the magnitude of the favor might have staggered their rising faith—namely, that he transmitted unto them the power which he had himself received from his Eternal Father, and empowered them and their successors to remit, or retain, upon judicial investigation in the holy tribunal of penance, the sins and iniquities of mankind. “Peace be to you,” says he. “As the Father hath sent me, I also send you.” And then, to express, as well by solemn act as word, the communication of his Divine Spirit to them, he “breathes” upon them, and adds: “Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them: and whose you shall retain they are retained.”

Who could have believed this, if Truth itself had not spoken? The Patriarchs and Prophets; the inspired writers and teachers of the Jewish nation; the saints and workers of prodigies of the ancient covenant; even Moses himself, the great mediating lawgiver and thaumaturgus of the people of God, never exercised the power of remitting the slightest offence offered to the Almighty Majesty. Nay, when Jesus Christ himself, after having given the most incontestible proofs of his divinity, pronounced the words of absolution over the paralytic, saying, Mark, ii, 5, “Son, thy sins are forgiven thee;” did not those who heard him, cry out in their hearts, “Blasphemy?” How much more, then, ought not Heaven and

Earth to be surprised, when they behold an apostle, a disciple, a bishop, a priest ; when they behold *me*, the unworthy minister of God's eternal mercy, receive into my hands the keys of the celestial kingdom, to unlock or leave closed the gates of salvation, to such as lay their sins at my feet ! being, in fact, so fully constituted the instrumental dispenser of the redemption of mankind, that, were I, without sufficient reason, or (which God forbid !) from mere malice and hatred ; were I, even so unwarrantably, to refuse to any sinner the blessing of absolution, the penitent, thus unjustly rejected, would, nevertheless, still continue to groan under the burthen of his crimes, if he wilfully neglected to have his bonds loosed by the hands of some other priest empowered to absolve. Who, let me ask again, could have believed all this, if Christ had not said to his apostles, and in them, to us their successors, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them ; and whose you shall retain they are retained ?"

Thanks to thee, O Divine Jesus, for this soul-redeeming institution, so admirably adapted to the wants of the depraved heart of man, and so powerfully calculated for its amendment ! In vain have the innovating and corrupting sons of Luther and of Calvin, raised their heretical voices against this bulwark of public and private morality, and blasphemously exclaimed with the Jews, Mark,

ii, 7, "Who can forgive sins, but God only?" Answer. Men can, in the name and on the part of God, when God has given them the power.—In vain have these Pretended Reformers, who have, not *reformed*, but *deformed* the Christian system into a skeleton of religion; without sacrifice, and almost without sacraments; without Mass, and without Confession; in vain have they, at one moment, under the cloak of an affected zeal, hypocritically murmured, that ~~we~~ encourage vice by absolving from sin. Answer. Jesus Christ would not leave his penitent children to the alternative, on both sides ruinous, of—a black despair, or a vain presumption. One of which would almost inevitably be the result, if, when they sinned, they were to act the judge in their own case; without any rational or unbiassed pledge of reconciliation with their God. This pledge they have, and it is the judicial sentence of acquittal, pronounced by his minister and representative; pronounced too, after the confession, contrition, and satisfaction of the criminal; that is, after the judge has ascertained, upon the best possible evidence, namely, that of the culprit's own conscience, the three essential points of his criminality, his sorrow, and his amendment.—In vain have these Pretended Reformers; these pharisaical zealots of virtue, these broachers of contradictory and self-refuting doctrines; in vain have they, at another moment, in direct opposition to their former objection; in vain have they, I say, unblushingly asserted, that, so far from "encouraging vice," Confession was, on the contrary, nothing

less than a most "tyrannical, and absolutely insupportable burthen, imposed by Priestcraft on the consciences of the Christian people!" For, if these complaisant soothers and flatterers of man's depravity are to be credited, the disciple is far above his Master, and the delicate members of a Head crowned with thorns, may, by a phantom of faith, unaccompanied with good works, most commodiously obtain the remission of their most flagrant offences, without ever once submitting to a practise, so humiliating to the pride of corrupt nature!

Oh, would to God! that these enemies of Confession had candidly weighed the inconsistency of their own objections; and, instead of spurning this salutary institution, had rather adored the wisdom of the Redeemer, in so admirably blending therein his mercy and his justice; his indulgence and his rigour; indulgence, in communicating to his ministers the prerogative of his all-forgiving Father; and rigour, in obliging his penitent children to earn this forgiveness by the humility of self-accusation. Would to God! that these innovators had been cautious how they calumniated the Catholic Priesthood; and had seriously reflected, that it was impossible for *them* to have framed this law for the people; seeing, that the whole Ministry of the Church, from the Pope down to the lowest Clerk, are as much subjected to it as the people themselves. Would to God! that these new-gospel-forgers had not impugned this most obvious truth—that, as the Divine Author of *all* the sacraments has been pleased,

by the instrumentality of his ministers, to teach mankind his heavenly truths, and to regenerate us from original sin in the waters of baptism; so likewise, in his own self-consistent and irresponsible wisdom, has he ordained, that in the tribunal of penance, so justly and so elegantly styled "the second plank after shipwreck," our acquittal from actual crime should depend upon the absolving sentence of his judicial representatives. Would to Heaven! that these deceivers of souls had not, by wilful misrepresentation, seduced their ignorant and deluded proselytes into the error—"that the Catholic Church did *not* require the hatred of sin and the amendment of heart, as indispensable conditions for the validity of absolution." Just as if this error, or rather calumny, were not solemnly anathematized by the General Council of Trent, and as if God himself, whose absolving power, by his own express commission as laid down in my text, *we* exercise in the sacred tribunal; as if God himself, I say, could, consistently with his own unchangeable and infinite sanctity, grant forgiveness to any soul, who did not detest and repent of her transgressions! A blasphemy, which these barefaced calumniators falsely attribute to the Catholic Church, but of which they themselves are really guilty; when by their doctrine of "imputed justification" they assert, that God does not *take away* our sins, but merely ceases to *impute* them to us. As if the grace of Jesus Christ were not able to change sinners into saints, but introduced us, though still sinners, into that heavenly kingdom, where, as the Apostle says, "nothing defiled shall enter!"

Would, in a word, to Heaven! that, convinced of the powerful influence, which this divine institution of Confession possesses over the morals of society, these disturbers of Christian unity and peace had, at least, imitated the example of the magistrates of Frankfort—a great and flourishing Protestant city of Germany; who, having embraced the new fangled gospel of Luther, and banished Catholicism from among them, were, subsequently, obliged to have recourse to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, praying him to re-establish, by Imperial Authority, the sacrament of Confession, as the only effectual check that could be put upon the overgrown licentiousness of their newly “reformed” people! *All* the ringleaders of the pretended reformation, not even excepting Luther and Calvin themselves, have recorded, to their own confusion, the dreadful foundation of immorality, which kept pace with their loose and wicked doctrines wherever they gained ground. And though these impostors, while they admitted the fact, endeavored to shift the blame from their own shoulders, upon those of the unhappy people whom they deluded, yet, it was evident to all, that their abolition of the penitential sacrament necessarily made way for a general corruption of manners; and little reason had *they* to complain of the inundation, who, by word and example, were the first to break down the sluice. Nor, indeed, to any other cause, my brethren, but the discontinuance of this sacred duty of confession, are to be traced, at the present day, those additional horrors of profligacy, deism, and infidelity, which,

engendered in that main principle of the nicknamed reformation, *private judgment*, have, like the vigorous offspring of the decrepit viper, gnawed away those relics of faith and morality, which the venomous parent could not, all at once, eradicate.

But I will no longer detain my audience from the practical matter, to which I mean to direct their attention ; nor would I have indulged in even this short strain of controversy, did I not know the ignorant, unfounded, yet hourly contempt, with which Sectaries do not blush to scoff at this most salutary practice of Christian sanctification. To you, then, my Catholic brethren, who believe the necessity, and experience the benefits, of this divine institution, I will demonstrate the efficacy, with which Confession raises the penitent from his past falls, and strengthens him against relapse.—

When a Catholic, after straying from his God by mortal sin ; after violating the dictates of his reason, by a shameful compliance with some criminal passion ; or trampling upon the laws of justice and charity, by getting into his possession the property of his neighbour ; after joining in dangerous and sinful company, whose example and discourses prompt him to crime ; after forming connexions and attachments, which entangle his soul, as it were, in a net of adamant ; after rejecting, yearly, monthly, weekly, daily, and hourly, the continual, and incessantly returning calls of his disturbed and guilty conscience ; after strengthening, rooting, and,

(to use the expression) *naturalizing* in himself his depraved inclinations by a repetition of falls ; after often hearing with coolness, or, perhaps, with rage, the weeping entreaties of a tender mother, the soothing and heart-rending whispers of a loving wife, the steady and authoritative warnings of a prudent and determined father, the brotherly reprimands of a friend, the milder reproaches of a sister, the saintly and indulgent voice of a pastor, who strews for him with roses, the thorny path of repentance ; after resisting with obdurate heart, the repeated and urgent admonitions, requests, and commands of all these his friends, deeply and sincerely interested for his salvation, leaving no means untried, but employing every engine, which God and their own good intentions can prompt them to make use of, in order to break his obstinate soul, yet, still unable to rouse him from his mortal lethargy ; after listening without emotion, and (I was going to say) with even contempt (but that is impossible) to the threatening thunders of an enraged omnipotence, levelled at his unrepenting head, in the zealous and inflamed discourses of the ministers of the Gospel, when, from time to time, he deigns to honour their pulpit with his presence and attention ; after having, in a word, for years and years together, wallowed in the sink of his passions, abandoned, as it were, by his God, and lying in the loathsome bosom of his infernal enemy ; promising faintly, day by day, to amend his life ; still hugging his chains, and instilling into his burning wounds, the falsely-soothing poison of prohibited worldly enjoyments,

which fly with the moment, and leave behind them nought but the rackings of guilty despair; when a Catholic, I say, after being reduced by his sins to this miserable plight, is at length awakened to a sense of his state, by a fit of sickness, the sudden death of an acquaintance, a disappointment in his temporal projects, the casual reading of a good book, a sermon, a word of advice that happens to make an impression upon him, a single serious thought of the terrible truths of his religion, or any other of those daily occurrences, which, in general, produce no effect at all upon the minds of sinners, but which, sometimes, by a wonderful operation of divine grace, prove the occasions of the most sudden and happy changes of heart; when a Catholic, struck therewith, opens his eyes upon the gulf that yawns at his feet, and resolves by Confession to seek a remedy to his evils—attend, my dear brethren, and behold the efficacy, with which this all-saving sacrament works the cure of his past disorders and their baneful consequences; while I lead you successively through the process of his conversion.

The penitent throws himself at the feet of his Confessor, with no other preparation (I will suppose) but the strong desire he feels of getting rid, if possible, of his sins and vicious habits. The fear of losing his soul terrifies his mind; and he begins to regret and bemoan his past blindness and folly, in running after the vain and filthy pleasures of this life. He looks back with sorrow upon those happy days of innocence, which composed the first years of his

youth ; when the motives of virtue, instilled into his yet tender soul by the care of his pious parents, kept his passions under check ; and the fear of God, and the duties of his religion restrained him from those vicious companies and occasions, which were the first cause of his ruin. He envies the felicity of so many others, companions of his infancy, who were prudent enough to steer their course far from the rocks, upon which he has split, and whose example, with little care and attention, himself, were he not infatuated, might have so easily copied. He recalls to his remembrance the graces, the inspirations, the good thoughts, good advice, the thousand favourable opportunities which he has had, of returning to his duty, but which he most unhappily and ungratefully rejected. He begins to open his soul to his confessor, and, in a strain of lamentation, to give him some general idea of the crimes and vices to which he has been addicted. He is tempted, from time to time, to despair of his ever being able to conquer his evil habits, so deeply rivetted by being so long indulged. He has scarce courage to promise himself, that he will avoid those occasions which have been so often fatal to his soul. He feels his conscience put to the rack, by his not being able to recollect the sins, innumerable, which he may have to confess. He almost wishes, that he had not at all corresponded with the good inspiration, which moves him to repent ; so great is the anxiety and trouble he suffers in his mind, tossed to and fro by various conflicting reflections ; now raised by hope, then cast down by despair ; kept in a most tor-

turing state of suspense, by doubts, fears and scruples ; enticed, by the infectious remembrance of past gratifications, to stop short in so painful a task, and return once more, with redoubled phrenzy, to the filthy husks of swine ; tempted, by a false and ruinous delicacy, to conceal those crimes, of which he is most ashamed ;—he almost curses the nature which God has given him, but which he has himself corrupted ; and blasphemously upbraids, in some degree, his bounteous Creator, with not having provided the necessary helps for curbing its depravities. In a word, he is on the point of altogether relinquishing his good purpose—when

The Confessor having, by this time, acquired some notion of his penitent's situation, begins by recalling his attention to the first thought which had struck him ; namely, the wretchedness of a soul in mortal sin. He lays before his eyes the certainty he is in, of being, after death, the companion of the reprobate, if he does not amend. He shews him, on the other hand, the uncertainty of life ; the various accidents and sicknesses, that may carry him off unprepared ; the difficulty, even should he have time, of settling his conscience, and effecting that change of heart, which he finds so hard to compass, even at present when he is in his sound senses, and free from all those corporal pains and agitating fears, which distract, torment, and almost derange the mind of the dying sinner. He holds out to him the happy content he would enjoy in his soul, were he, for the future, to live

a virtuous life; lightened of his crimes, and of the tortures, mental and often physical, which they occasion. He paints, in short but impressive language, the endless woes of hell; the joys of heaven; and above all, the facility, with which, through the merits of his Redeemer, he may escape the one, and become possessed of the other.

Having, by this means, excited in him an ardent desire of conversion, together with some distant assurance of his final success, he next descends to the particulars of his case; bids him be under no excessive anxiety with regard to the examination of his conscience; undertakes to confess, with his own lips as it were, all the faults of which he may have been guilty; and, from the idea he has already caught of the nature of his penitent's state, he proceeds at once to question him, one by one, concerning every species of sin, to which he might possibly have been subject; so that, to the whole of the interrogatory, the penitent has often little more to answer, than a yes, or a no. In this manner, he comes at a full knowledge of all his temptations, occasions, vices, and weaknesses. In this manner, likewise, he eludes in a very great degree, the bad effects of that natural propensity which we all unfortunately have, to be ashamed of acknowledging our depraved infirmities, unless, as it were, by halves. And if, even so, he has reason to suspect, that the penitent still conceals some part of his confession, he chides him mildly for his folly; shews him the madness of his delicacy, in refusing, to his own perdition,

to comply with a duty, the disagreeableness of which will vanish with the quickness of thought, and leave behind an unspeakable consolation. He promises to use towards him the utmost kindness; not even to upbraid him with his transgressions, how heinous soever they may be; but the more grievous they are, the more indulgently to treat him. He represents to him the impossibility of their ever being revealed to a third person; since, not only at the very risk of his life is the Confessor obliged to conceal them from all mankind, but he cannot, even in his own private conduct, make use of his confessional knowledge to the prejudice of his penitent; nay, he must look upon all he knows, as if he had never heard a single circumstance..

Having thus obtained a complete knowledge of the sinner's condition, he proceeds to point out the means, which he is to take, to avoid sin in future. His words and counsels must, in this intimacy of communication, have a far greater influence, than the most impressive discourses of general morality; enabled, as he is, to exemplify them, by a constant reference to times, places, persons and circumstances. He marks out an easy and speedy way of changing his situation in life, in case he finds by experience, that the occasions he meets with are fatal to his salvation. Or, if such a change cannot take place, without material inconvenience, he suggests the peculiar exertions which he must use, in order to render these occasions as remote as possible. Despairing, at times, of being able to stem with effect the torrent of his

penitent's habitual propensities, he strives only to give them a lawful direction, by exhorting, for example, the young voluptuary, to seek, in the holy state of wedlock, a remedy against his otherwise illicit inclinations. The faithless husband he decoys from crime (if not at once and directly by the fear and love of God, and a sense of duty) by exciting, at least, a natural, conjugal, affection, attachment and compassion for his desolate and afflicted spouse. Honour, temporal interest, shame, human respect, a fear of what the world will say, domestic comfort, pride; all those motives which the enemy so frequently abuses to the perdition of souls, are by the confessor converted to the purposes of virtue. Just as the dextrous soldier, not content with the arms he wields himself, wrests from the hands of his adversary the weapons levelled at his own bosom, and plunges them into the heart of his antagonist.—By his mildness, he soothes the soul of the sinner; by the prospect of future virtue and happiness, he fills him with courage; by the promise of always receiving him with indulgence, he opens to him an asylum in case of relapse; by his knowledge of morality, he clears his doubts; in matters of justice, shews him, when, how, and to whom, he should make restitution; ever tempering his precepts with the due consideration of his penitent's abilities, and acting, as each respective circumstance requires, the triple part of the Father, the Physician, and the Judge. If, in this last capacity, he thinks it advisable to delay, for a time, the benefit of absolution, he softens the necessary rigour as much as possible; explains his mo-

tives; exacts a promise to return at the appointed period; nay, fearful to damp the joy of the penitent, or blight the rising bud of conversion, it is only with the utmost caution that he uses this salutary harshness; often content with even an incipient sorrow, and love of God; and dreading much that consequence unhappily too prevalent, of never more beholding the face of the dismissed offender.

Having thus moulded himself into every possible shape; condoling, comforting, encouraging, directing, instructing, advising, exhorting; and finding from the penitent's language and deportment, the longing desire he has to be freed from his miseries; his regret and heart-felt contrition for having gone astray; his yearning; his hope; his resolution to live without sin; (that essential, indispensable, disposition of heart, without which neither Church nor God himself, as I said before, can absolve him) —having warmed his soul to the love of that Lord of love, who has so vastly loved him, and now forgives, and readmits him to his favour and former love; having imposed, in some easy practice of devotion, not so much the penalty of his offences, as the pledge of that joy and happiness which he now begins to taste; the minister of religion at length announces the happy tidings of pardon, when—the penitent, in submission, bows, inclined, all the powers of his soul, and in a rapture of mingled grief and consolation, hears from the lips of his Redeemer's plenipotentiary and representative, the balmy word of reconciliation and peace;

which, pronounced with voice and attitude indicative of the divine authority, is wafted by some attending Angel up to the throne of celestial mercy, there to be enregistered on the book of pardons, under the eye of Omnipotence, in the golden characters of an eternal ABSOLVO.—

It is, my brethren, a most correct observation, that what enables us to arise from our iniquities, is equally calculated to preserve us from relapse. This is most unequivocally true with regard to the holy sacrament of Confession. The Christian humility, which we evince by this acknowledgment of our faults, is, of itself, capable of drawing down upon our souls the choicest blessings of that God, who “resists the proud and gives grace to the humble.” And although, after the detail already given, it may not be necessary to develope, at full length, the various modes, in which this religious practice benefits our subsequent conduct; yet, it will not be amiss, to mention a few of the immediate helps it affords, towards our firm perseverance in virtue.

The very thought of having been at confession; the peace and joy which the soul experiences at feeling her sins forgiven, and herself restored to the favour of her God; the knowledge she has acquired of her own weakness, and of those occasions, which the recollection of her past follies makes her now see in a true and strong point of view; the wise and wholesome admonitions of the Confessor; who, by his professional learning; by the experience he has had of the various states of penitents; by

his information with regard to the respective obligations of each particular class of Christians; by his knowledge of the multiplied windings of the human heart and the intricate illusions of self-love, must evidently be far better enabled to direct the conscience of the sinner, than the sinner himself can possibly be; the sinner, I say, who, from the lurking evil propensities which remain behind, even after his sins have been remitted; and from the very anxiety, if nothing else, which must confuse his mind, in a matter to him of such importance as that of his eternal salvation, is often led to think lawful what is forbidden, or advisable what is imprudent;—besides, the fixed and determined resolutions, which the pardoned offender makes, of persevering in the grace of his God, and of avoiding, in particular, the crimes to which he has been most subject; the prayers, the reflections, the rules of conduct, which he has been directed to practise; the shame of being obliged to confess the same transgressions a second time; the fear of being refused the benefit of absolution, should he continue still to fall; the consoling prospect which he has before him, if he proceed in his virtuous career; and, above all, the disposition of mind into which he has been instructed instantly to form himself, and the immediate remedies to which he is to have recourse on the spot; when the crisis approaches; when the temptation rises to its pitch, and his will is wavering between God and the infernal foe, with scarce a hair's breadth between his soul and mortal sin. All these powerful motives, my brethren, which are the immediate consequences of his confession; and

a particular detail of which would detain you infinitely longer than I intend to trespass on your attention ; all these motives, I say, prove most infallible helps to the soul of a Christian who sincerely desires his own sanctification ; and by the continual influence they have upon the lives of Catholics, most evidently demonstrate the wisdom of our Divine Redeemer, in the institution of this salutary sacrament ; a sacrament, by which he has given to his Ministers an authority over the morals of their people, which none of those sect-leaders, who wander, so numerous, outside the pale of the Catholic Church ; notwithstanding their fanatical enthusiasm, and external, pharisaical, shew of religion and morality ; will ever be able to boast.

Thus, my brethren, have I endeavoured to afford you some idea of the many, and admirable means by which the sacrament of Penance conducts the sinner, from the dark path of misery and vice, into the life and light of the children of God. Viewed, not even as a sacrament, or fountain of Divine Grace ; but in the nature of a mere moral institution ; it bears the stamp of so profound a wisdom ; and by its operation and effects, displays, in the institutor, so perfect a knowledge of the most secret springs of human action, as can be ascribed *only* to Him, who framed, and holds in his hands, the hearts of men. But it is likewise a Sacrament ;—it is one of those *seven* blessed channels of redemption, through which the sacred blood of a dying God flows, to cleanse, heal, and fortify our souls. By the word of

absolution we receive sanctifying grace; that ineffable gift of the Lord, which our Saviour came from heaven to purchase for us by his death; and without which we cannot, meritoriously unto eternal life, so much as say, "The Lord Jesus." I. Cor. xii, 3. This grace, as it is communicated to us in the holy tribunal, is called by Theologians *Medicinal* Grace; because it operates, as a divine medicine, upon the soul sick to death by sin; restores her to life and health in the favor of her God; and administers, against relapse, those peculiar preservatives so necessary in her convalescent state; until she walks forth in the bright sun-shine of sanctity, a new, vigorous and beautiful creature, worthy of the love of God and of his Angels.

Not only are all her late iniquities effaced, as if they had never been; but, clothed in the sacred mantle of revivifying Grace, she once more blazons forth the long-lost splendor of all her past merits, which had been extinguished by her fall. And as in her late wretched plight, her guilt had despoiled her of all the ornaments she wore, and annihilated all her previous claims to the divine favor, and everlasting felicity; so, by a happy and complete reverse, her present restoration to Grace vests her anew in the robes of her former sanctity; and places once more to her credit, in the book of Heaven, those ancient claims which her ingratitude had erased. Such is the delightful, the consoling effect of the Sacrament of Penance. Such is the change produced in the penitent soul, by that *absolvo* of her Redeemer, which, through his own divine appointment, shall be pronounced to the end of

time by the successors of those, to whom he said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven." Oh, words! teeming with consolation to poor sinners; words! worthy of "the Lamb, who taketh away the sins of the world;" words! in fine, which no soul can appreciate, but she, whose sorrow and sincerity they have rewarded. Happy, thrice happy soul! Happy in her present change! happy in her future hope! happy, I had almost said, in her past delinquency! For, the thought of—what she had lost, and what she has now regained, fills her with such sentiments, such raptures, of gratitude, of joy, of repentance, of fervor, and of love, as verify that admirable comment of the great St. Augustine upon the words of the Apostle, Rom. viii, 28, "To them that love God, all things work together unto good." "Yes;" says the holy Bishop, who was himself a living proof of his observation; *Omnia—etiam peccata.*—"All things work together unto their good—even THEIR OWN SINS!"

Oh! ill-fated England! who hast lost the blessings of Confession! Well mayst thou curse the day, when thy Pretended Reformation closed the tribunal of repentance and comfort against thy luckless children. Seek not *elsewhere* the cause of thy daily, thy hourly suicides. Impute them not to the clime, with which thy God has blessed thee. Blaspheme not the gift of heaven. That clime is the same, in which thy Catholic generations calmly breathed their pious souls in death, 'ere *felo de se* had become thy almost *national* sin. Open,

open thy long-closed eyes, and *see*—whence came this most unnatural of thy crimes. Its cause; its sole, its undeniable, unquestionable, cause is—the want of Confession. This, History *has* told thee; Nature *tells* thee.—The human mind, oppressed with grief or guilt, requires consolation; and consolation from *without*. It is not to itself self-sufficient. It stands in need of an adviser, a consoler, a friend, who enjoys its confidence; and the influence of this friend, to be effectual, to *command* confidence, must have something in it more than human. Otherwise, the deeply afflicted, the deeply guilty mind will not disclose its woes, its crimes. It will seek, vainly, it is true, but yet will seek, in self-destruction, an end to both. This is Nature. But, every impulse of nature finds its corrective in Christianity; for the God of Christianity is the God of Nature. Hence, has he instituted Confession; and to it has attached Absolution. Man would never confess, if he did not expect pardon: God never deceives man's natural and necessary expectation. Therefore hath he said to his ministers, Matt. xviii, 18, “Whatsoever you loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven.”

Again: Man would never confess his hidden crimes; and consequently, would be left without a competent adviser in these, the very worst of, his afflictions; if his confession were, against his will, to be communicated to a third person, and thus endanger, nay, destroy his own character, his connexions in society, and perhaps his life itself. Hence has the merciful and tender Parent of all society, who reserves to the

day of his own universal judgment, the disclosure of all that is hidden; hence, I say, has he guarded the sanctuary of Confession with a seal of secrecy, so impenetrable, as to draw from the celebrated author of the Philosophical Catechism, quoted by the Rev. Mr. Gallitzin, the following remarks:—"A thing well worth observing, and really supernatural and miraculous is the seal or secret of Confession, entrusted every day to thousands of Priests, some of whom, alas! ill qualified for their profession, and capable of any other prevarication, and yet so faithfully kept. Scarcely can ALL Church history, during a period of more than eighteen hundred years, furnish one example of infidelity in this point, even among those who, like Luther and Calvin, turned apostates to the Church. If any one reflects on the inconsistency of mankind, on the curiosity of some, and the loquacity and indiscretion of others, on the nature and importance of the affairs entrusted to Confessors, the revelation of which, would often have astonishing effects, on the means which various interests, avarice, jealousy, and other passions fail not to try, in order to compass their ends, &c. there will remain no doubt, but that God watches over the preservation of his work." Philos. Catechism, vol. 3, chap. vii, art. 1.

Thus, O England! nature, scripture, history and experience shew thee the necessity of Confession. Hadst thou preserved Confession, thou wouldst not have to lament the horror-striking self-murders of so many of thy children of every age, sex, rank, and character; wealthy

and indigent ; learned and unlearned ; old and young ; male and female ; misers and prodigals ; religionists and anti-religionists ; men who have disgraced, and men who have adorned society ; women of foul, and women of fair reputation ; statesmen thwarted in their projects ; merchants losing by their speculations ; Judas's despairing of redemption ; fanatics presuming to *force* their way into heaven ; grieving husbands ; abandoned wives ; seduced maidens ; life-loathing profligates ; convicted criminals ; and even mimicking infants !—Oh ! England ! England ! open once more to thy unhappy children the sanctuary of religious consolation—the sacred tribunal of Confession.—Oh ! England ! England ! return, return—

The tomb shall hush my voice, or thou, obey ;
'Ere my tongue cease its fond, its fervent lay—

“ Return, O England ! to the Lord, thy God.”

Join, O my Catholic brethren, in this, my ardent, my unwearied prayer to the Redeemer of All—that a country, so long and so closely connected with us ; so deserving of being called, in her Catholic times, the Sister-Island of the Isle of Saints ; may again seek refuge in the saving Ark of her Mother Church ; and, absolved, from her many abominations, in the consoling sanctuary of Confession, may begin once more to taste, in common with the great body of faithful Christians, the calm and sweet delights of that “ LOVE OF GOD,” which shall be the subject of my next discourse.

A blessing, &c.

SERMON. XII.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.



LOVE OF GOD.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.

St. Matt. c. xxii, v. 37.

THE ancient philosophers of the Pagan world lost themselves in endless mazes of debate, concerning the *summum bonum*, or happiness of Man. A part of those sages, with Epicurus at their head, perceiving that virtue was often doomed to drink the cup of bitterness and of infamy, while vice rode triumphant in splendour, pleasures, wealth, and power, came to the absurd conclusion of denying, altogether, the existence of a Providence; and adopted that maxim, which has since borrowed its name from their school; that Epicurean maxim, which still continues to form (if I may be allowed such an abuse of words) the *moral* and *religious creed* of those voluptuaries, "who are without God in this world;" namely, "Let us eat; let us drink; for tomorrow we shall die." Shocked at such beastly and degrading doctrine, and struck

with the natural beauty of virtue, another sect of philosophers, the Stoics, maintained that the latter was Man's *summum bonum*. More correct, indeed, than their opponents, but still, ignorant of the origin and end of Man, they, too, fell short of the truth, by teaching that virtue was to be practised, for its own sake alone, or for the sake of reputation ; as if any thing, short of an eternal recompence, awarded by an all-seeing judge, could satisfy the endless cravings of an immortal soul. It was this ignorance of the true temporal and eternal happiness of Man, which led astray these great lights of antiquity : tossing them to and fro, in a night of torturing uncertainty, from doubt to doubt, from error to error, and from absurdity to absurdity ; until they were at length forced to relinquish their weary hunt after truth, and lie down under this one sad certainty—that they had not discovered the *only* end for which they felt they had been created !

We are too much in the habit, my dear Christians, of deriding, and laughing to scorn, the wanderings of these celebrated men ; and we seem to think, that to our own superior acuteness we are indebted for that knowledge of our only real felicity, which the Platos and the Ciceros sought and sighed for in vain. Ah ! instead of deriding, let us rather pity the follies of the human mind, thus left to grope its own way, without the divine beacon of revelation. Let us reflect

that, if that bright beam of heavenly light, emanating from the Eternal Sun of Justice, had not flashed conviction on our souls, we, too, like our Pagan predecessors, should be still bending the knee to stocks and stones, paying divine worship to the emblems of our own corrupt passions, seeking our *summum bonum* in pleasures which debase the dignity of our nature, or bewildering ourselves in the fruitless labyrinths of a vain philosophy. We should still be in the same wretched condition, in which that genius of his age, the great St. Augustine describes himself, 'ere he became a Christian. "I asked pleasure," says he, "if she were my God, and she answered, 'No,' I asked learning and knowledge if they were my God; and they said, 'We are not.' I walked forth from my own soul, to see if I could find my God among the splendours of the world. I interrogated riches, and they replied, 'We are not your God.' Honour, power, and glory I questioned; and they answered in the negative. I asked the earth, I asked the sea, 'Are you my God?' and they denied it. I then raised my eyes to the spangled firmament, which shone above me. I went to the stars and enquired, 'Are you my God?' and they returned, 'No.' I went to the Moon; I went to the Sun; I went to the whole universe of visible things; and all responded, 'We are not your God.' I then said, 'If you are not my God, tell me, oh! tell me, *who* he is;' and Sun and Moon and Stars, and Heaven, and Earth, and All,

resounded, 'Your God is He, who made us.' Happy Augustine, who discovered the truth! and happy we, who know it! But would he, or we, have ever arrived at the delightful conclusion, if Jesus (blessed for ever be his light-and-life-giving name!) had not descended, himself, from heaven, to dispel the dismal cloud of human ignorance, and to point out to Man the end of his being; his only happiness in time and eternity—that sublime and lofty privilege of his nature, which elevates him above this whole sensible creation, and seats him on a level with the Angels—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God?"

Instead, therefore, of vainly despising our unfortunate precursors, the Pagans; instead of priding ourselves upon a knowledge, which is not our own, let us bow down, my brethren, in raptures of gratitude and adoration to Him, who has informed us of our high destiny. In order to catch a glimpse of what we owe him, let us first sink into ourselves, and behold, in the condition of even the best and wisest of our Heathen ancestors, what we should have been without the knowledge of his faith. Resting on this thought for an instant—let us then look up, and see *who* and *what* that Being, is, whom we are, by our nature, destined to love.—What! Shall I, the child of yesterday, dare to *love* Him, whose existence is from the days of eternity?—Shall I, whom the indiscriminating scythe of the great destroyer,

Death, may mow down, 'ere that sun reaches his next horizon ; shall I love Him, to whom " a thousand years are as a day ? " And shall I love, and shall I live to love him for everlasting ages ?—Shall I, a weak and helpless creature, make Him the object of my affection, whose omnipotence remains undiminished by the creation of millions of worlds, which cost him but a word ?—Shall I, confined to this narrow prison of clay, grasp, in the embrace of my poor soul, Him, whose immensity outmeasures the firmament ; who has made the Heavens his throne, and the earth his footstool ?—Shall I, a mass of sin and corruption, clasp to my polluted bosom Him, who is glory, perfection and sanctity infinite ; who discovers stains even in the purest of his Angels, the first-born sons of his almighty *fiat* ?—Shall I, the trembling culprit of avenging justice, pour forth the effusions of my tenderness, on the tremendous Judge of the living and the dead ? Shall I call him father, brother, spouse of my soul ? Shall I lock him up in the closet of my heart, and whisper to him unutterable things of love, even as the fond mother does to her darling child ? Shall I do all this—and not be crushed by the weight of his majesty, and annihilated by the power and presence of his divinity ?

Oh ! mystery of man's destination, how awful, yet how delightful art thou ! Oh Jesus ! sweet harbinger of good tidings to mankind ! Who can conceive all that is

contained in these thy words, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God?" Love him! Would that every moment of existence were a day, every day a year, and every year a thousand, that we might love him through an eternity a thousand times repeated! Love him! Oh! Christians, what shall keep us from his love?—Pleasures?—Avaunt, ye low, contemptible, airy nothings! fit only to defile the tabernacles of the Holy Ghost, what are ye to the pure, the rapturous love of our God? Riches?—Away ye corruptible and corrupting dross of earth, what are ye in competition with the love of our God? Sickness? Poverty? Affliction? Death?—Welcome the lash and the gibbet! Welcome ye racks and ye fires! Transitory and despicable sufferings! your stings are sweets, your thorns are roses, when endured for the love of our God!—"I am come, says Christ, Luke, xii, 49, to send fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?" Divine Pastor and lover of our souls! whose unworthy representative I here stand; while in pursuance of this thy heavenly mission, I this morning catch a spark from that glowing furnace, which burned in thy bosom for us miserable sinners, grant that the weak breath of my words may fan it into a flame, which, in the hearts of these thy faithful children who hear me, and of me thy servant, may blaze forth into everlasting life!—

With Christians, instructed as they are in the great principles of their faith, it may

seem superfluous to urge the motives, which they have to love their Creator—their Redeemer—their Preserver. The enormous debt of gratitude, which they owe their God under this triple character, must be present to their minds; and I have no doubt, that every person who hears me, is deeply impressed therewith. But, the favors of our almighty lover and benefactor, are, in fact, like himself, infinite; they are inexhaustible to the eye of contemplation; the saints have found them so; the more they are studied, the profounder the abyss of goodness, which they present to the astonished soul; thought cannot fathom them; much less words describe them. Let me, therefore, entreat each individual of my auditory, to retire into his own heart; and there to consider the magnitude of the benefits themselves, rather than regard the expressions, in which I shall vainly attempt to array them.

Creation! What is creation?—The Eternal Father, existing by the very necessity of his own nature, always and without beginning, in infinite glory, perfection, and beatitude, with his adorable Son, the consubstantial image of himself, and their Holy Spirit, the consubstantial love of both; blessed with them, in mutual and self-contemplation and enjoyment; having no need of that external glory, which consists in the praise, love and service of creatures; and which, though it beatifies men and angels, adds not a single ray to the incomprehensible, essential splendor of the Divinity. Thus existing, God, from the pure and sole

motive of his immense benevolence to beings, as yet in the womb of nothing, determined to carry into execution the decree, which, of his own free choice, he had laid up in his divine counsels from all eternity. That decree embraced, at one and the same moment, collectively and individually, all that Heaven and Earth contain, or shall successively contain to the end of ages. At that moment, each human soul was, as essentially, the object of his eternal thought, of his almighty power, and of his boundless love, as the whole universe of created things. For, to Him all times are one; all creatures are no more than one; and one, no less than all.

Oh ! Christian soul ! consider this ; conceive it, if you can. Your passage, from nothing into being, required, then, that same exertion of an omnipotent hand, which fixed the sun in the firmament, rolled the planets in their orbits, studded the heavens with constellations, and peopled the heaven of heavens with Angels. Such, in your Creator, was the act which made you. And shall you not love him ?—Then, reflect, what that act produced in you. You suddenly started from nothing into what you are.—What is Nothing ? Nothing presents no term of comparison with Being ; that is, the distance, if I may so speak, from nothing to being, is infinite. Creation, therefore, is an act of infinite power, though it were but the creation of the grain of sand. But you are a rational and social creature ; you are lord of the visible creation ; you use all other creatures

as you list; you enjoy the blessings of society ; parental, conjugal, filial affection; you think; you speak; you reason; you walk abroad through the fields of science; your penetrating eye pierces the heavenly heights, and dives into the depths of ocean and of earth; you taste the exquisite delights of mental refinement; and, to crown the sublime rank which you hold in the scale of being, like his angels, you can know, serve, contemplate, adore, praise, love and enjoy your Benefactor for ever and for ever! Can you think of this, and not love your God?

But, perhaps, the awe of his divine majesty; the unbounded distance which divides his greatness from your frailty; perhaps, these, and other equally awful considerations, are so appalling, as to stifle in your heart the feelings and familiarity of love. Lo! then, he is come to meet you. That you may have no excuse for not loving him, he has lowered himself to your capacity. Behold him an infant in the virgin-womb of Mary; see him a child in her immaculate arms; clothed in your own frail flesh. View him, a man like yourself; your father, your brother, your lover, your friend; not in name, or affection only, but in reality and in nature. Oh mystery! oh miracle! oh prodigy of unfathomable love! as far transcending the act by which the universe sprung from nought, as the formation of the universe transcends the ken of created intellect! Oh the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God! oh the length, the width,

the height, the profundity of his love ! The Eternal Deity, Himself, the Creator—behold him creeping, like you, upon the earth ; see him poor, humble, insulted, calumniated and reviled ; his doctrine, his charity, his miracles repaid with ingratitude ; see his sacred person seized, buffeted, spit upon, scourged ; see him dragged, like a malefactor, to public execution, and expiring in the ignominious tortures of the cross ! View all this, O Christian soul ! Then, ask yourself the cause. It was to free you from sin and all its dreadful consequences ; it was to restore you to the knowledge of your end ; to supply you with the means of attaining that end ; to make you the adopted child of his Father in the waters of baptism ; to absolve you from your crimes in the tribunal of penance ; to feed you with his own body and blood in the adorable eucharist ; to share with you the glories and the joys of his resurrection ; it was, in a word, to reinstate you in the original dignity of your nature, by inducing you to love him both now and for ever more ; it was for this, that Jesus lived and died ! “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.”

Well, my dear Christian, is your confidence restored ? If you dare not look in the face of Infinite Majesty ; if you feel terror, rather than affection, when you bow before your awful Creator ; say, with what feelings do you view the “Man of sorrows ?” with what heart do you clasp in your arms, and press to your bosom, your loving, bleeding, dying Redeemer ? What ! Can you not yet love him ?

Can you not yet throw yourself upon him for time and eternity? Will he withdraw to let you fall? What *more* do you require of him, to excite your humble, yet, unbounded and loving confidence? Is there a drop in the ocean of his mercy, or in the blood of his veins, which he has not expended to satisfy you of his love?

But, methinks, I hear you say, "Alas! alas! I wish I could love my God! But my sins terrify me; they are numerous, grievous, and of many years; I cannot even call to mind their multitude; and though I could—should blush to confess them. My passions, too, are uncontrollable; I cannot quit the occasions in which I have indulged; I hate myself; but still I must, for the present, remain as I am; at some future time, perhaps, I shall be better able to amend my life."—Ah! dearly beloved soul, for whom Christ hath died! hear me for a moment, and all your difficulties shall vanish; hear me a few words, and peace, and joy, and hope, and love, shall calm your troubled heart. Your Jesus "came to call, not the just, but sinners;" there were no just; all were sinners. The saints, who now enjoy his blessed countenance in heaven, had, of themselves, no more right to his pardon, than you; thousands of them were as great, or greater offenders than you. Think of Peter; think of Magdalene; think of the dying thief; think of the Jews who cried "away with him, crucify him." He prayed for them. On the spot, many of them repented; they returned to Jerusalem beating

their breasts ; and thousands of their Saviour's murderers were converted by the first sermon of that very Peter, who had denied his master !

“ But,” you’ll say, “ these events are remote ; they happened, when the wounds of Jesus were still raw ; when the sacred gore still purpled on his mangled frame.” Well, and what then ? Are not his mercy and his love the same to-day, that they were at the hour of his death ? If he is your Creator, if he is your Redeemer, is he not likewise your Preserver ? Has he not preserved for you his church, his faith, his sacraments, and his ministers ? Does he not offer for you, daily and hourly on his altars, by the hands of his priests, the same, substantially and meritoriously, the same propitiatory sacrifice, which he offered on his cross ?— “ True,” you say ; “ but the instances quoted are still remote ; they do not happen nowadays. Had I been so happy as to see my Redeemer expire, far different should have been my life.” Ah, my beloved ; why will you thus delude yourself ? Had you been present at his crucifixion, who has told you (I shudder at the thought !) that you would not have been the murderer of your God, and, like many of his executioners, have died in your deicide ? But no ; your heart is not so hardened ; you will now, then, at least return with love to your Redeemer. Do you not hear him crying to you from his cross, “ Come to me all you that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you ?” But you wish for recent examples of his mercy. Look around you. Numbers of

those pious souls, who throng this holy place, were once, like yourself, borne down with sins, and passions, and fears, and difficulties. Yet, see them now, peaceful, calm, devout and happy, in the love of their Saviour.

But I will come home to yourself personally ; I will speak to, I will convince, your own heart. Has not your God preserved you until the present moment ? And why ? Was it that you might go on offending him ? Alas ! is he then so fond of sin ? Or was it that you might add to the weight of your own perdition ? What ! Does he, then, delight in the blood of souls ? and not rather wish, that they " be converted and live ? " Consider, from how many dangers he has saved you ; by land, by sea, and in a hundred situations, which your own recollection will furnish to your mind. How often has he preserved your health, your good name, your property, endangered, perhaps, by your very excesses ? While thousands, around you, were falling under the terrible blow of his vengeance, why did he single you out for his protection ? Why, but that you might at last fly from sin, and return him love for love ? And will you still continue to offend him ? — Do, unfeeling soul ! But yet, in the very midst of your crimes, you *cannot* help being grateful to him, at least for still suspending the sword of his justice. In spite of your unaccountable obstinacy ; nay, in proportion to the magnitude of your obstinacy, you must still thank him for this his astonishing forbearance. If you do not—say, I leave it to your own decision, what

hell can be too black for this, the blackest of all your ingratitude? In vain, then, sinner, do you fly from your God. He still grasps you close in the two almighty hands of his justice and his love. Flight, from the former, is out of the question; and, from the latter, is, if you at all reflect, contrary to the very nature of your own heart. For while, by suspending his justice, he thus permits you to fly and flout his love, he is, in fact, affording you the strongest pledge of the love he still bears you. And what can be so opposite to the very nature of a heart, that reflects or feels, as not to *thank* at least Him, whose love for it is so unwearied. Criminal, then, O Sinner, as you may be, your ignorance cannot be so gross, your insensibility so stupid, or your ingratitude and impiety so unnatural, as not to thank your God for leaving you still a chance of salvation. If you thank him, you must love him; if you love him, you must desire his pardon; if you desire his pardon, you must obtain it.—Oh! give me a soul that once says, “My God, I love thee!” and all her difficulties and troubles shall instantly vanish.—For the certainty of this immediate result, I appeal to the experience of all those, who have ever turned from vice to virtue.

What! Shall he not carry you triumphant through the whole of your duties, now that you give him your heart; He, who when you were a rebel, preserved you from eternal ruin? Shall he not remind you of your offences, that you may duly confess them? Fear not. Me-

memory goes hand in hand with sorrow ; as sorrow does with love. It is easier to remember than to repent ; and to repent is not harder than to love. Shall you be ashamed to reveal your crimes to his minister ? Joy, not shame, will accompany the disclosure. However, confess, or not, they must all appear on the last day ; to your confusion, if you now conceal them ; to your glory, if you now confess them. Shall he not make you persevere ? Foolish doubt ! He sought you—far away ; he preserved you—an apostate ; he received you—a prodigal. Will he now throw you off, when you rush into his arms ? Will he cast you from him, when you cling to his wounds ? Will he abandon you, when you plunge into his heart ?

“ Oh ! my God, I love thee ! ” Words, how natural ! how delightful ! how easy ! Yet, how wonderful ! how universal their effect !—Hear me, all ye who love your God ; and let your own experience bear testimony to the important and consoling truth, which I am about to utter. A truth, upon which, as upon a pivot, rests the whole economy of individual salvation.

The learned, my brethren, who have carefully studied history ; who have closely examined the great public and notorious facts, upon which the Christian religion is founded ; who have considered, and critically scrutinized the doctrine, the miracles, the mission, the sanctity, the consistency, and all the other circumstances and proofs of the birth, life,

death, resurrection and future coming of the Son of God. The learned, who have narrowly observed the fulfilment of the prophecies; the authenticity of the scriptures; the character, preaching, and miraculous success of the Apostles; the deaths of ten millions of martyrs; the testimonies, the concomitant testimonies, as well of Jewish and Pagan, as of Christian historians. The learned, who have surveyed the destruction of Idolatry throughout the universe, and the establishment of Christianity in its stead; not only without the drawing of a single sword for that establishment, but in spite of the pride, power, passions, and persecutions of the whole Heathen world with imperial Rome at its head. The learned, who, by their extensive reading, can trace, through all their details, the long and uninterrupted succession of Apostolical pastors and doctrine in the Catholic Church; the errors and heresies, which, in each successive century, she has combated and crushed; the Saints, the Fathers, the Preachers, who in every age have propagated her faith, and demonstrated her divine origin, by their writings, sanctity and miracles. The learned, I say, who have all these conclusive facts before their eyes, may, by their erudition, become so intimately convinced of all that Christ said, did, suffered and promised, that no sophistry, no mis-statement, no imposition can cloud for a moment that faith in their Redeemer, which, in their enlightened minds, amounts to as positive a certainty, as if they had been actually present, when he preached in Jerusalem; expired on Calvary; burst the

bonds of death in his sepulchre; or, surrounded by the Angelic choirs, mounted up to Heaven from the summit of Olivet.

But this comprehensive view of the truths of religion is not given to all. It is confined to those, whose studies, leisure, or profession, qualify them for the laborious investigation. However, the Universal Saviour came to illuminate all; the rich and the poor; the learned and the unlearned; the contemporary generation, and the ages to come. He came, as the Prophet foretold, to point out, *Isaiah, xxxv. 8*, “a path and a way, which should be called the holy way; a straight way, so that even fools should not err therein.” How, then, has he effected his benevolent purpose?—Hear, and learn, all ye, who love the Lord Jesus. Learn, and feel the consoling, the important truth, to which I just now directed your attention. It is this—the soul, who loves her God, has, within herself, the practical proofs of his divine revelation. True, she requires previous instruction, in order to know who her God is, and what he has done for her; an instruction which, however unlettered, she attains with little trouble. But, it is what passes within herself; it is the feelings of her own heart, which are to her the experimental, tangible, constant, and convincing demonstration of the truths, which she has been taught to believe. So universally certain is this wonderful and just effect of the love of God on the human heart, that without it, the greatest learning, nay, the very sight of miracles, is often insufficient to

produce conversion. See the high priests of the Jews ; the Scribes and Doctors of the law. They read the prophecies ; they beheld them fulfilled in Christ ; they saw him cure the sick, the lame and the blind, command the elements, and raise the dead to life. Yet, because they did not love the Lord their God, instead of adoring, they crucified their Messiah. Nay more, after having been convinced of his resurrection, by the testimony of their own very guards, they, nevertheless, lived and died in their infidelity. Look next, at the heresiarchs of past ages ; the Arius's, the Luthers, the Calvins. These apostate ministers of the Church wilfully impugned the known truth ; and because they had not, in their hearts, the love of the Lord their God, they at length worked themselves into an absolute disbelief of the most evident principles of that religion, which they impudently professed to re-establish in its primeval purity. Turn now your eyes to our own miserable times. See the Voltaires, the Gibbons, the Paynes, exerting all the power of their talent, and all the researches of their erudition, to grub up, out of the hearts of mankind, the few remaining roots of religious truth, which the withering blast of the pretended Reformation had spared. See these self-styled philosophers, turning away from that full blaze of Christian light, which has illuminated mankind, for eighteen hundred years, and plunging back into the Epicurean darkness of Atheism. Oh ! they had not within them that love of the Lord their God, which alone confirms and enlivens his divine gift of faith ; without which,

faith itself becomes dead, and too often, totally disappears. In one word, their hearts were corrupted, before their minds were blinded; and, by the just judgment of the Almighty, their infidelity was, at one and the same time, the effect and the punishment of their immorality.

Come then, poorest, humblest, lowest individual of all the pious souls who hear me. Raise now your voice with your Saviour, and "give thanks to your Father, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, because he hath hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hath revealed them to little ones." See and feel; oh I feel and cherish the blessings, which your humble love of the Lord your God, plants in your heart for time and for eternity. You were in sins;—you loved your God, and your sins became white as snow. You were buffeted by your passions;—you called upon your Jesus, and he allayed the storm. You were dejected with doubts, fears, and scruples;—you hoped in your Redeemer, and your mourning was turned into joy. What proof of his divine religion could he afford you, so strong, or so convincing, as this actual change of your own heart? Better, far better than a miracle, because it was the end, as far as you were concerned, for which he performed all his miracles. Again; you confess your faults; and, at each confession, the absolution is a balm of comfort, which heals and fortifies your soul. You receive into your bosom the dear object of all your love, clothed for your nourishment in the appearance of bread. The calm, peace,

rapture, confidence, and delight, which accompany his eucharistic presence, you, yourself, best can tell, who feel it. That his sacraments are fountains of grace, what prodigy could convince you more clearly, than this grace itself, which they pour into your heart? Not only does he hide you in his wounds from the fiery shafts of the wicked one, but even in your temporal afflictions, have you ever looked upon his cross, without receiving consolation? How often, at your prayer, has he directed the daily and ordinary course of events, not less to your earthly than to your heavenly interest? Oh! whoever has loved the Lord Jesus, will find in his own case innumerable and surprising instances of this his evident protection.

Nay, so true is that consoling declaration of St. Paul to the Romans, viii, 28, that "to them that love God, all things work together unto good;" and that other, not less simple than sublime, observation of the same Apostle, preaching to the Athenian Senate of the Areopagus, upon the unity of God and his intimate presence with "every one of us," Acts, xvii, 28, "For in Him we live, and we move, and we are;" so true, I say, are these grand and enrapturing, these fond and affecting assurances of the inspired Doctor of the Nations; so literally true are these assurances, that the soul who fervently loves her Saviour, feels him actually present within herself, in every transaction of life; and, like the martyrs, would smile on the terrors and tortures of death, rather than relinquish a faith, of the truth and prac-

tical blessings of which she is to herself her own intimate evidence.

Come, then, Sinner ! and love your God. The task is easy ; you are only asked to love ; and to love is in the very nature of the heart of man. To suffer is difficult ; to die is hard ; but to love—who can say, that he cannot love ? Come, then, and learn by your own experience, how sweet the yoke, how light the burthen of your Jesus is, to him who loves. Your sins, (how wonderful !) your very sins will help you to love him. You have committed a thousand ; each would have lost you Heaven :—he has redeemed you from all. Pay him, then, like Magdalene, a thousand loves, in return for your thousand redemptions. You fear him as your Judge :—love him rather as your Redeemer. His judgments give terror, but his love gives joy ; a joy, far more powerful to preserve you from sin, than hell with all its terrors. See the millions of happy souls, who have loved before you ; Angels of every order, Saints of every clime, with Mary, Mother, and Queen of love. See the thousands that love around you ; join the blessed company ;—and love your Jesus, for yourself and them. Look back on the unhappy myriads, who have died in crime : he has snatched, and even now snatches you from that mass of perdition : its numbers fix the value of your escape ; let them fix the amount of your gratitude.

Love your Jesus, then, O Sinner ! and never cease to love him. Love him in sin, that you

may love him in grace; love him in fear, that you may love him in hope; love him in doubt, that you may love him in confidence; love him in sorrow, that you may love him in joy. Love him at prayer, that you may love him at work; love him on his altar, that you may love him in the world; love him in his temple, that you may love him in your closet; love him in private, that you may love him in public. Love him to-day, that you may love him doubly to-morrow; love him in health, that you may love him in sickness; love him in life, that you may love him in death; love him as your Creator, love him as your Redeemer, love him as your Preserver, that, meeting him as your Judge, you may love him as your God, when the waves of time shall be lost in the ocean of eternity!—

Saints and sinners! rich and poor! high and low! learned and unlearned! Jews and Gentiles! Catholics and Sectaries! you who know the truth, and you who seek it! kings and subjects! priests and people! living and dead! Angels and Men!—here, here, then, is the Grand Charter of Christian LIBERTY AND EQUALITY, which the Universal Redeemer has written in his blood. Here is the *Magna Charta* of that Divine Constitution, which Jesus, Son of God, and Son of Man, has deposited in the hands of his Church; and which, faithful to her holy charge, from age to age, and from pole to pole, She, by her Blessed Founder's command, unfolds to All, nations and individuals, who are willing to become the

coheirs of Christ in the eternal kingdom of his Father. Here is the Christian Charter; the new covenant between Heaven and Earth. In *one* sentence it is penned; and that one sentence comprizes all the rights of Sovereignty Divine, and all the duties of human allegiance—
“THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD.”

Oh Paul! thou vessel of Election! thou glowing furnace of that love of thy Jesus, “which surpasseth all understanding;” which “caught thee up to the third heaven, there to hear secrets, which it is not granted to man to utter;” how can I better conclude so transcendent a subject, than with that sublimest of effusions, which ever flowed from even thy inspired pen;—when, addressing the Romans, on the same enrapturing topic, and unable to confine the flame which burned within thee, thou didst burst forth into the following breathless torrent of interrogatory defiance: “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? As it is written: ‘For thy sake we are put to death, all the day long: we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.’ But in all these things we overcome, because of him that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!”

A blessing beyond all blessings, which I most humbly, but most fervently pray the same Lord Jesus, to bestow upon myself, my audience, and all mankind ! In the Name, &c.

The Thirteenth Sermon will have for Title, —“ EDUCATION OF THE POOR.”—Text— “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” St. Matt. xxii, 39. In this sermon, which I have preached for the benefit of more than one of the Charities of the metropolis, while I urge Catholics to contribute towards the schooling of their indigent brethren, I expose, at the same time, the unnatural hypocrisy of those Sectarian Societies, who, under the mask of education, have conspired to rob the Catholic infant of its faith, by the violation, not only of pastoral and parental rights, but of the law of Nature herself.

SERMON XII.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

St. Matt. c. xii, v. 39.

To address a Dublin congregation on the subject of Charity, seems to me of all the duties of a preacher, the most superfluous, at once, and the most difficult. I am informed, that little short of a hundred charity sermons are annually delivered in this metropolis. Ingenious, indeed, then, should that man be, who could discover, in reason, religion, or experience, any new motive to acts of benevolence, which has not already been proposed, inculcated, familiarized, and rivetted in your minds. I look around, and see the effects of these hundred sermons in as many, or more numerous, charitable institutions; some of ancient date; others springing up from year to year. A proof, that you not only know, and practise the duty of charity, but that experience has convinced you of its manifold advantages. A proof, that, in spite of the universal pe-

cuniary distress, which for some years back (no matter from what cause) has harrowed up the very bowels of the country, you are determined that the *last* item at least of expenditure, which shall disappear from your books, is the pittance of the poor orphan. And although this pittance must diminish on the same scale as your means, still I am persuaded, that you will never wholly withdraw your mite from that God, who craves it in the person of his little ones.

And why should you? As Men, as Christians, as Irish Catholics, what can be more dignified; what more consoling and delightful; what more congenial to the best feelings of nature, or more in unison with the sublimest principles of religion; what more meritorious in the sight of God and society; what more productive of satisfaction in this world, and of happiness in the next; what more conducive to the pardon of sin, and the perseverance of grace; what more dutiful to your Creator, grateful to your Redeemer, or atoning with your Judge; in a word, what more human, more Christian, more Irish, or more Catholic, than by your voluntary, chearful, individual contributions, to rescue from ignorance and from vice the children of your poorer brethren—the orphan offspring of those, who have breathed, perhaps, their last sigh in your service;—to enable these helpless innocents to run their little race of woe, without endangering their virtue, or their faith;—to snatch

them from the gallows and the brothel on one hand, and, on the other, from a catastrophe which now more immediately threatens them—the loss of that only inheritance, which their wretched progenitors had to bequeath to them—I mean, the Faith of the Catholic Church?

Do you not see the infuriate zeal, the piratical ardor, the polished hypocrisy, the sleek, sly, and, though often detected and counteracted, still, unblushing and unwearied perfidy of those upstart sects, who, engendered in the established church, have, like vipers, gnawed the very womb which gave them birth; until the heads of that same church, the Protestant Primates of Armagh and Dublin, have been at length compelled to disown and denounce them? Do you not see those fanatical harpies, who, with honey on their lips, bribe on their fingers, and poison in their hearts, violate the natural and sacred rights of parental and pastoral authority; and by cruelly tampering with the distress of a starving mother, or basely playing on the weakness of an infant mind, rob their unsuspecting victims of that precious pearl of the gospel, which centuries of misrule have alone left them, and centuries of persecution have been unable to drag from them—the pearl of the Catholic Faith? Oh! contemptible victory of uncommissioned, kidnapping, apostleship! contemptible in its prize! unnatural in its

means! unjustifiable in its motive! cruel and destructive in its success!

Let us, my brethren, in union with the sound and liberal part of the Protestant community, make head against this army of locusts of every shape and hue, black, red, blue, and gray; who, marching under the false colours of conciliation, charity and education, while their leaders are nibbling at the oaks of the Hierarchy, the rest of the horde have spread themselves throughout the land, to devour each young and tender blade of Catholic, perhaps I should say, of Christian knowledge, as soon as it appears above the soil, in the plantation of our Heavenly Father. Let us, at least, do our part against this motley swarm of proselytizing marauders, by giving Catholic education to our Catholic children. Let us, as Men, provide for the welfare of our brethren by creation; let us, as Christians, save these souls for whom our Redeemer died; let us, as Catholics, keep these innocent doves within the ark, lest once taking flight, like the unclean raven, they should never more return from the deadly, filthy, carrion food of error. Let us, in fine, as Irishmen, preserve to these orphans of our Country and our Church, that religion in which they have been baptized; in which their fathers, and all the great saints of Christendom have lived and died; that religion which will console them in their distress, curb their passions, when goaded to madness, sweeten their sorrows

in this vale of tears, and crown them with everlasting joy and happiness in a better life.

The fashionable writers of deism, atheism, and absurdity, who, since the middle of the last century, have insulted the common sense of mankind, by comparing, nay, with the most shocking impudence, preferring the Pagan to the Christian virtues, are sadly at a loss to discover something, which deserves the name of Charity, among those Heathen nations, either ancient or modern, whom, with such ridiculous impiety, they affect to extol. The Romans had no charitable institutions, any more than the Greeks. Their likings and dislikings, as well public as private; their friendships and enmities, as well of states as of individuals, were all regulated by the sordid scale of self-interest. To inflict injury on a foe, was with them as high an act of virtue, as to confer kindness on a friend. And as to their wretched infants, how common was it for the monstrous fathers, in spite of the cries of nature, to throw them in the woods to the wild beasts, whenever they found it inconvenient to support them! Not only was this worse than brutal practice recognized by the laws, as the private right of every parent; (a recognition which, by the bye, was but the natural consequence of that total absence of all charitable feeling, which has ever stained Pagan society;) but, in Sparta herself—that boasted paragon of every thing virtuous—a formal legislative

enactment of the celebrated Lycurgus, compelled the parents to expose, for prey to the ferocious animals of the forest, such of their new-born babes as, upon inspection by the magistrates, seemed not likely to turn out good soldiers! In China—another of those empires, whose high antiquity, morality, genius, civil and political excellence, with all the *etcetera* of supposed superiority, are eternally dinned into our Christian ears—in China, to this day, thousands of poor infants are exposed; and, every morning, the scavengers of Peking transport, among the other offal of that abominable city, these tender images of their Creator, to feed, in the neighbouring field, the dogs, the swine, the wolves, and the birds of prey.

You are shocked, my brethren, at the bare recital of such horrors. Yet, what else was to be expected? Men had lost the knowledge of their origin, and with it, as matter of course, their religion and their charity. Their historical researches reaching no higher up, than to the collection of some savages into towns, they imagined that all mankind were originally in a savage state, without laws, religion, or social union—an error too often repeated, as well from ignorance as from malice, by writers of the present day.—No; Man was not, either in origin or in nature, a savage. He was made for society; he came from the hands of his God, civilized; and though he fell, still society, religion and charity, however disfigured,

never absolutely failed ; except, perhaps, in those identical savages, who, though honoured by the Pagans as the founders of civilization, were, in reality, but the withered branches, which the blasts of human vicissitudes had torn from the parent stock, and scattered in those very wilds, where their ignorant posterity dreamed they had sprung out of the earth.

Blessed for ever be that Divine Teacher, who has rescued us from such ignorance and such horrors ! And, oh ! cursed will it not be, that infidel ingratitude, which would rob Him of the merit of those very lights, which it has received from his lips, but which it now vainly claims as the offspring of its own unassisted reason ? HE said : “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.” The heart of man beat responsive to the sound ; for, in no other pursuit, had it ever found, what it sought, its own happiness. HE said : “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” The sympathy of nature pleaded for the precept ; while reason, astonished at her own long ignorance, embraced charity as the balm of human ills, and felt, that she could not be happy, unless she communicated happiness to others. Thus, revelation re-taught reason, what reason had forgotten ; and shall reason now impudently deny the debt ? Folly and ingratitude ! only to be surpassed by that still greater folly and hard-heartedness, which can believe these consoling

truths, and yet refuse to stretch forth a hand to humanity in distress !

This, assuredly, will not be your conduct, my brethren, on the present occasion. Your Saviour presents you with the history of your origin, penned by his inspired representative, Moses. You there read, that all human beings are children of the same Creator. Nature, then, as well as nature's God, commands you to love them. You read, that all have sinned ; that all, for the one same sin, have been subjected to the various afflictions of life. This community of suffering demands of you, who have suffered least, the means of relief for those, who have suffered most. The Judge, who has pronounced the general sentence, requires this relief at your hands, as the ransom-money of your exemption from your due proportion of the general woe. As Men, then, relieve these innocents. They are your fellow-men, your fellow-sinners, your fellow-sufferers ; your brethren in creation, your brethren in crime, your brethren in the anger of that common Father, who expects from his guilty children sympathy, at least, in each other's afflictions, and makes that sympathy the condition of his ultimate pardon.

Were these little creatures even your enemies, still their enmity would not exclude them from the pale of your universal obligation. Their offences, if they had committed any against you, would but enhance this obligation. For, in that case, you would be bound, not only to

forgive their crimes, and relieve their distresses, but, likewise, if possible, to reform their morals; that is, you would be bound to do them the highest act of benevolence, which one being can perform towards another. "Love your enemies," said the Great Lover of All. This was the *ne plus ultra* of charity. Yet, in this, as in the other precepts of his divine morality, he was only restoring fallen reason to one of her original, but long-defaced, principles. For how, in common sense, were we to expect that our Heavenly Father would "forgive us our trespasses, if we did not forgive our brethren who trespass against us?"

But whither have I strayed? Have these innocent babes offended you?—Why, then talk I of enemies, and what not? Why, but to make you feel in the tenderest nerve of your souls, that if nature, restored to her just reasoning by religion, impels you to love even your enemies, that heart must surely be more than commonly callous; its cruelty must surpass description and imagination itself—which can, with steeled and flinty hand, lock the springs of its bounty from these desolate orphans. They are not your enemies. They may, on the contrary, one day prove your very best friends. I do not mean, before the judgment-seat of God. For there, it is past a doubt, they will plead your cause, by the mere fact of your benevolence, whatever be their own ultimate fate, in time or eternity. But even here, in this life, they may one day prove your best friends. In saying this, I do not

wish roughly to startle your sensibility, by supposing an interchange of situations; although the events of the present day, political and domestic, too fatally authorise the more than probability of the supposition. But they may, at least, like their fathers before them, become one day your servants, your tradesmen, your clerks, your confidential agents. And, oh! who can sufficiently appreciate the value of a faithful servant? the treasure of an honest, industrious, intelligent, religious, representative? —Thank your God then, that not only your nature, your duty, your gratification in doing a good act; not only your certain eternal, but, likewise, your probable temporal interest, goes into the scale of your benevolence. For your own sakes, then, let the balance be heavily struck; and He, who issues his commands to his creatures, not for his own (he has no need of their service) but for their benefit, and because right is right,—He will repay your contribution with many comforts here, and inexhaustible funds hereafter.

Then consider, what it is these poor orphans of the Josephian Society demand of you. Bereft of their parents, they ask you to become their fathers and their mothers. Pinched by famine, they cry to you for a morsel to appease their hunger. Shivering in cold, they crave of you a rag to hide their nakedness. Deprived of a home, they supplicate you to preserve the roof over their woe-stricken heads. Left without guardians to protect, or future prospects to console them, they look to you for their ap-

prentice-fee, and for the preliminary means of obtaining an honest livelihood in decent trade or virtuous service. They are fifty in number ; of both sexes. Sixty years has their institution existed ; an antiquity, which, I believe, no other charitable establishment of this city can boast. An antiquity, which presents the strongest, because the practical, proof of the regularity, economy, and attention of former Committees ; who, with that benevolence, hereditary in Catholic Dublin, have handed down these tender pledges of public charity, to the Christian solicitude of their worthy successors, the present overseers. And as to the latter gentlemen, not only the inmates of the nursery and school bespeak the unremitting anxiety bestowed on both, but the subsequent conduct, through life, of such of the children, as have been apprenticed out, loudly proclaims the value of this ancient, venerable, and important institution. With grief of heart, however, am I compelled to state, that, owing to the general distress of the times, the ordinary resources are so rapidly failing, that, unless a more than customary exertion come this day to their aid, the Committee fear (to use the expressive words of their advertisement) "that this excellent asylum of infant misery must be sadly reduced—perhaps totally extinguished !" Do you, then, my brethren, second the zeal of these charitable men. Among their trustees, I perceive the pious and beloved pastor of this parish, the Rev. Dr. Blake. He and they contribute not only their money, but, what is far more valuable, their care, Suffer

not yourselves to be distanced by them in the holy race of charity. If they outrun you by their attention, do you overtake them by the superabundance of your contribution. Protect the fatherless; feed the hungry; clothe the naked; shelter the homeless; apprentice the orphan; but, above all, confer upon these little ones that essential favor—to them dearer, to you cheaper, than protection and food and raiment and roof and livelihood.

What is this essential favor, my brethren? What, but the blessing of that redemption, which the Son of God poured out with his blood on all the children of men? That redemption they supplicate at the hands of your pity and your religion. As Men, you owe them love; as Christians, you owe them salvation. Ignorance of what their Redeemer has done for them, would render, as far as they are concerned, his redemption fruitless. For how shall they perform their duty, if they know it not? And if they perform it not, how shall his merits be applied to their souls? By contributing, then, to their Christian education, you co-operate with your Jesus, in the great work which brought him down from heaven. And, as the Apostles, by their preaching, were, under God, the authors of the conversion of the nations; so you, by your contribution, become his instruments in the salvation of these tender infants. Oh! what a happiness! how great! how cheaply purchased! how tenderly, how strongly, how constantly inculcated in every word, in every act of your Divine Redeemer!

Call to your minds, my brethren, all you have ever heard or read of him upon this duty; his threats to them who neglect it; his promises to those who perform it; the mill-stone about the neck; the throwing into the sea; and the still more terrible woes, which await the wretch, who scandalizes one of his little ones. His reproof of the disciples for hindering their approach to his person; his laying hands upon; his embracing them; "For their's is the kingdom of heaven, and their angels always see the face of his heavenly Father." His reward for the cup of cold water; what, then, for the cup of salvation? His own divine example; "Love one another as I have loved you." His prayer for his very executioners; what, then, for these innocents, who have never offended him? In fine, his sentence to both saints and sinners on the day of his retributive justice; "Amen, I say unto you, whatever you have done to one of these my little ones, you have done unto myself." All these, my brethren, and a thousand other overpowering things—which you have a thousand times heard, read, felt, and practised; bring them all now in a croud to your recollection. If I only allude to them in this cursory way, it is not because the arguments they furnish are weak; they are, on the contrary, the most cogent possible. It is not because they are common-place; although, as I said, you have heard them a thousand times. But, I should be insulting your memory and understanding, were I to suppose, that any thing more than a mere glance were necessary, to make them bear, with all their force and power, on

the quantum of your contributions this morning. Contributions, which, I make no doubt, will be abundantly increased by the particular observations I am now about to offer, on a point, already touched in the beginning of my discourse; but which point, in my opinion, demands the undivided zeal of every Catholic preacher.

You are Irish Catholics. You have preserved your faith for fourteen hundred years. You have suffered; you have bled for it. Thrice was Ireland laid waste with fire and sword. Thrice was she confiscated, because she would be Catholic; under Elizabeth; under Cromwell; under William. Thrice was she denounced and treated as a rebel, although she was fighting against rebels for her legitimate kings, and her own inherent rights. At length, her religion was guaranteed to her, at Limerick, by solemn treaty.—The ink was hardly dry, when the bond was torn; and a worse than Ottoman code sunk her into misery for more than an age! Why do I recall these horrors? Is it to excite your revenge? God forbid. Is it to haunt the consciences of those, who would, if they could, have continued them?—No; not even that light punishment would I inflict. Why, then, do I look back? It is to caution *you* not to permit, and *them* not to attempt, the destruction, now, by trick, of that religion, which the persecution of ages could not humble.—The cant of conciliation is become the order of the day. The cry for education, for Irish education, resounds from the

Atlantic to the German ocean. Zealots of all the various new-fangled creeds; as various and as numerous as the tongues of Babel; have, from persecuting, suddenly turned to commiserating, the "poor Irish." Meetings are held, and money subscribed, in London, Liverpool, Edinburgh and at home, for the education of the "poor Irish." Oh wonderful and miraculous change! The men who, were it not for the enlightened and humane counsels of his late Majesty, would have preserved the law, which transported every Catholic schoolmaster; the men who, to this very day, rigourously enforce that other barbarous statute, which forbids a Catholic to bequeath one farthing to a school of his own religion; and which forbids such legacy, too, under pain of confiscation for the benefit of those chartered establishments, where the foundlings of Catholic parents are brought up in the most rancorous hatred to the faith of their ancestors. The men who, maddened by the fanatical pen of a Westley, and led on by the superstitious fury of a Gordon, carried fire and sword throughout the great metropolis of the British empire, because the Legislature had been graciously pleased to strike the first link from Catholic chains. Men, I say, of this stamp, have all at once become the zealous advocates, the *disinterested* agents, the clamorous apostles of universal education, "without religious distinction!" Oh! hollow and hypocritical cant! When the Ethiop shall change his skin, and the leopard his spots, as the prophet says, then shall I believe the sincerity of this methodistical profession.

If the educationists are sincere; if they mean what they avow; if their object is education, not proselytism; if they are not the kidnappers and pirates of infant souls, why not hand over to the Catholic Clergy, or to the Catholic Committees of this metropolis, that portion of their funds, which they have so *charitably* set apart for the education of the Catholic poor? Are the disciples of Westley better qualified for the task, than the bodies I have mentioned? Are they more disinterested? The accounts of the Catholic Charities are open to the public, and bear investigation. Well would it be with the Sectaries, if they could say as much.—Or, is the rant of a Westley better calculated than the Catholic faith, to make Catholic children good Christians, and worthy members of society? Are—the inutility of good works, the salvation by faith alone, and the imaginary workings of the pretended spirit, preferable, for their moral effect, to the restraint of confession, the mortification of appetite, the enforcement of restitution, and the sanctity of a Catholic communion? Oht the folly, the impudence of fanaticism!—Besides, remove once from the mind of a Catholic his early religious impressions, and you will never after be able to fill up the vacuum. You may make him an indifferentist; you may make him a deist; you may make him an atheist; you may make him even a fanatical anti-religionist (for all these non-religions have their fanatics)—you may make him any thing; you may make him nothing; but, a religious man—never.—

Here, methinks, the proselytizers ask me, with a sneer—"What! would you have us resign the administration of our own funds?"—On the contrary; keep them to yourselves; spend them in the education of your own children; do, in a word, whatever else you please with them; but be not so silly, or so impudent, as to insult the Catholic public, by professing to educate *their* poor—unless you place your funds in Catholic hands.

There exists, however, a fund, expressly set apart by legislative provision for this identical object. Some time ago, Parliament granted £6000 (since increased to £10,000) a year, to a certain society for the education of the poor of Ireland *without religious distinction*. The Legislature was, no doubt, as upright and sincere in this grant, as in its former one to the College of Maynooth. But the college-fund was placed, as it ought to be, in Catholic hands; and neither the government, nor the country, has ever had reason to complain of its application. How has the education-fund been administered? I pronounce its appropriation, to be a rank deceit upon the Legislature and the public. It was granted for the benefit of the Irish poor; and yet, it is employed in the establishment and maintenance of schools, where the poor of Ireland (almost to a man, Catholics) cannot send their children for instruction, without compromising their own consciences, and endangering the faith of their infants. Here, then, is a fund of ten thousand annual pounds, granted from the taxes; paid by the

poor people themselves; and to what end? To tease and trick their little ones out of their religion! Oh! has the Ethiop changed his skin, or the leopard his spots?

There are many other similar institutions in the country. I remember, about a year since, when in London, reading in the papers an account of a meeting, held in that city, for what is called, I think, the Hibernian Bible Society. A person (Matthias, if I mistake not, is the name) was there stated to have recounted a very affecting story of a poor Irish peasant going to the gallows (name and place not mentioned) who, upon a bible being shewn to him, declared that had he seen that book sooner, he never should have committed crime. This absurdity (for who ever heard of such a thing in Ireland?) was swallowed, of course, with becoming devotion, by the audience. But the grand fact of the biblical orator's apostolical report, is yet to be told. It is this:—He is stated to have asserted, that in the schools of the Hibernian Society alone, there were six thousand children! The intelligence, as you may suppose, was hailed with thunders of applause, mixed with pious thanksgivings for the approaching downfall of Popery in "benighted" Ireland. Now, my brethren, I know that this may have been a misstatement, hatched up for the very innocent purpose of hoodwinking our good neighbours the English out of their money. For they have latterly begun to slacken, and rather considerably too, in their expensive zeal for Popish and Pagan conversions. Nor

do they find it turn exactly to account, to pay £1000, and print 1000 bibles, for every poor Papist of Ireland, or every poor Pagan of Otaheite, who, they are told, receives the "evangelical light" (what an abuse of words!) I mean, the methodistical darkness. But, as I was saying, the statement may have been altogether a pious fraud. Yet, again, on the other hand, it may, for aught I know, be true. And, then, what an appalling fact for us, Catholics! Six thousand children in the hands of the Hibernian Bible Society! Really, if this be fact, it is high time for us to look about ourselves.—And now let me remark, with pointed indignation, and demonstrate, with incontrovertible argument, the injustice and criminality of the prevailing system of proselytism. This I owe, not more to my country and her religion, than to the honest and well-meaning Protestants who hear me; and whose connexions, particularly, certain good-natured females, may have been innocently led into the system, under the impression that they were "doing a service to God."

My argument is this.—The Law of Nature is paramount. It is the first, the eternal, the indispensable, imprescriptible law of the Great Creator. It takes precedence of all other laws, not only human, but divine. This Law of Nature, then, places children under the direction and controul of their parents, until the former are, naturally, of an age to judge and act for themselves. Nay, the parental authority in question, is so deeply rooted in the na-

tural law, that neither father nor mother can under any circumstances whatsoever, licitly or validly resign it. At Rome, to this day, the Jews educate their offspring in their own exploded religion; nor does his Holiness presume to violate the law of nature, by either baptizing, or bringing up in the Christian faith, the infant "sheep, who are perishing, of the house of Israel." For, the Catholic Church teaches, with St. Paul, "that we are *not* to do evil that good may come of it." The Pagan Emperors themselves, though they slaughtered the Christians, never once even dreamed of infringing this first law of nature. The Turks alone, who despise all law, seize the Christian infants, and make them their Mamelukes, or the unhappy slaves of their harems. What an example to follow! Yet similar is the conduct of our modern proselytizers? For I make no distinction between the terror of the scimitar, and the temptation of the bribe; except that the former is more manly, and injures only the child; the latter is more base, and seduces both parent and child. Shame, then, upon such deception! Shame upon the cause even of truth, when enforced by bribery, lying, and the violation of the laws of nature! Oh! let the fanatics rather draw once more the sword, like their puritan prototypes under Cromwell; we shall then know how to avoid them; but let them not insult us with seduction under the mask of charity.

I hope I have convinced the liberal Protestants who hear me. I trust they will now exert

themselves to put down this shameful system. If they are charitably inclined towards their poor Catholic neighbours, whose toils are the main support of *their* affluence, why, let them contribute to give their helpless little ones that Christian education, according to the conscience of the parents, which the law of nature, and of nature's God commands. If they do, you, my brethren, will thank them, and the Almighty will reward them for their sincerity. If, on the contrary, they contribute with a sinister motive, why, you will despise their gift, and God will not record it in the book of his mercy. But this I do not anticipate. For true liberality scorns the low tricks of mushroom separatism; and is ever as fair in its charity, as in all its other dealings.

Fear not, then, my brethren. Your own exertions, aided by the co-operation of all truly liberal souls, will secure to Catholic indigence the blessings of Catholic education. Fear not; again I say, fear not. That Jesus, who has hitherto preserved to his Isle of Saints her original faith, will preserve it to her still, by Protestant benevolence and Catholic perseverance. Persevere, then, my Catholic brethren. Persevere, in the sincerity, in the simplicity of your faith. But, while your simplicity is that of the dove, let your prudence, your caution, your vigilance, be that of the serpent. You have stood by your Church in all her afflictions; you have broken with her persecuted ministers the bread of bitterness, and shared

with them the cup of sorrow. After your Church, the next object, believe me, which demands your zealous and constant care, is the education of your poor. For, if the present perfidious system of proselytism continue; and if a plot of a deeper and higher game, to which I care not at present more distinctly to allude, be carried into execution; I see no prospect, but that of utter ruin, for the Catholic religion in Ireland.

To avert, then, so great a disaster; to draw down the mercies of God upon yourselves and your unfortunate country; to obtain at his hands all those blessings, temporal and eternal, which he has promised to pure and sincere charity; let every individual who hears me, make now a special sacrifice, by doubling, however small, his intended contribution.—At the morning sermon, the rich have been “casting, of their abundance, into the treasury” of their God. Let the poor, this evening, “of their want, cast in *more*.” More, I say, my brethren, not only relatively, or, in proportion to your scanty means; but more, in real amount, and, in proportion to your superior numbers. To speak, then, in terms, intelligible as they are common—let your fivepennies become tenpennies, and your half-crowns whole. Throw, without fear, this additional mite into the treasury of Heaven. He, who sees your means, and the heart with which you give it, will repay you with a hundred fold in this world, and eternal life in a better,

A blessing, which I warmly entreat you now to earn; and as warmly wish you hereafter, in the plenitude of time, to obtain. In the Name, &c.

On the first appearance of these Sermons, I was attacked by a horde of scribblers. Churchmen, apostates, fanatics of every fury, folly, and feather, let fly their pamphlets and newspaper squibs at me, in a shower so tremendous, that, had they contained *any thing* besides paper and print, I must inevitably have perished in the storm. However, I steadily pursued the publication of my first Seven Sermons, smiling at the paper pellets which flew about my ears, and not a little amused by the bullying threats, and wild uproar of the motley crowd, who bombarded me on all sides.—At length, in my Eighth Sermon, intituled “Review of Protestant Pamphlets,” I turned upon the principal assailants. That Sermon was, as I had promised it should be, “the look of the lion, scaring away the vermin, which had kept barking after him, while he ranged the forest.” That Sermon was the thunder-clap which killed all the flies. For, from the day of its publication to the present, the barking champions of Sectarianism have all become “dumb dogs.” Not even a yelp do I hear from any of them.

But what are the Tract, Bible, and Kildare-street Societies about?—Why do they not spend some of their thousands in replying to my Ser-

mons; instead of throwing the Sacred Word of God into every pig-stye, and cramming down the throats of the poor, their nonsensical, but immoral *gibberish*, about the "New Light, the Spirit, Faith alone, and—the blacker the sinner, the brighter the saint?" Let these Societies, I say, *pay* some one to answer my Sermons. But I cannot force them to do this; and, therefore, I give notice to the Public, that as I cannot entertain them, this turn, with my *Quarterly* "REVIEW OF PROTESTANT PAMPHLETS," I shall close the *First Volume* with my Fourteenth Sermon. Title—LAST JUDGMENT. Text—"Nevertheless, I say to you, hereafter you shall see the Son of Man, sitting on the right hand of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven." St. Matt. xxvi. 64.

The *Second Volume* will commence with the Panegyric of the Great Founder of our National Church, ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF THE ISLE OF SAINTS.

SERMON XIV.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

LAST JUDGMENT.

Nevertheless, I say to you, hereafter you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven.

St. Matt. c. xxvi, v. 64.

Who pronounced these awful words? When, where, by whom, and to whom was this dread prediction made?—Jesus Christ, the meek and humble Lamb of God; seized at night in the Garden of Gethsemani; deserted by his disciples; bound in vile cords; dragged along by outrageous miscreants and slaves; standing at the tribunal of the impious Calphas; on trial for his life; surrounded by enemies who had long thirsted for his innocent blood; assailed by perjured witnesses; is silent, as the sheep led to the slaughter (“before its shearer it openeth not its mouth”) until, adjured by the name of the living God to tell his murderers, if he be Christ the Son of God, he answers the high priest and says: “Thou hast said it. Nevertheless I say to you, hereafter you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven.”

What! hath not Christ then yet consummated the mission he received from his

Eternal Father?—He has taught the truth ; he has confirmed it by miracles ; he has suffered ; he has died ; and by his death has cancelled the hand-writing of sin which stood against mankind. He has crushed idolatry ; he has established his Church ; he has secured her against the gates of hell. He has raised his mangled flesh from the darkness of the tomb ; he has clothed it in immortality ; and, by his glorious ascension, placed it on the right hand of his Father who is in heaven. Having redeemed mankind, what more can be added to his goodness ? Having seated his suffering humanity above the Angels, and Archangels, what more can be added to his glory and his recompence ?—Yes ; he has still one more work to perform amongst men ;—great, important, necessary, and tremendous. He has still to draw the sword of his justice. Not, by surrounding Jerusalem with an army ; enveloping her temple in flames ; leaving not one stone to rest upon another ; destroying in the siege eleven hundred thousand of her inhabitants ; exterminating, by fire, famine and sword, five millions of that ungrateful race, throughout the whole of Judea, by a seven years war ; sending the survivors to the mart of slavery ; and scattering them to the four winds of heaven, stigmatized with his blood, and self-cursed, in themselves and their children, to infamy and wretchedness, in every age and clime, for more than seventeen hundred years.—Awful as that vengeance was, the Son of Man has still a greater to execute,—

Hark ! What thunder bursts along the vault of heaven, rending the stilly calmness of the night ?—It is the signal of destruction

to the sons of men. For, "as in the days before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered the ark; and they knew not till the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." Last unfortunate generation of mankind! Starting from their couches in the dead of night, they rush forth from their habitations, now fired by the lightning of heaven, and crumbling about their ears. Scared with dismay, they crowd the public squares of their cities, the open plains of their suburbs, now no longer the theatres of their luxury, amusement and guilt. The angels of the firmament pursue them with hail of talent-weight; and the forked artillery of the avenging God of nature lays millions prostrate. The surviving rout fly to the mountains, rocks and caverns of the earth, and cry to them to fall upon and hide them from the face of Him, who sitteth on the throne. Part of their prayer is heard. Mountains upon mountains fall; caverns and rocks in wild confusion roll, and crush them from existence; not to hide, but to present them before the face of Him, who sitteth on the throne. Others seek their safety on the ocean. The ocean, heaving in convulsions, from its deepest bowels, casts their mighty shipping back upon the dismal shore; or ingulphs them in its watery whirlpools of destruction.—

What crash is that I hear? God of terror! what do my eyes behold? The earth has yawned, and swallowed up her cities. Not like Lisbon with her five hundred Palaces and Churches, and her fifty thousand

souls; but all the cities, towns and villages of the world; their dwellings, banquetting rooms and public halls; their courts, their theatres, their temples and their senate-houses; their works of art, their monuments of time, their trophies and their spoils; the records of their history, the sublime productions of their literary genius; all which formed their pride, their glory, and their joy; with all which marked their infamy, their misery, and their guilt, down to their pest-houses, prisons and brothels; all, all, swept, as the prophet said of Babylon, with one tremendous brush of the "besom of destruction;" and every living thing, and every human being; man, woman, child—born and unborn; kings and subjects; masters and slaves; states and empires; monarchies and republics; Heathen, Mahometan and Christian; Pekin and Washington; Constantinople and Lima; Petersburg and Madrid; Paris and Rome; London and Dublin; all, all, ingulphed in one universal earthquake!—Oh! night of desolation and despair! Oh! night of lamentation and woe! Will the rising sun bring relief to blasted and withering mankind, reeling under this last blow of omnipotent vengeance? He rises; but only to render darkness more horrible. His beams are shrouded in sackcloth. The rays which he lends to the sister-light, reflect themselves in blood. The stars are extinguished; fall from heaven; or dart, in wild disorder, across the firmament. To sum all in a word—the whole visible creation—earth, sea, and sky—inundated with the vial of the divine wrath, and tottering under the execution of that dread decree of which they are the instruments, conspire, in one indiscriminating fury, for the final

extirpation of the race of man—*pugnabit pro
eo orbis terrarum contra insensatos !*

The exterminating Angel, who gave the first signal of vengeance; pursuing his rapid course round the equinoctial, and in each successive meridian of midnight, awaking to death the slumbering nations of every clime; pours forth, as he passes along, a river of devouring flame; and riding aloft on the foremost billow of the conflagration, hastens to complete his nocturnal revolution of ruin. Either pole is soon enveloped in the swelling ocean of fire; all is now one immense volcano; the messenger of wrath overtakes the tardy sun; and, angel of extermination though he be, shudders to look back upon the scene of burning destruction, which has closed for ever his awful ministry. He resigns at length into the hands of his dread Sovereign, that fiery scimitar with which he had guarded Paradise against sinful man; and though six thousand years of horrors have taught him how terrible the God of justice is, still he trembles to behold the terraqueous globe, rolling through space, one massive ball of flame. The searching element penetrates into every crevice, and scorches life out of every atom that breathed. It reduces to cinder all the works of man, and all the works of God, which man had polluted; until this world, once so beautiful, so full of life, of grandeur, and of genius, but yet so full of crime, sinks into a silent, dreary, waste of ashes, desolation and death!—

All now is hushed. Life hath resigned her sceptre. Death hath commenced his grim, eternal, reign. Time is no more. The race of Adam, sixty centuries old, extinct for ever!

Yet, these are but the beginnings of evils. One woe is past; the other comes quickly. The dread Lord of Creation, seated on his throne in the highest Heaven, looks down in all the majesty of terror, pausing over the universal blank of extinguished nature. His mighty angels, trembling in suspense, await his last terrible command.—He speaks.—It is done.—The Archangel takes his trumpet. The blast resounds throughout the vaulted concave of the heavens; it re-echoes with redoubled thunder in the bottomless pits of hell; it bellows through every depth of the boiling ocean, and shakes to their centre the ashy ruins of the smoking globe. It rings along the utmost verge of Creation's vast circumference; "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!"

At the sound, Hell vomits forth his millions of unhappy souls. With reluctance do they quit their infernal abode, where they would prefer to hide themselves for an eternity of eternities, rather than once appear before the face of their offended God. In terror and all the anguish of double despair, they re-enter their fetid carcasses, once the companions and instruments of their crimes, and now about to be for ever the companions and instruments of their redoubled tortures.—But how should not the hearts of weak and wretched mortals wither away with dread, when Lucifer himself, the Prince of Archangels; the greatest, most perfect, most powerful, and most intelligent offspring of God's first creative fiat; he, who dared in heaven itself to contend with his Maker; he, who has said to evil "Be thou my good;" who, since the moment he rebelled, has waged against his Almighty Lord interminable, irreconcilable war; he, who from the

fatal sin of Paradise, down to the last crime which shall have polluted the burning world, has obstinately thwarted the benefits of God to mankind; he, in a word, that haughtiest of spirits, whose pride is so untameable that, in spite of the hell of hells which burns within him, and "to which the fiery hell around him is a heaven," would not, even now, on the last day, when he sees all his infernal plans baffled, and recoiling with multiplied vengeance on his own guilty head; would not, I say, either now or through an eternity of torture, encreased as far as almighty power could increase it; would not; no, not even for the recovery of his own highest place in heaven, if the offer were made him, condescend to ask pardon of his Judge. Even he, Lucifer, with all his fallen angels, trembles to appear before the face of that Man of sorrows, whom by his agents he had crucified on Calvary. Yet, appear he must, and hear from those very lips his eternal doom, aggravated by all the crimes he has committed, and caused to be committed, since the day he fell from heaven. Behold him, the Arch-demon, with his myriads of infernal satellites of every angelic order, and with his millions of human victims of every rank and degree, crowding to the bar of judgment.—On the other hand, the saints of every age and clime, from the repentant father of mankind to the last pious soul who shall have witnessed the flames of an expiring universe, descend from their blest abodes, to rejoin and reanimate their holy and glorified bodies, in which they have served and loved their God, and which are now about to exchange their mortifications, sorrows, sufferings, persecutions and death, for glory, joy, and incorruptibility everlasting.—Lo! now, the whole mass of mankind assembled; one indis-

erminate throng; in that place, which is mentioned by the prophet, and which seems so reasonably selected by their divine Redeemer and Judge, for this his last terrible and universal exhibition of his justice. It is the vale of Josaphat, winding round the bases of Calvary where he died, and of Olivet whence he ascended.

“Ye Men of Galilee,” said the Angels to the apostles, “why stand you looking up to heaven? This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, so shall he come as you have seen him going into heaven.” The term of the angelic prophecy is at length expired.—That same Jesus; that God-Man, whom ruffian hands had nailed to a gibbet; now descends from the height of his Father’s glory, to award unerring and deserved vengeance to his murderers, his revilers, and his ungrateful children. He descends to recompense the merits of his servants, whom his own mercy has snatched from the mass of damnation. Clothed in the self same flesh, with his wounds open as Thomas saw them; “Behold,” saith the prophetic historian John, “behold he cometh with the clouds, and every eye shall see him, even they that pierced him.” On his right hand, a living collateral proof of the identity of his human nature, appears his ever blessed and glorious Mother, wearing that same sacred and virginal frame which gave him birth, and which, by special privilege, shortly after her dissolution, was united to, and glorified with, her immaculate soul. For, as he did not suffer his own holy body to remain the prey of death, so neither would he allow the flesh from which he took it, to see corruption.—He descends, attended by the whole universe of heavenly spirits. The

cities and palaces of the celestial empire are emptied of their innumerable, immortal inhabitants; and the Eternal Father, retiring once more, as it were, into that solitude of being, in which he was from all eternity self-and-sole-existent before all creation, sends forth the whole of his heavenly court to honour his beloved Son; who, as Man, has earned by his humility the right, which he is now going to exercise, of judging both angels and men. When he descended into the womb of Mary, one single messenger announced his approach. But now the moment is arrived, when "in the name of Jesus, every knee shall bow of those that are in heaven, on earth, and in hell; and every tongue shall confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father." Therefore, the Judge of angels and of men, descends, surrounded by all the heavenly hosts. Before him, in refulgent glory, shines the "Sign of the Son of man;" the standard and instrument of his victory over sin, death and hell; no other, than the Cross which he bathed with his blood; the identical wood of which has, like the bodies of his saints, been gathered from corruption and honoured with immortality. By that wood he saved the world; by that wood he now descends to judge the world; by that wood he will confound the reprobate; by that wood he will gladden the blessed for endless days. Borne by angels, the immortal Cross resumes its ancient post on the summit of Calvary. Here it stands full in front of the throne of judgment, which now raises its massy pile on the top of Olivet, that the Judge may descend, whence the Redeemer once ascended.

To proceed—for why shall I stop to describe either the terror of the wicked, or the hope,

humble yet trembling, of even the elect, upon the appearance of their Judge? The feelings of both are better imagined than described. To proceed then, "I saw," says St. John, "the dead both great and small standing before the throne, and the books were opened; and another book was opened which is the book of life. And the dead were judged by those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the pool of fire." Here we have the whole process of this awful court of General Judgment. A court, awful, yet just; as He is just who sits upon the throne. A court, just and fair, not only in the eyes of the all-seeing Judge, but in the eyes too, of all who stand at the bar, whether guilty or innocent. The first books which are opened, are the consciences of all; and by their works which are written therein, they stand self-absolved or self-convicted. What more just, oh God of Justice! The second book, which is called the book of life, is no other than the eternal record, in which the omniscient Judge has enrolled the names of his elect. For "whom he foreknew, he also predestinated; and whom he predestinated, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them and them alone he now will glorify." Rom. c. viii. And whosoever shall not be found written in this book of life; in this eternal record of God's mercy and justice; shall be cast into the pool of fire.

These books then; the consciences of men on the one hand, and the record of omniscience on the other, being compared, and found to agree, the accounts close for ever between Jesus Christ

and mankind. That instant, his angels, obedient to his nod, separate in the twinkling of an eye, *in actu oculi*, the self-acquitted from the self-condemned. The difference, not only of their countenances (in which the look of each one's conscience is reflected) but of their resuscitated bodies, renders the separation easy. For, while those of the good sparkle with heavenly splendor—a token of the purity of their hearts, and of the glory to which they are destined—the bodies of the bad, by the dark and hellish hue which stains them, proclaim their unrepented guilt, and the doom of misery which awaits their crimes. Separation, awful, dismal, irreparable, eternal! who shall describe thee?—Here is Abel; there is Cain. Here the sons of God; there the children of men. Here the once sinful, yet humble, antediluvians who repented in the days of Noah; there the wretched beings whom the waters of the deluge swept into eternal flames. Here are Job and the ancients who lived in holiness under the law of nature; there the vain philosophers who, like Socrates, though they knew their God, did not honour him as God, but, by their timidity and dastardly compliance, confirmed in the minds of the vulgar the reigning idolatry of their age. Here stand the Patriarchs and Prophets, who preached the worship of the one true God; there the legislators and poets of Paganism, who established, or encouraged, the adoration of imaginary and lascivious divinities. Here appear the Apostles, who believed in Christ; there the high priests and pharisees, who crucified him. Here is Peter, who denied his master and repented; there Judas, who sold him and despaired. On one side are the Martyrs; on the other, their persecutors. On one side, Paul; on the other, Nero. On one

side, Constantine; on the other, Dioclesian. On the right, the Doctors of the Church, who had preserved "the unity of the faith in the bond of peace;" on the left, the heresiarchs, who had departed from "the faith once delivered to the saints," and rent the seamless garment of Jesus Christ. On the right, Athanasius, Ignatius of Constantinople, and Ignatius of Loyola; on the left, Arius, Photius, and Luther. On the right, a Fisher; on the left, a Cranmer.—

And here, let me not be accused of dictating to the Almighty Disposer of man's eternal doom. He, and He alone, knows *whom* in his mercy he shall justify, and *whom* in his justice he shall condemn. We must, therefore, await his final sentence, before we can *individualize* either the reprobate, or the elect. The names of a few, and only a few, on either side, have been revealed to us. Hence we can pronounce, that Cain and Judas are condemned; that Abel and Peter are justified. To these, and some other individuals, whose eternal fate God has been already pleased to manifest either by word, or by miracle, our *absolute* certainty must be confined. But then, we must not imagine, that the Eternal Truth has left us in complete darkness on this point. He has said to the just, "Whosoever shall persevere to the end, shall be saved." He has said to the wicked, "Unless ye do penance, ye shall all perish." These general declarations of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, though they do not supply absolute certainty, are yet sufficient grounds, upon which to form our opinion, with respect to the eternal fate, not only of ourselves, but of those, too, whose lives are known to us. Hence, as from our knowledge of men's actions, we are

justified in calling one virtuous, and another vicious, during life; so, are we equally justified in concluding, that Heaven will be the reward of the former, and Hell the doom of the latter. Were not this the case, the threats and promises of the Son of God would lose all their effect upon the morals of mankind; and the object he had in pronouncing them, would thus be frustrated. True it is, that the saint, at his very last gasp, *may* sin; and the sinner, at his last gasp, *may* repent. Such changes, however, are merely possible; God leaves them so; in order that the saint may never presume, nor the sinner ever despair. But, were the chances, on either side, to be so equal, as modern *liberalism* would fain make them; were we to be so uncertain of the salvation of the good man, or of the damnation of the bad, as the cant of indifferentism would have us to be; were a merciful and just God to be at all in the habit of withdrawing from virtue, or granting to vice, his sanctifying grace at the moment of dissolution; were this supposition of our pretended *liberals* at all admissible, then, indeed, virtue and vice, reward and punishment, mercy and justice, would become not only in our minds, but in the mind of God himself, a mass of confused ideas without sense or object. Then, indeed, might our *liberals* cry "victory," and boast of their long-sought success, in rendering virtue an idle name, and religion a farce! Far, far, my brethren, be such confusion of ideas from every Christian soul! Nor let me be charged with usurping the province of omniscience, when, on the principles above laid down, and under the restrictions to which I have alluded, I venture to anticipate the classification of the elect and reprobate on the last day.—

To return, then, to that awful classification: On the right appears a Fisher; on the left, a Cranmer. On the right, a Bossuet; on the left, a Calvin. On the right, a Gerdil, a Ferrer, a Pius the Sixth, a Milner; on the left, a Voltaire, a Gibbon, a Mirabeau, a Robespierre. In a word, on the right, the defenders and observers of Christian truth and morality; on the left, the wilful impugnors of the former, and the unprincipled violators of the latter. To sum up—on the right, the pious; on the left, the wordlings. On the right, the chaste; on the left, the lewd. On the right, the penitent; on the left, the obdurate. On the right, the good; on the left, the wicked. And

Where shall you and I, my brethren, be on that day?—You and I can answer ourselves, the all-important question, by the same rule which has guided me in the classification you have heard. A happy death is the reward of a virtuous life; a miserable death, the punishment of a vicious one. Such is the ordinary and established economy of a Just Providence. A deviation from this rule, though not absolutely impossible, (for what is impossible to infinite mercy?) is yet an extraordinary, a miraculous interposition in the order of grace. As it would be, then, a presumption on the divine goodness, to suppose that any of the public and notorious sinners I have noticed, were, without even the knowledge of those about them, visited in their last moments with feelings, contradicted by the whole tenor of their lives; so, if you be now in sin, what right have you to expect that God will perform a miracle for you on your death-bed, and, in spite of the demerits of your lives, place you on his right hand on the day of general judgment? If, on the contrary, you be

in grace ; persevere, and humbly hope, that on that last and worst of days, you shall rank in the number of his elect.

But, whatever be the fate of you or me on that decisive day, let us, for a moment, leave the two immense throngs of the self-acquitted and the self-condemned awaiting the sentence of their unalterable doom. Let us, I say, pause, for a moment, at this stage of the dread proceeding ; and enquire, for our own instruction, *why* has God at all decreed an universal judgment ?—The fact itself is an expressly revealed point of faith ; and the order of time and place in which I have represented its execution, rests, if not on the same ground of certainty, at least on the most probable and generally received opinion. The whole event, however, may possibly pass off in less time, than I have taken to portray it, or than any one of us would take to think of it. But, *why* has God chosen to hold this general assize of all the sons of men ? —The motives of *any* of his divine actions can only be perfectly known to himself ; and as such, must be infinitely right, though concealed at present from our view. So, no doubt, it is with respect to the last judgment ; and on that day of days, we shall be able fully to appreciate those motives. Nevertheless, guided by the light of our weak reason, and illumined by the beam of supernatural faith, we can discover, even now, sufficient and just, not to say, imperative, reasons, for this solemn and final exercise of his judicial power. Why then ; I repeat the question, that we may come more clearly to the answer. Why, if the soul, immediately on her departure from the body, is individually judged, and according to her works, is destined either to eternal punishment or eternal

happiness, save when the commission of minor faults, or the non-atonement of greater ones, requires a temporary purgation; why, if such is the law of God's justice to each individual soul; why, then, a general judgment? I answer—to vindicate the character of those who have left the world under unmerited infamy; to expose the lives of those others who have deceived mankind by their hypocrisy; to confound the reprobate by the sight of such as, placed in similar situations with themselves, have yet loved and served their maker; to convince the elect of the special mercy which they enjoy, while others, in all other respects like to them, have failed, and perished for ever. To demonstrate to the guilty, not only individually but collectively, that their woe is all from themselves; that their very existence is still, on the part of their God, a bounty, even in hell; and that, infinite goodness having once given them an immortal nature, that nature was not to be changed, nor that immortality to be annihilated, because they chose to make an abuse thereof. For God is not to be mocked, nor are his almighty acts to be set at nought, at the whim of a rebellious creature. These, my brethren, are a few of the motives, which, as far as men are concerned, call for the general judgment.

But there are still higher considerations; considerations which involve the honor of the Deity himself; and which, therefore, peremptorily demand this solemn display of his all-tributive justice. As Christ was judged in the flesh; so, in his turn, he now judges in the flesh. As he suffered in public; so, he now triumphs in public. And as by one universal redemption he atoned for mankind; so, by one

universal judgment he now decides the eternal fate of mankind. But, the most prominent feature of this last definitive act of God's economy with men, is the condescension of his justice. Yes, Christians, I repeat it; the wonderful, yet terrible, condescension of his justice. He might, if he pleased, pass sentence without deigning to justify that sentence; nor would his silence render it less just. But here he condescends to submit his decision to the opinion of his own creatures assembled at his bar; and to the eye, not only of every Angel and Saint, but of every demon and damn'd soul, that decision stands fully and completely justified. His Justice is the sister of his Mercy; nor would the happiness of heaven deserve the name of recompence to the just, unless the misery of hell were allotted as punishment to the sinner. So evident then on that day will appear—the enormity of sin; the fairness of the trial; the natural equity, nay, necessity of the sentence; the voluntary, the unyielding obstinacy of the offenders, contrasted with the infinite goodness, sanctity, and majesty of the offended; so evident, I say, will all these things appear, that Lucifer himself must subscribe to the justice, intensity, and duration of his punishment; and admit that, terrible as it is, it still falls short of his crime.

And as for those wretched men, who blinded by their passions, now flatter themselves that God is too good to punish them eternally—oh! what shall be their horror, when, tried by the test of their own condemning consciences; by the respective lights and graces which they received but rejected; by the dogmas of that revelation which they believed; by the principles of that very reason, which they so unreasonably

preferred to the word of Eternal Truth; what, I say, shall be their horror, when, convicted on their own admissions, they must, in wringing despair, bow to the equity of their doleful doom!

Oh terrible Equity! why art not thou still kept hidden from their view? Thou, thou, by justifying to their own eyes their fate, art the sting of all their torments; and hell would cease to be hell, if they could cease to see thee. Yes, Conscience, Conscience, is the essence of hell. The fire, and all the other external tortures, are but the accessory punishments inflicted by the just anger of God. Let all these tortures of the wicked be removed—still, the conscience of having lost, through *their own* fault, the good will, the love of their God; this conscience, this conviction *alone*, would be, for ever, *whole* hell to the damned.—Conscience is, likewise, the essence of heaven. And were God to strip the blessed of all the appendages of their glory—the conscience of loving that God, and of being loved by him in return, would, of itself, render them eternally happy.—To try his creatures, then, by the test of their own consciences—a test, which they *cannot* challenge; and by that test, to convince both themselves and all their fellow-creatures, of the justice of their respective sentences; this, this is the main object of God's general judgment.

But to return.—Self-acquitted, then, or self-condemned, behold, on either side, the virtuous and the reprobate. Ask me not to enlarge upon the terms, much less upon the execution, of the two sentences, which are now going to be pronounced. Each presents an ocean of thought, through which, were I even not already ex-

hausted, I should be unable to steer the frail bank of my overpowered imagination. Do you, then, my brethren, supply, in the best way you can, your preacher's deficiency. Dive into these two oceans, of infinite happiness, and of infinite misery. Sound them with the plummet of your own serious reflection. And, while I confine myself to little more, than the bare utterance of the two irrevocable awards, and a passing remark on the distinct ground alledged for either by the Eternal Judge, do *you* remember that *now* you can choose your fate—an hour hence, and the golden opportunity may be lost for ever !

The ground alledged, is expressed in these words: "I was hungry, and you gave me—or, you gave me not—to eat." &c. The Redeemer had said "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God—and thy neighbour as thyself." What the Redeemer taught, the Judge confirms—"Faith without works is dead."—Jesus himself is in the person of his poor; and what we do to them, we do to Him.—Upon the observance; or the violation of this double duty—love of God and of our neighbour—the fate of All being now decided; turning to those on his right hand, with joy and tenderness beaming in those eyes which once shed tears of blood, "Come," saith Jesus, "ye blessed of my Father, and receive the kingdom which was prepared for you from the beginning of the world."—Mounted on thrones, the Blessed sit, to join their Judge in his judicial capacity, for the condemnation of his and their enemies. Oh ! what a sight for each reprobate soul ! To behold such glory, and to say, "I have lost it through my own fault !"—Having next allotted, to such as without any sin of their own have perished

under the crime of Adam, a middle state of being not yet revealed ; which state, though not heaven, is yet not hell, (sad consolation for the loss of heaven !) the God, once of mercy, but now of vengeance, darting to the left a look more terrible than ten thousand bells, exclaims : “ Go, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels !!! ”

The vale of judgment is again a waste—
Creation’s doom is sealed—and all is vanished !

The Eternal Father thunders from the highest heavens his confirmation of both sentences ; and locking, with either hand, upon their respective inmates, the gates of heaven and of hell, flings the keys into the ocean of eternity !

Oh ! Christians, kneel with me ; and if you be in sin, renounce it now for ever !

A blessing, &c.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

The Second will commence with the PANEGYRIC OF ST. PATRICK. Text—“ Give ear to me you that follow that which is just, and you that seek the Lord : look unto the rock whence you are hewn, and to the hole of the pit from which you are dug out. Look unto Abraham your father, and to Sara who bore you : for I called him, and blessed him, and multiplied him.” Isaias, c. li, v. 1, 2.

SERMONS
OF THE
REV. RICHARD HAYES,
PRIEST OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH,
O. S. F.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Matt. c. 16, v. 18.

DUBLIN:
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1823.

(A Sermon, Price 5d. Published every Fortnight.)

N. B. Ill health obliging me to a temporary residence in the South of France, I hereby authorise my Printer, Mr. Byrn 26, Abbey-street, to receive, during my absence, all arrears, and to sell, *for ready money only* the Sermons, bound or unbound, of these Two Volumes.

R. H.

July 24, 1823.

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TO THE
SOCIETY
OF THE
CATHOLIC FAITH.

MY FRIENDS,

FORCED by ill health to suspend my labours, and depart for the South of France, I cannot leave you without recording my gratitude for your disinterested, your truly religious zeal in the distribution of these Sermons. A zeal, which fully justifies the high name I have selected for you as a body—**THE SOCIETY OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH.** I recommend myself to your prayers and those of **CATHOLIC IRELAND**; trusting, that our **DIVINE JESUS** will soon enable me to resume my humble toil in the service of his **HOLY CHURCH.** Mean while, let this dedication of my **SECOND VOLUME** be to you, my friends, a *memento* of the sincerity, with which I am, and ever shall be your affectionate friend and servant,

RICHARD HAYES.

*Dublin, 26, Abbey-street,
July 24, 1823.*

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SERMON XV.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

Give ear to me, you that follow that which is just, and you that seek the Lord: look unto the rock whence you are hewn, and to the hole of the pit from which you are dug out. Look unto Abraham your father, and to Sara that bore you: for I called him, and blessed him, and multiplied him.

Isaias, c. li, v. 1, 2.

OF all the means, my brethren, which the Eternal Lover of our souls employs, to remind us of our duty, and awaken our hearts to a due sense of his blessings; of all the motives, which in the ordinary course of his Providence, he presses upon his people, with a view to detach their affections from the present transitory things of earth, and engage them in the pursuit of future and lasting joys; there is not one, so constantly or so strongly marked in Scripture; there is not one that fills so many of his inspired pages, or draws such pathetic appeals from the mouths of his prophets; as that perpetual recurrence to the "days of old," when he displayed the wonders of his mercy to our forefathers, and committed to their charge the sacred deposit of his divine religion, to be faithfully handed down to their latest posterity..

But, if the great law-giver of the ancient covenant cries out to the people of God, Deut. xxxii; "Remember the days of old; think upon every generation. Ask thy father, and he will declare to thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee."—If the enraptured Psalmist exclaims, Ps. lxxviii; "How great things have we heard and known, and our fathers have told us! They have not been hidden from their children in another generation. Declaring the praises of the Lord, and his powers, and his wonders which he hath done."—If the Prophet Isaias, the most eloquent tongue of the Holy Spirit, trumpets forth to the sons of Juda, in the words of my text, Is. li; "Give ear to me, you that follow that which is just, and you that seek the Lord: look unto the rock, whence you are hewn, and to the hole of the pit from which you are dug out. Look unto Abraham your father, and to Sara that bore you: for I called him, and blessed him, and multiplied him."—If the Lord himself, when delivering to Moses his divine commission, commands him thus to address the children of Israel, Ex. iii; "The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob hath sent me to you: This is my name for ever, saith the Lord, and this is my memorial unto all generations." If the Omnipotent Monarch of heaven and earth, in whose sight, Is. xl; "All flesh is grass, and all the glory thereof as the flower of the field;" if He condescended to choose for his eternal name, to be called the "God of his servants," that his favourite people might thus for ever have before their eyes, the mighty blessings he had conferred upon their fathers, and in

their conduct find the living models of their own gratitude and duty. If the Lord, throughout the whole of his sacred Scriptures, never ceases thus to remind his people of their sainted ancestors—

With what justice and propriety may not I too, in the person of the Divine Author of their faith and redemption, cry out this day to the People of Ireland, "Give ear to me, you that follow that which is just, and you that seek the Lord: look unto the rock from whence you are hewn, and to the hole of the pit, from which you are dug out. Look unto PATRICK your father, and to the CATHOLIC CHURCH, who bore you: for I called him, and blessed him, and multiplied him.—I, who am Christ the rock of salvation, "called" him to be the Apostle of your Island; to bring your fathers out of the house of bondage; sitting, as they had been for so many ages, "in the darkness and the shade of death," under the shrines of their Druidish superstition. I sent my servant Patrick to evangelize to them my will; to teach them my holy Gospel; to lead them into the way of liberty, light and peace. I "blessed" his labours, and "multiplied" their fruits. For, through him, have I regenerated you by grace unto my Heavenly Father; through him, have I enclosed you within the pale of my holy Spouse the Church; and, from being the habitation of demons—the haunt of every unclean spirit—have I converted your country into a Paradise of virtue—into an Island of Saints. And, though the corruption of your hearts, and the decay of time, have cooled the first fervor of that spirit, which Patrick breathed into your forefathers; though the demon of foreign infide-

lity and sacrilege hath broken down the fences, and torn up the altars of your sanctuaries; still, through every difficulty and danger; through the loss of power, privilege, property and life; through famine, carnage, persecution and insult, have I preserved you for my own sake, and for the sake of Patrick my servant, stedfast in that faith, which I once delivered to my saints; and, after the lapse of fourteen centuries, I exhibit you this day to the world, the most singularly faithful nation, that ever received the sound of that Gospel, which I sent forth to the ends of the earth. Give ear to me, then, you that follow that which is just, and you that seek the Lord: look unto the rock whence you are hewn, and to the hole of the pit from which you are dug out. Look unto Patrick your father, and to the Catholic Church who bore you. For I called him, and blessed him, and multiplied him."

Shall we not, my brethren, hear the voice of our Redeemer in these words of his prophet? Or shall the children of Erin be as deaf and ungrateful to the God of Patrick, as those of Israel were to the God of Abraham? Give ear to me, then, all you that follow that which is just, and you that seek the Lord. You, first, if any such now hear me, who have departed from the ancient faith, and who, in the consciousness of your apostacy, dare no longer to glory in the name of Ireland's apostle; look unto the rock whence you are hewn, and to the hole of the pit from which you are dug out. Look unto your father Patrick, and to the Church that bore you; look, and see, that the novelties of latter times are *not* the doctrine which he taught your Pagan Ancestors.

Oh! if you follow that which is just and seek the Lord in sincerity of heart, you will again return to the parent stock, from whose luxuriant branches the blast of persecution hath shaken you, like a few withered leaves, rustling ever since, and whirled about in every wind of error. Give ear to me, likewise, all you who vainly boast the name of Catholic, while your iniquities belie your sacred profession; look to your father Patrick, and learn from him, that "faith without works is dead." Look to him, ye pious souls, who, together with his doctrine, have inherited his spirit; look to your father, and, by the light of his virtues, perpetuate in yourselves and in your children, that fire of divine love, which he came to scatter throughout your land, and which his preaching so widely kindled. Look to your father, oh ye successors in his ministry; heirs to his zeal, preserve to him those souls, whom so many labours have gained, and so many dangers should endear. In fine, give ear to me, ye millions, who name Ireland your country; and while I call to your recollection the great and merciful work of your forefathers' conversion to the faith of Christ; while I describe the wondrous manner, in which Providence chose to make this humble saint the instrument of so great a blessing; while I remind you of what your country was for centuries of sanctity; oh! let your hearts glow with gratitude towards your God; let tears of repentance wash away those crimes, which have defiled his work; and let sincere confession, and lasting amendment, render you worthy to participate in the sacred mysteries of the approaching Paschal solemnity; mysteries which, in the

sanctified hands of your Apostle, were so often immolated for your perseverance and salvation.

Glorious Saint! if here, on earth, you prayed, you wept for those dear children whom through so many toils and sufferings you regenerated to Jesus Christ: let the voice of your powerful supplication be this day heard in Heaven, that while they celebrate the anniversary of your glory, and of their own conversion, they may not by their crimes obscure the one, and render fruitless the other!—

The learned, ingenious, and correct Bossuet, that luminary of the Gallican Church, has, in his Universal History, most justly observed, that Providence, who, Wisd. viii, 1, “reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly,” when the time of man’s redemption was come, ordained, that the greater part of the then known world should be comprised within the precincts of one vast Empire; in order that his Apostles might, thus, meet no obstacles to their career, in the mutual jealousies of contending Governments. But He, who had called all nations to his faith; and who, in his own good time, was to bless them with the knowledge of his divine truth, without distinction of country or of climate; He was not to be restrained, either by the apparently insurmountable barriers of nature, or by the uncivilized horrors of savage society.—He opens the sluices of the North; and hordes of hitherto unknown Barbarians inundate the fertile provinces of the Roman Empire, sweeping before them the conquerors of the world, and carrying devastation into the Capitol itself. How wondrous are the work-

ings of Thee, our God! To the eyes of men, and in all its immediate effects, this inroad of the Northern Tribes appeared as an ocean of the divine wrath, destined to lay prostrate in its course, religion, science and civilization. But He, who makes use of the crimes of one nation to punish the sins of another, had no sooner humbled that haughty mistress of the earth, whose blood-stained edicts had so long opposed the establishment of his Church, than the savage instruments of his vengeance, having, in the civilized plains of Italy, Gaul, and Spain, laid aside that native ferocity, which so much disqualified them for the mild influence of the Gospel—received in their turn that blessed light of faith, which they would otherwise, for ages, have in vain awaited to beam upon them, in the inhospitable snows of Russia and of Poland.

There lay, however, an island far remote; unknown to the vanquishers of Euphrates and Thames. Her people, numerous, brave, and bred to war. Her laws and civilization, in some points, superior, in others, would not have disgraced the more polished manners of Athens and of Rome. Her science, fully a match for *their* fantastic philosophy; and her notions of the Deity, certainly not more unworthy of Man and of God, than the impure and impious rites of more southern superstition. Her Monarchs, independent, had never bowed beneath the Roman Eagle; nor had her shores been darkened by the invading banners of the world's plunderers. Such, my brethren, was your country towards the commencement of the fifth century of the Christian Era.

About this time, as we are informed in our ancient annals, Nial the Great, Monarch of Ireland, being invited to march his warriors to the aid of their brethren, the Picts of Scotland, then engaged in a war with the Roman Province of Britain—passed over into the last-mentioned country. Having routed his enemies in a great conflict on the banks of the Severn, he resolved upon following up his advantages by the invasion of Gaul. He lands in Armorica; again defeats the Roman Legions, and pursues his victory to the very foot of the Alps. Preparing to scale these snow-capt bulwarks of Italy, and, like another Hannibal, thunder to the gates of Rome—he falls by an assassin's hand. His numerous army relinquish their enterprise; and turning their faces homewards, plunder the country as they pass along, carrying off men and property. Sailing from Bretagne, they arrive on their native shores, laden with immense booty.

Ah! my brethren, little did our Pagan ancestors know the treasure they then conveyed from the Gallic coasts. A treasure, infinitely superior to the wealth of Imperial Rome, or the conquest of the world. You already anticipate what this treasure was,—the humble youth, Patrick. Nephew to the great St. Martin, Bishop of Tours; and a native of that part of Gaul, which, from a British colony planted there about thirty years before by their countryman the Emperor Maximus, had obtained the name of Britannia Minor, now Bretagne in France—Patrick was, in his sixteenth year, with many of his relatives, carried off by the retreating army of Nial.—Thus, like the Patriarch Joseph, and exactly at the same age, was our Saint

doomed to endure a cruel captivity, in the very land, which he was one day to deliver, not like Egypt, from the horrors of famine, but from Pagan infidelity and darkness, by diffusing the light of the Gospel, and breaking to her long-famished children the bread of eternal life.

Unacquainted, as yet, with the great designs of Providence in his regard, the innocent youth, like all true followers of a crucified Saviour, converted his sufferings to the perfection of his soul in virtue. While, in hunger, cold, and all the hardships of slavery, he tended his master's flocks on the rugged mountains of Ulster, to a Prince of which Province he had been sold; his heart was ever fixed on his God, the contemplation of whose passion and glory was at once his consolation and support. In the mean time he became conversant with the language and manners of the country; and daily wept over the blindness and misfortune of his idolatrous task-masters; whose cruelties only added fuel to that zeal of charity, with which he already began to burn for the salvation of their souls. When our saint had been thus purified in the crucible of affliction, during a painful servitude of seven years, God, as the holy man himself informs us in his book of "Confessions," inspired him with the design of attempting his escape. Making for the coast, he found a vessel ready for sea; and after a number of adventures, arrived safe in his native land.

By this time, Patrick no longer entertained any doubt of his being called to the Apostleship of Ireland. He received the most unequivocal intimations of the divine will; and that same God, who had announced his faith to the the Roman and Parthian Empires in the first century, as he did to Ireland in the fifth, and

to the Indies and Trans-Atlantic Hemisphere in the sixteenth ; that same Jesus Christ, who, as St. Paul speaks, Heb. xiii, 8, is " yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever ;" who, by a vision, called the Prince of the Apostles to the conversion of the pious centurion—the *first-fruits* of the Gentile Church ; and, by a similar manifestation of his will, invited the Great Doctor of the Nations to preach his Word to the people of Macedon ; that same Jesus Christ was pleased, in a similar way, to encourage our glorious Apostle by a vision, in which he beheld the children of Irish generations yet unborn—even ourselves, my brethren, who now celebrate his holy memory—stretching forth their tender hands, and piteously crying to him for relief.

No longer hesitating, Patrick betakes himself to those studies, and to that course of life, which were so indispensably necessary to qualify him for the important Ecclesiastical functions he was about to undertake. But that enemy of our souls, whom we ever find, where we least expect, lying in ambush for our best works, prompted his very friends and relatives, out of a misguided affection for his person and company, to throw every obstacle in the way of his holy enterprize ; and so far were they misled by this (perhaps at first innocent) sympathy, that they scrupled not to blacken his moral character, with the view of preventing his Episcopal Ordination.—Oh God ! how infinitely more excruciating the hypocritical ingratitude of hollow friends, than the open persecution of avowed enemies ! When those we have loved ; for whom we have labored ; and suffered ; and exposed liberty, life, peace, character and all, become the misled dupes, or the envious executioners of the vengeance of our opponents !

But why should we complain? Even Thou, O loving Jesus, wert betrayed by thy Apostle!!!—

However, overcoming all difficulties, the humble, but zealous Patrick passed through the several gradations of the ministry; and being ordained Bishop, visited the great saints who then flourished in Gaul and Italy. He proceeded to Rome, to receive his mission from the fountain of Apostolical Authority.—Yes, my brethren; glory in the origin of your Church. From Rome; from the See of Peter; from the centre of Ecclesiastical Unity, did your Heathen Forefathers receive the first light of truth. Nor were they, in this respect, at all singular. For, no Pagan Nation under the Sun, from the days of the Apostles down to the present moment, has ever been converted to the faith of Jesus; except by Missionaries from Rome, or from one or other of the Churches in communion with her. All other denominations of Christians, by separating from their Head, have lost that essential property of the fertile Spouse of Christ, who was to spread her wings to the four corners of the globe; I mean, the germ of Evangelical propagation. Like unto the rotten branches, that have fallen from the Tree of Life, they never more lift their heads to vegetate; fit only, in their native putrefaction, to corrupt the ground on which they lie. Let us, then, my brethren, for ever cherish the remembrance of our Parent See; and though the bark of Peter be assailed with storms from without, or driven against rocks and quicksands by the perfidy which may reign within, let the experience of eighteen centuries assure us, that her omnipotent steersman, though at times apparently “asleep,” Mark, iv. 39, shall, “rising up, rebuke the wind, and say to the sea: Peace, be still: and the wind shall cease, and there

shall be made a great calm." Cling to her, then, ye faithful Children of Patrick; prove your fidelity to the last; imitate not the deplorable defection of a neighbouring land, which, like your own, had received her faith from Rome, and once numbered on her Calendar no less than Seven of her sainted Kings; but, betraying her plighted troth, has since been swallowed up in the whirlpools of error, or lost her way in the midnight labyrinth of infidelity.

To return to Patrick. Having, with his mission, obtained the Apostolical Benediction of the Pope and Saint Celestine the First, in the year of our Lord 424—he hastens to the wide field, which the merciful Redeemer of Mankind had prepared for his labours. He forsook his family; sold, as he says himself, his birthright and dignity, to serve strangers; and consecrated his soul to God to carry his name to the end of the earth.—How can I hererefrain, oh! my Country, from crying out to thee, in the words of the Prophet Nahum, i, 15: "Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and that preacheth peace: O Juda, keep thy festivals and pay thy vows: for Belial shall no more pass through thee again, he is utterly cut off." Behold, oh! my Country, upon thy shores the feet of thy Apostle; armed with the cross, he bringeth the good tidings of salvation, and preacheth the peace of redemption. O Ireland, hear his voice; keep thy festivals, and pay henceforward thy vows to the God of Heaven, for the Belial of Idolatry shall no more pass through thee again; his reign is at an end; Patrick comes to cut him off.

Where shall the champion of Jesus land? Where is the happy spot, destined to receive the first sacred imprint of his feet—to hear the first blessed sound of salvation from his lips?

The town of Bray, within twelve miles of Dublin, in the County of Wicklow, seems, with best title, to lay claim to this boast.—Who shall now relate the labors, the sufferings of the servant of God; the obstacles he had to encounter from the long rooted prejudices of the natives; from the opposition of the Druid priests; from the power of our heathen monarchs; in a word, from the numberless difficulties which must ever attend, in any country, the establishment of a new religion upon the ruins of the old? Who shall tell the travels, the preaching, the prayers, the sanctity of this harbinger of the Almighty; the virtues he practised, the zeal he displayed, the humility which won the hearts of his hearers; the miracles he wrought, the conversions he made, the sages he confuted; the churches he founded, the monasteries he built, the schools of learning and piety he erected; the kings he baptized, the bishops he ordained, the councils he held, and the saints he formed? In fine, who shall recount the complete and victorious success, which crowned a missionary career of forty years; during which term, “the power and wisdom of God, Jesus Christ crucified,” speaking by the mouth of Patrick, triumphantly planted the sacred banner of redemption, in the hearts, on the thrones, and over the altars of our beloved country?

It is remarked by historians—and to the pride of Ireland be it remarked—that the Christian Religion has always found it easier to gain a footing in civilized nations, than in barbarous climes; and that the purer the light of reason beams on the human mind, the more readily it yields to that most reasonable principle—the submitting of its reason to faith, in its assent to the sublime mysteries of revelation. Hence, the polished state of manners, which at that

time distinguished our ancestors from all those other nations, whom the *hauteur* of Greece and Rome branded with the contemptuous epithet of Barbarians; this polished state of Irish manners did, undoubtedly, contribute, not a little, to the splendid result of our Saint's evangelical expedition. That generous spirit, too, to this day so innate in our national character; that spirit, so impatient of controul; that spirit, which in every age has so prominently spurned the dictation of force; *that* spirit, I say, could not but lend an attentive ear to the mild persuasion, which dropped from the lips of the meek, unarmed Gospeller of Peace.

However, the pride of prejudice, and the fanaticism of superstition, were not to be humbled, or tamed, but after frequent and fierce struggles to uphold their falling ascendancy. Of this, our Saint had a trying proof, immediately upon his landing. For no sooner had he begun to announce Christ to the idolatrous tribes of the county of Wicklow, than a general alarm spread throughout the whole Kingdom of Leinster; and the Druids, instigating the people, made so violent an assault upon the man of God and his companions, that he was forced to fly on board his ship for safety, after having baptized a few of the inhabitants. Little dismayed at such a reception, our Saint steers northward; and landing in Ulster, preaches the word of life, with so much energy, zeal, persuasion and fruit, that, in all directions, the Pagan shrines begin to disappear from the land; and the false priests themselves lead their people, in thousands, to be instructed, and to be washed from their sins in the regenerating laver of Baptism. Christian Churches arise on every side; and the very hands that had been accustomed to light the impure fires of Baal, are

now seen offering up, with consecrated palms, the immaculate victim of man's propitiation : while the tongues, that had so often aped prophetic strains around the stone of destiny, are now heard, in the inspired accents of the Prophets and Apostles, proclaiming from the chair of truth : " Bring forth fruits worthy of penance ; now is the day of salvation ; for behold the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand !!! "

Amongst the first of Patrick's converts was his former master ; and this Prince, with the most of his dependents, did not disdain to receive the truths and blessings of salvation from his once poor and humble slave. But let us, my brethren, follow him to Tara ; and figure to our minds the intrepid champion of the Cross (like another Paul in the Areopagus) appearing before the States General of the then great Irish nation ; and in the assembly of her priests, her poets and her philosophers ; in the face of of her orators, legislators, warriors and monarchs—boldly decrying their profane superstitions ; reprimanding their vices ; exposing himself to the scoffs of human wisdom, and the sarcasms of worldly grandeur ; fronting the menaces of pride, and the terrors of power ; preaching up the vanity of earthly pomp, and the contempt of all visible greatness ; inviting to humility, mortification and penance ; and, for the hope which he holds out to them of an invisible hereafter, presenting to their worship and imitation, the Creator of the Heavens and Earth, clothed in human flesh, and dying an ignominious death upon the Cross !

" Where is the wise ? where is the scribe ? where is the disputer of this world ? Oh ! thou stumbling block to the Jews and foolishness to the Gentiles, Jesus Christ crucified ! truly hast thou chosen the foolish things of the world to con-

found the wise, and the weak things to confound the strong; and the mean things of the world and the things that are contemptible hast thou chosen, and things that are not, that thou mightest destroy the things that are; that no flesh should glory in thy sight." I. Cor. i. 20, &c. Power and Wisdom of our God! Ruler of the hearts of men! surely, surely the establishment of thy religion in our country was thine own divine work; since thy meek servant Patrick had not only the courage to carry thy name before kings and governors and the Gentile People of Ireland; but in the face of so many obstacles and terrors; and though opposed on the occasion, by all the power, pride and fanaticism of the nation, with the Monarch's own son at their head, before whom he stood as a "lamb before wolves;" yet, he succeeded in changing the minds and hearts of thousands, and led under the sweet yoke of his Redeemer, numbers of these haughty chieftains: amongst whom he particularly notices the father of—the great St. Benignus, his own immediate successor in the Primatial See of Armagh.

Having spent some years in extending and consolidating the empire of Christ in the northern Province, our Saint moved southwards; preaching with equal ardor and success; baptizing the inhabitants; ordaining Priests and Bishops; and founding Churches and Monasteries, as he passed along. He converted the Kings of Dublin and Cashel, with the greater part of their subjects; and in one day baptized the seven sons of the King of Connaught. He tells us, however, in his "Confessions," that lest such wonderful success might tempt his heart with vanity, God, for his humiliation, permitted him on various occasions to be treated with contempt, and exposed to the most immi-

nent dangers. Having once baptized the son of a certain Prince against the will of his father, he was plundered and thrown into irons with all his companions, but released after fourteen days. He lived in daily expectation of such accidents, and of martyrdom itself. But, that merciful and loving Saviour, who from the commencement seems to have singled out his beloved Ireland for his most peculiar blessings, was pleased to confer upon her the unexampled privilege of receiving his divine faith, without the stain of a single drop of blood shed within her shores, in opposition to its establishment. And, surprising to recount ! the Island of *Saints* does not reckon upon her Calendar (as far as my readings have carried me) the name of a single *Martyr*, falling by an Irish hand—save the unaccompanied instance of the holy virgin, Dymphna; who, pursued by the brutality of a parent, tinged with her innocent blood the unnatural sword of her Pagan father, upon the coast of Holland, whither she had fled from his parricidal rage.—

But it was not, my brethren, by his zeal, his courage, or his preaching alone, that Ireland's best father and benefactor, Patrick, diffused the moral, social, and religious virtues and truths of Christianity among our ancestors. He was, at the same time, like his great predecessors the Apostles, the man of prayer, humility, mortification, penance, and retirement; and his almost incredible nightly austerities, contemplation, fastings, watchings, and tears, drew down upon his toils of the day, that immense blessing and efficacy, of which I have endeavoured to give you some (though faint) idea in this discourse. He knew, however, when the salvation of souls required it, to draw the sword of his spiritual authority.

And, though we do not read that, like Peter, he struck with death any Ananias or Saphira, "for telling a lie to the Holy Ghost; or that, like Paul, he shut out the light of heaven from the eyes of any Elymas, or "son of the Devil, for seeking to pervert the right ways of the Lord;" yet, he sometimes smote with the far more terrible scimitar of excommunication, the souls of hardened, scandalous and unrepenting Christians.—A Walsh tyrant, by name Corotic, had made a descent upon a part of the Island, where the Saint had been just administering the holy Sacrament of Confirmation. Though a Christian by profession, yet, without any regard to humanity, justice, or the sanctity of religion, this worse than Pagan marauder had polluted the white robes of their neophytism with the blood of the newly-confirmed; massacring many, plundering the country, and carrying off the survivors to sell them for slaves to the infidel Scots. The Episcopal Parent of his people, having in vain entreated the savage pirate to restore the captives, with, at least, a part of his booty, lest the poor people might perish for want; and finding him obstinate in his iniquity, issues a circular letter, in which, with the humility peculiar to the saints, he entitles himself "Patrick the sinner;" but declares, that "he is established Bishop of Ireland; and, in virtue of his episcopal authority, pronounces Corotic and his parricide accomplices, separated from him and from Jesus Christ; forbidding, as St. John directs, any person to eat with them, receive their alms, or say to them, hail! until they shall have satisfied God by sincere repentance, and restored the servants of Jesus Christ to their liberty."—Oh! my brethren, tremble at the two-edged sword, which, *in terrorem*, sleeps, by the side of your pastors.

If once brandished against your crimes, its divine temper, Heb. iv, will "penetrate to the joints and the marrow, reaching unto the division of the soul and the spirit." Provoke them not to unsheathe it, lest it fare with you, as it did with the tyrant Corotic; who, despising it in the hand of Patrick, was soon after overtaken by a sudden and unhappy death; and thus laden with his crimes, was forced to appear before the judgment-seat of that God who "binds in Heaven what his ministers bind on Earth," only to hear confirmed his already pronounced sentence of eternal reprobation and woe.

But to proceed. Let me ask, did our great Apostle convert a whole Infidel Nation, without performing any of those miracles, which, as St. Paul says, like the gift of tongues, are "for a sign, not to believers, but to unbelievers?" If he did—then, must I exclaim with the great Doctor of the African Church, "Miracle of Miracles! to convert a nation without a miracle!" But, my brethren, that Omnipotent Maker of Nature's Laws, who at his last supper of love, before he took leave of his sorrowing disciples, consoled them with the promise, that such as were to believe in him, should "do the works that he did, and greater than those that he did;" that Son of God, to whom "all power is given in heaven and on earth;" who "sent his apostles as the Father had sent him;" who promised that he would "be with them all days even to the consummation of the world;" that *One* Redeemer of all nations and generations, was pleased to "confirm, and co-operate with" his Delegate, Patrick, by restoring at his hands, sight to the blind; health to the sick; hearing to the deaf; speech to the dumb, and liberty to those possessed of evil spirits. Nay;

a most unexceptionable writer, Nennius, Abbot of Bangor, in 620, in his history of the Britons, enumerates no less than *nine* dead, whom Patrick raised to life!—

Blessed for ever be the power and mercy of our God, who thus brought our forefathers to the knowledge of his Christian, Catholic truth! who, by the ministry of this wondrous Saint, established in our country the faith of Jesus Christ and his Apostles; the faith of the Unity and Trinity of the Godhead—of the adorable incarnation and death of our Redeemer; the faith of his Seven Sacraments—of his Real Presence in the wonderful mystery of Transubstantiation;—(for, in vain, oh! my unhappy, but still dear to me, separated brethren; in vain would you contest the public, recorded, authentic, and still living facts of history;) the faith of the tremendous Sacrifice of the Mass; the faith of the Invocation of the Mother of God, of his Angels, and his Saints; the faith of Purgatory; the veneration of holy images and relics; confession, fasting, celibacy, monastic vows; in a word, the Infallible Authority, Unity, and Indefectibility of that CATHOLIC, that UNIVERSAL CHURCH, who, resting on the Supremacy of Peter—the rock upon which Christ himself hath built her—shall never see the gates of Hell; the various spawn of perdition; Error, Schism, Heresy, or Infidelity prevail against her; for He, who is “the way, the truth, and the life,” hath said: “Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world.”

Such, my brethren, is an imperfect summary of our great Patrick’s labors. A summary, which I have sketched from authentic and contemporary records; not from the ridiculous and romantic legend of that prince of legend-writers,

Jocelin of the dark ages. The fooleries of this scribbler I have seen placarded by every anti-catholic publisher in town, as I before witnessed them for sale on every stall in London. This trick is played off by the enemies of our faith, in order to discredit, as the ignorant and impudent Ledwich has attempted to do, the very existence of our great Apostle, and the genuine lives of him and the other saints of the Irish Catholic Church. Yet, these sectaries know full well, that all Catholic critics scoff at the reveries of the legendary Jocelyn.—I have thus incidentally noticed this matter, with a view to caution the less informed of my audience, against being entrapped by so stale a deceit. The account I have given of Patrick in this discourse, is drawn from his own Confessions; his letter against Corotic, and other early writings of undoubted veracity.—And now, my brethren; the author, under his God, of so immense a blessing; the humble, the zealous, the great, the glorious Patrick; in word, and in work; in name, and in deed; in labour, and in fruit; before men, and before angels, the Apostle of Ireland; having had the consolation to behold, not a Druidish temple standing, not an Irish soul unregenerated to Christ; having, in one word, established our National Church the same in doctrine and in constitution, as now, after the waste and wear of fourteen centuries, you behold her; in the 80th year of his age, and 40th of his divine mission; in the year of our Redeemer 464, is summoned on high to receive, in the arms of his beloved and loving Saviour, the recompence due to so happy a consummation of his Apostolic labours; leaving his sacred body to be interred, by the pious hands of his faithful disciples, in the Cathedral of Downpatrick, in the Province of Ulster.—

Oh ! Catholics of Ireland ! how shall I now address you ? How, but in the words of the great Doctor of the Gentiles—the model of preachers and apostles—Paul : Galat. i, 8 ; “ Though we ; though the Ministers of the Church ; though an Angel from Heaven ; though Patrick himself returning once more on earth, should preach a gospel to you *beside* that which he hath preached to you,—let him be ANATHEMA !!!—Oh ! my brethren ! let the spirit of patriotism ; the love of country ; the national pride ; the veneration of your forefathers ; the recollection of their faith, their virtues, their toils, their sufferings ; the affection for your children, and your children’s children to the latest generation ; let all the motives that can prompt the heart of man to great and noble deeds ; let all those natural, those congenial feelings, which, by such national Festivals as the present, the only reasonable, the only consistent of all religions—the Catholic—endeavours to excite, and throw into the scale of virtue and grace in the breasts of her children ; let that holy enthusiasm, which the anniversary of your country’s conversion has now kindled in your souls, and which speaks to me with tongues of trumpets, in the universal silence that surrounds me ; let, in a word, every memory that to Man is sacred, and to Man is dear, make you—**DIE**—rather than abandon one iota of that last relic of your ancient glory—the **FAITH** which Patrick first preached to your Fathers !——

“ Remember the days of old.”—For five centuries after her Apostle’s demise, Ireland merited, and bore without a rival, the unprecedented title of the **ISLAND OF SAINTS**. To this very day, the altars of Christian Europe venerate—in Italy, her **Fridians** and Colum-

bans; in France, her Furseys and Fiakers; in Germany, her Kilians; in Switzerland, her Galls; in England, her Colmans; and in Scotland her Columkilles; champions of piety and zeal, whom your country sent forth to seal with their blood the faith of Christ, or propagate by their virtues the observance of his gospel. And though the Danish and English invasions involved, in desolation, anarchy, civil war, and barbarism, her seats of learning, and her ancient sacred retreats of male and female sanctity; yet, to all her other splendors, Ireland has to add that singular boast, which neither Spain with all her devotion; France with all her learning; nor Rome herself with all her faith can claim—namely, that no public or private native individual ever disgraced this truly Catholic Kingdom, by becoming therein the leader of any Sect, Schism, Heresy, or, as it is nicknamed, *Reformation* in Religion. On the contrary, what has not Catholic Ireland endured, rather than adopt the reveries which, under the novel and contemptible name of Protestantism, have been imported by foreign fanatics: who, with the bible in one hand, and the bayonet in the other, have, for three centuries, been endeavouring to substitute the *ir*-religion of a Henry and an Elizabeth, for the faith of Patrick and of Jesus!—But, need I remind you of these—whether shall I call them—woes or glories? Both. Woes to your country; glories to your Church. Woes, in the eye of the world; glories, in the sight of Heaven. Woes, to be forgotten; glories, to be remembered. For, though they are “recorded,” as the bard would say,

“In hearts that have suffered too much to forget”—
still, as woes, we must forget them, that we may love our enemies; but as glories, we

must remember them, that we may love our God.

“Remember, then, the days of old.” Glory, O ye children of Christ; children of his true and only Church; children of Patrick; glory in the certainty, the immutability of your faith. And while unhappy Sectaries tremble in doubt, certain of nothing but their own uncertainty, and only constant in their constant mutability; do you, my brethren, rest secure upon the anchor of Truth, the promise of Jesus, and the infallible authority of the Catholic Church. Nay, despair not altogether of her apostate progeny. Miserably misled though you know them to be, charge not on them the crimes of their first seducers. Prejudice and fanaticism are beginning to give way to sober and reflecting conviction. Tired of their endless wanderings, and finding no pillow of certainty, whereon to lay their restless doubts—the day at length will come, when disgusted, Jer. ii, 13, with their own “broken cisterns” of novelty, they will return to the ancient “fountain of living water”—the CATHOLIC FAITH.

Oh! PATRICK! Father of Christian Ireland! convert Sectaries; confirm Catholics; and by thy prayers, bring us all to meet thee in Eternal Glory!

A blessing, &c.

The *Sixteenth* Sermon will be the Panegyric of ST. AUGUSTINE, DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH.—Text—“They that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that instruct many to justice, as stars for all eternity.” Daniel, c. xii, v. 3.

SERMON XVI.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

ST. AUGUSTINE, DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH.

They that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament : and they that instruct many to justice, as stars for all eternity.

Daniel. c. xii, v. 3.

AND am I then called upon to pronounce the Panegyric of Augustine? Do I stand before a Christian audience, to awake their veneration for the First of Christian Fathers? Has it fallen to my lot to present—to sinners, the picture of human weakness; to unbelievers, the portrait of human wanderings; to penitents and proselytes, the model of amendment and conversion? to ignorance, the luminary of truth; to learning, the prodigy of genius and eloquence; to piety, the furnace of divine love? to zeal, the heart, the head, the tongue, the pen, the hand of apostolical fervor? to humility, her image; to vice, her reproach; to virtue, her glory? to Saints, their mirror; to Bishops, their prototype; to God, the miracle of his power and mercy; and to All, Augustine, Son of Monica, Doctor of the Catholic Church?

Oh arduous task! Oh office above my weakness! Oh Augustine! who shall speak of thee? Oh! for a gleam of thine own superior light, to see thy virtues; an accent of thine eloquence, to tell them; a spark of thy love, to imitate them; a sentiment of thy humility, to be confounded at them; a motion of thy Saviour's all-conquering grace, to break, as it did thine, our chains; to raise our drooping despondence; and to draw our contrite, humbled, melting souls, sweetly, powerfully, in thy footsteps; imitating what in thee we admire, and admiring what we ne'er can imitate!—Oh life of Augustine! how peculiar art thou! We read the lives of other saints; their actions are our reproach; their example sets our duty full before our eyes; we see it, not in precept, but in practice; we hear the call of grace, that bids us imitate; the reward, the punishment, are present to our view; still, alas! unaccountable inconsistency of foolish man! our minds are enlightened, yet not moved; our hearts are persuaded, yet not changed; and we often rise from our lecture with a conscience, which corrodes without converting, condemns without curing, and so, leaves our wretched souls more guilty, more tormented, and therefore more obstinate and inexcusable than before.

But oh the life, the Confessions of Augustine! Open, Christians, that golden work; it came from the pen of his humility. Read, in his own words, his wanderings and his return; his distempers and their cure; his faults and his conversion. Read—and try

the effect.—No ; there exists not that mortal so depraved ; so lost to feeling, virtue, God ; that, on perusing these admirable pages, doth not feel his heart, almost irresistibly, turn from sin, and cling to Jesus. Oh ! who can hear the moans of Augustine, and not sympathize ; see his struggles, and not pity him ; survey the tears, that trickle down the cheeks of Monica, and not mingle in the mother's grief ; witness the late, long-wished-for conversion of her darling long-lost child, and not sigh, with weeping ardour, to imitate him ? Believe me, souls beloved of Jesus ! each letter of that precious book is written with blood from Jesus' saving wounds ; and one single chapter will raise in your affected hearts, a holier veneration for the Author, a deeper sorrow for sin, and a warmer love for your Redeemer, than the most sublime, pathetic discourse, that ever fell from lips less than divine.

But come ; how arduous soever the task, I must proceed. And now, unbelievers, sinners, converts ! penitents, saints ! parents, children ! people, pastors ! All ! join your weak instructor in the prayer, that He who seems to have singled out Augustine from the great mass of Adam's children, to exhibit, in him alone, at one view, and in the most vivid colours, the power of Grace and the weakness of Nature, holding him up to Mankind as a warning and a model, for every possible state of vice, and of virtue—may, through his intercession, and from the short recital I shall give of so varied a life, imprint upon our minds, and express in our

conduct, the respective lessons our various states require!—

Augustine, my brethren, was born at Tagaste, a small town of Africa, in the year of Christ 354: his father, a Pagan—his mother, a Christian. He was, alas! a fatal example of the evil consequences, arising from that kind of mixed marriages, by which, parties of different religious professions, are united in the duties of domestic life and parental solicitude. A species of union deservedly reprobated by the Church of God; inasmuch, as almost universal experience teaches, that the party professing the true faith, finds, in general, all its anxiety for the morality and religion of the children, counteracted by the neglect, connivance, nay, opposition of the co-parent. And youth, for the most part, incline to that side, which favours their rising passions, and frees them from the salutary, but disagreeable, curb of religious punctuality. Of this truth our Saint was a woful instance. He had been taught from his infancy how to pray; and his pious mother St. Monica had got him enrolled amongst the Catechumens; that is to say, persons under a course of instruction for baptism. But, through a custom then prevalent, (since, expressly prohibited) he did not receive the sacrament of regeneration: although, falling sick when five years of age, he desired it: but suddenly recovering, it was deferred. A great misfortune this, no doubt, for Augustine. But oh! how many Christian infants are there now-a-days, to whom this blessing will prove a curse, because their sinful parents neglect to teach

them its obligations; and by their own depraved example, lead them to violate the sacred promises then made on their behalf. Fathers and mothers! dread this unnatural crime; and tremble for the blood of your children's souls.

Augustine's Pagan father, perceiving an excellent genius in his son, resolved to bring him up a scholar, with a view to his future preferment. He therefore sent him to school, first in his native town, and then to Madaura, a neighbouring city; in both which places he outshone his school-fellows by the superior brilliancy of his parts. In his sixteenth year, he recalled him, with the intention of sending him to Carthage, the capital of Africa, to finish his education; but kept him first for a whole year at home.—Oh! Idleness! Idleness! thou bane of youth! thou blast of every virtue!—Then it was, that Augustine learned to sin. Then it was, that, indulged by a careless, worldly father, the young man fell into lewd company. He spent his hours in pastime; and his passions grew unruly. A tender mother saw, with alarm, the approaching symptoms. She cautioned him solicitously against vice; but—hear how her admonitions were received. “I looked upon them,” says the Saint (in his book of confessions, which he wrote after he was Bishop, and in which he thus speaks to his Creator) “I looked upon them as the admonitions of a woman, which I was ashamed to obey; whereas they were thy admonitions, O God, and I knew it not. By her Thou didst speak to me; and I despised thee in her. Yet I knew it not; and I

rushed on with so much blindness, that among my equals I was ashamed to be less guilty than others, when I heard them bragging of their flagitious actions; and I had a mind to do the like."—Are there any mothers here, whose counsels, like Monica's, are despised by their thoughtless but beloved sons? Let them convert their admonitions into tears and prayer; and then, their Saviour, perhaps, will not call them out of the world, till they see the objects of their maternal affection, restored to themselves and Him.

Augustine, in his seventeenth year, went to Carthage; where his masters admired his rapid progress in the more advanced branches of education. But oh! what a sink of vice is a large city, to a youth rid of domestic restraints, and left to the mercy of his passions! Custom, example, and occasions, make the greatest abominations fashionable in his eyes; and the sad trial taught Augustine afterwards to cry out: "Wo to thee, O torrent of custom among men! who shall resist thee? who shall stop thy impetuous tide?"—Wicked company dragged the young man headlong into the filthiest crimes. The Theatre became his delight, and fanned the flame that was devouring him. Need I apply this saddening description to the city whose inhabitants I now address?—But, what shall it avail me, to raise my feeble voice against its inveterate vices? Nay, in vain, perhaps, O God! do I offer up the prayer—that in thy mercy thou mayest avert that burst of vengeance, which the depravity of so many hun-

dreds of the present and rising generations, already calls down upon this city and kingdom !

Whilst Augustine thus defiled his youth in dissipation at Carthage, his father died ; but not till after he had been converted and baptized through the care of his pious consort. A happiness, which was just as much disregarded by the son, as it filled the mother's widowed heart with comfort. For Augustine, having lost his morality, soon fell from one precipice into another ; from the gulph of impurity into the abyss of infidelity. The former vice strangely degrades the mind of man ; and, as it once did the wise Solomon, so, hurried the great genius of an Augustine into the most absurd and monstrous errors. Pride, too, which, by an unaccountable fatuity, rises in the heart in proportion to its real debasement, contributed grievously to his fall. He despised the Faith which he had sucked in with his mother's milk, because it ordered him to believe, before he could comprehend ; and the humble simplicity of its scriptures disgusted the lofty vanity of his soul. " I sought with pride," says he, " what only humility could make me find. Fool that I was, I left the nest, imagining myself able to fly ; and fell to the ground." The Manichean sect was then very prevalent in Africa ; and, like all other sectaries, its disciples laughed at Catholics for believing mysteries, that could not be explained. They boasted that, " setting aside dreadful authority, they would bring men to God, and free them from all error by reason and private judgment alone." Their empty promises flattered the vanity of Augustine ; and this great luminary of his age informs us (oh ! blindness of wretched man,

when left to himself) that he was insensibly brought to believe, that God was the author of all evil; a corporeal substance, dispersed throughout the created mass of matter; and that a sinner obtained the pardon of his crimes by stealing a fig! which being eaten by a Manichean Saint, or, one of their Elect, particles of the Deity imprisoned therein, were restored to liberty, and purified the person who had presented the fruit. Fooleries, that can be equalled only by the absurdities of a nation calling herself Christian, thousands of whose wandering children we saw the other day (to mention but one instance) looking forward with religious conviction to the birth of a second Messiah, promised them in the maniac dreams of an antiquated female!—Oh Jesus! make thy faithful followers anchor long securely in the calm harbour of thy Catholic Faith; preserve them from the shoals of immorality and vice; that so, thy just anger may never permit them, like other mortals, to be tossed about by every wind of error, upon the boisterous ocean of infidelity! But to proceed—

Augustine, at twenty years of age, being perfect master of most of the liberal sciences; and to ease his mother of the charge of his education, returned from Carthage, and opened a school of rhetoric in his own town. A sorrowful meeting this to the disconsolate Monica. For he came back to her bloated with his new heresy, in which he had likewise engaged many of his intimate friends, nay, endeavoured to draw over his pious mother herself. She, however, continued to weep and pray; refusing to sit at the same table with him, in hopes of reclaiming her beloved son to that God, whom

she loved far more than her son or herself. Finding all in vain, she besought a certain holy Prelate to have an interview with her misled darling; which the bishop declining as then hopeless, she wept bitterly, and drew from the lips of the man of God that prophetic saying, which must comfort and encourage all such heart-broken mothers. "Go your way," said he; "God bless you; it cannot be, that a child of those tears should perish."

But, long, long had Monica to wait. For nine whole years did Augustine still persevere in his errors.—And now you shall see, my dear brethren, how wretched that soul, who has not God to console her in her afflictions. Augustine had a friend, whom he dearly loved: and no heart was ever more sensible to the tenderness of friendship, than Augustine's. To this companion of his studies, he unbosomed himself in all his cares. Falling sick, the young man renounced the heresy, into which Augustine had led him; and being baptized, died, in his bloom, with the warmest sentiments of Christian piety. The grief of the survivor was excessive; he could no longer bear his native town, where nothing now said to him, as before every thing seemed to do, "He will shortly come to you." Returning to Carthage, his sorrow, by degrees, abated. He began also to be tired of the absurdities of the Manicheans; the most learned and subtile of whom, in vain attempted to clear his doubts. Yet, he did not embrace the Catholic faith; because, like many misled persons now a days, his prejudices would not stoop to seek the truth in her own clear fountains—Catholic books and Catholic Ministers. After some time, in spite of his mother's tears, he

left Carthage, and sailed for Rome: where he acquired still greater fame in the schools. Here he fell dangerously ill; but the prayers of Monica, though ignorant of his sickness, restored him to health. Listen, Christians, to the description he afterwards gave of his then miserable danger. "I was going," says he to his God; "I was going, and going, and almost gone; and whither had I gone, had I then died, but into the flames and torments which I deserved of thee, my God?" Oh! Sinners, whither are your thoughts fled? You sport and play on the brink of an eternal precipice, into which you dare not even to look; and yet, you fly not for safety to your God. Should you still remain insensible, expect not, in your delay, that grace which converted Augustine. You have neither *his* excuses, weak as they were, to plead; nor mothers, like Monica, to weep for and pursue you.

For, at length, my brethren, the prayers of this model of parents were heard; and her God ordained, that the very disobedience of her unfeeling child should lead to her hard-earned happiness and his own conversion. She had followed him from Tagaste to Carthage; and finding that he had deceived her by a lie, and sailed for Rome at night, while she was weeping to her God, that he might not leave her; her grief, when she came to the sea side in the morning and found the vessel gone, was inexpressible. Braving all dangers, this more than mother, who *twice* brought forth her fondling—first in the pangs of childbirth to the world, and then in the heavings of a thirty years' sorrow to her Saviour—pursues him o'er the Mediterranean waves, and arrives in the

capital of the World. But Augustine had left Rome ; being invited by the Emperor Valentinian to open a public school of Rhetoric in Milan. Hither, without delay, the pious Monica follows ; watering Italy, as she had before done Africa, with her tears.—And now the long-wished-for moment approached. The great St. Ambrose was then Bishop. With all the learned at Milan, he had given to the already celebrated Augustine, marks of the highest respect ; and the latter, in return, out of mere curiosity, often attended the holy Prelate's sermons. For Augustine despised the subject matter of his discourses, as he did all the tenets of the Catholic Religion. However, the Truth stole gently to his mind, and dropped the seeds of virtue in his heart. He began to think better of the Catholic Faith, and found it did not teach the errors, with which its adversaries reproached it. In the sincerity of his search, he betook himself once more to the Sacred Scriptures, particularly the Epistles of St. Paul ; in reading which he took great delight. He was not long till the rays of Divine Revelation flashed conviction on his soul, because he sought it humbly and sincerely ; and Augustine, my brethren, became a Catholic in his heart.

But now, the storm of storms commences in his breast. Oh Saints ! oh Sinners ! learn from this victim of passion, this model of penitents, to oppose with effect the first inroad of vice ; and, if you be already taken in its snares, to burst without delay your chains, before habit has converted them into an all-but-absolute necessity. Hear his own description of the struggle, that passed within him. "I sighed, and longed to be delivered ; but was kept fast

bound, not with exterior chains or irons, but with my own iron will. The enemy held my will; and of it he had made a chain, with which he had fettered me fast. For, from a perverse will was created wicked desire or lust; and the serving this lust produced custom; and custom not resisted produced a kind of necessity, with which, as with certain links fastened one to another, I was kept close shackled in this cruel slavery.—I had nothing now to reply to thee, O my God! when thou saidst to me, ‘Arise, thou that sleepest, and rise up from the dead, and Christ will enlighten thee.’ I had nothing, I say, at all to reply (being now already convinced by thy faith) but certain lazy and drowsy words; Presently, by and by, let me alone a little while longer? But this, Presently, did not presently come; these delays had no bounds; and this little while, ran out to a long time.” —In the anguish of his mind, he walked one day into the garden, and his friend Alipius followed him. Listen to the tempest and furious agitation of his soul on this occasion. “I now was enraged at myself,” says he, “that I did not courageously at once resolve on what my reason convinced me to be so good and necessary to be done. I would, and would not; I was, as it were, divided between myself and myself; I shook my chain, with which I was fettered, but could not be released from it. ‘Thou, O Lord, continued’st to press sore upon me in my interior, with a severe mercy, redoubling the stripes of fear and shame, lest I should leave off struggling, and my chain should grow again, and bind me faster than ever. Trifles of trifles, and vanities, my old mistresses, hung about me, and pulling me by the garment of the flesh, softly whispered to me, Wilt thou

then forsake us? From this moment shall we be no more with thee for ever? Wilt thou never hereafter taste those delights? From this moment shall this or that be no more allowed thee for ever? Thy holy spirit, my God, again said to me: Stop thine ears against those unclean monsters. They tell thee of delights, but not as the law of the Lord thy God."

This mighty tempest still encreasing in his soul, gathered all his misery full before his view, when a violent torrent of tears burst to his relief, and rising from where he sat, he threw himself on the ground at a great distance, and thus vented his woe: "How long, O Lord? wilt thou be angry for ever? Remember not my past iniquities. How long? how long? To-morrow? To-morrow? Why not now? Why does not this hour put an end to my filthiness?" Uttering these complaints, he continued to weep with most bitter contrition of heart, when on a sudden he heard, as it were, the voice of a child, singing repeatedly these words: '*Tolle, lege; Tolle, lege.*' That is, 'Take up and read; Take up and read.' His mind instantly calmed; his countenance changed; and suppressing his tears, he hastened back to where he had been sitting; snatched up St. Paul's Epistle that lay there, and opening, met this passage: "Not in revellings and drunkenness, not in chamberings and impurities, not in strifes and envy: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences."—He reads—the work is done—the battle of his soul is over. He hurries into the house with the joyful news to Monica; prepares for baptism; receives it from Ambrose; renounces his office of Imperial

Professor; proceeds homewards; buries his sainted parent on the way; (blessed mother! what had she more on earth to do? she had seen the happy event, for which she had prayed and wept and wandered and lived;) and arriving in Africa, our ever illustrious Convert makes over his paternal estate to the church of his native town, and enters on a monastic life in the thirty-second year of his age.—

Glance now the eye of your recollection, my brethren, over all you have just heard; and tell me, is there amongst you a parent, that does not tremble for the innocence of the young, dear, pledges, that God and Nature have committed to his or her charge? Is there a youth, that does not shudder at the consequences of despising a parent's admonition, and yielding to the first temptations of vice? Is there a profligate, that does not feel his heart quake with terror at his obstinacy, and sigh to be delivered from his chains? Is there a penitent, that does not yearn to burst from the slavery of his evil habits, and, tearing himself at once from the incentives of his past disorders, fly into the arms of chaste virtue and his God? Is there an unbeliever, that does not burn to know the truth; seek it with sincerity, and cling to it with courage? Is there a sinner on earth, or saint in heaven, that does not adore the mercy and love of that Jesus, who drew, out of the filth of crime and the wanderings of error, this brightest of geniuses, to make him—the pattern of sanctity; the luminary of faith; the founder of religious orders; the scourge of Heretics, of Jews, of Pagans; the extirpator of vice and error; the defender of truth and virtue; the oracle of his own age; the master

of after times ; the pride of learning ; the trumpet of eloquence ; the boast of humanity ; the honor of religion ; the gem of the Priesthood ; the splendor of the Prelacy ; the Prince of the holy venerable senate of Fathers and ancient Doctors ; the leading champion, after the Apostles, of the Church Militant ; and now, beyond doubt, one of the brightest ornaments of the Church Triumphant !—Oh Augustine ! if the recital of thy faults cost me so much labour, how shall I commence, not to say, complete, the detail of thy amiable, transcendent virtues ? But I must hurry to a close.

The Saint, after his return, lived a retired life, in community with a number of devout friends. Their employment was contemplation, and the study of the Sacred Scriptures. Thus he laid the foundation of the celebrated order of the Augustinian Hermits. Seven of his immediate disciples were raised to African Sees ; and three of these holy Prelates are numbered amongst the Saints. He likewise founded a convent of religious women ; of which his sister was superioress. The sacred institute, which bears his name, being extinguished in Africa by the desolating invasion of the Vandals, was soon revived in Europe ; and in the thirteenth century, Pope Alexander the Fourth united its various branches into one Order ; an order which has supplied the Church with numberless holy Bishops, learned Doctors, ingenious writers, and zealous missionaries ; as Christendom, Ireland and Dublin herself bear testimony.

God prepared Augustine, in his solitude, for the arduous duties of the pastoral charge. Ele-

vated to the honour of the Priesthood against his will, he assisted the Bishop of Hippo, a neighbouring town, in the instruction of his flock, till, in the forty-second year of his age, he succeeded him in the Episcopal Dignity. The light thus drawn from under the bushel, shone, from Hippo, throughout Africa and the whole known world; illustrating the Christian, Catholic Faith; confounding and enlightening Heretics, Schismatics, Jews, Pagans; converting sinners; perfecting saints; dazzling men, and charming God and his angels. Oh! who shall tell the labours of Augustine for the salvation of his flock? He preached every day, and sometimes twice on the same day; instructing, reclaiming, comforting, and melting his hearers to tears, to divine love, to sanctity and happiness. We have no less than four hundred of his Sermons still extant; which, with his other numerous works, fill ten large volumes folio—monuments of his eloquence, erudition, zeal, and profound knowledge of the human heart. Ah! he knew, by sad experience, what sin was; and deeply felt, and efficaciously cured, the misery of his fellow-sinners. He induced his clergy to live in community with him in his episcopal residence; and thus gave birth to the Congregation of Regular Canons, so long renowned for sanctity and learning.

But how shall I recount his great and glorious labours for the Church at large? Africa was, at that time, overrun with swarms of sectaries, both schismatic and heretic; and Augustine undertook the great work of their conversion. The Manichees; the Donatists; the Pelagians; fell successively under the overwhelming power

of his arguments, his learning and his zeal. In the pulpit; in his writings; in public conferences; and in National Councils; his tongue, his pen, gave them not a moment's respite. He converted, by thousands, their deluded followers; nay, often induced their proudest ringleaders, in the very heat of public disputation, to fall on their knees and embrace the Catholic Faith. So that, although, upon his accession to the episcopal throne, the Catholics in Africa were very weak and few, he lived to see the multiplied adversaries of the Faith, reduced by his exertions to an insignificance next to total annihilation. The Manicheans were the first against whom he unsheathed the controversial sword. They had deluded *himself* in his youth, and he had dragged many of his friends along with him into their snares. These friends, to a man, he reclaimed, and received whole multitudes of the others into the Church.—The furious faction of schismatics, called Donatists, next roused his powerful talents. They were so numerous, that there was scarce to be found a town in Africa, that had not a Donatist, as well as a Catholic, Bishop. Our illustrious Doctor challenged all their prelates to a public conference at Carthage, in which, after three days disputation, he bore away the palm of truth and victory. Whole flocks with their Bishops returned to the Catholic Communion; and this wide-extended sect, which had threatened that ancient Church with inevitable ruin, dwindled away to nothing.—Pelagius, a Welsh monk, began to spread his poisonous errors against the necessity of divine grace and the sacraments. He deceived many by his hypocrisy. But Augustine soon perceived the wolf in sheep's cloth-

ing, and summoning a Council at Carthage, condemned him and his co-heresiarch Celestius; which sentence was confirmed by Pope Innocent. However, Celestius having deceived Pope Zosimus, the successor of Innocent, and obtained a letter of recommendation from his Holiness to the Bishops of Africa; Augustine and his Confreres—worthy models of that solicitude which Pastors owe to the flocks, which the Holy Ghost has committed to their charge— assembled a Council of two hundred and fourteen Bishops, and persevering in their first determination, again condemned the Heretic, and undeceived the Pope.—An example of episcopal firmness, which, to the glory of Ireland and the joy of her Catholic Millions, the mitred successors of St. Patrick so nobly and so wisely followed on an occasion of recent date; when, in National Synod assembled, in the month of August, 1815, they dealt the blow of death to the reviving hydra of *Vetoism*—that monster of a plot, which, under the face of *liberality*, had imposed upon the Venerable Head of the Church; and, if not timely unmasked by our vigilant Prelates, would, by destroying their spiritual independence, and subjecting them to a sacrilegious controul, would (yes, in the presence of God I say it) would have utterly demolished that sacred structure, which the hand of Patrick raised, and which ages of persecution have not been able to shake.

But, to return to the great model of Bishops, whose life has furnished the subject of this discourse.—In order that patience under affliction might complete his crown of glory, Augustine, now full of merits and of days, had,

before his death, the poignant grief to behold his own dear church, and all the other churches of Africa, desolated by an invasion of heretic barbarians, the Vandals; who, from Spain, inundating the immense provinces of that populous continent, laid them all waste with fire and sword; burning cities, towns and villages; slaughtering the inhabitants without distinction of age or sex: demolishing churches and colleges; murdering priests and bishops; and thus carrying into effect that exterminating system, which has been denounced for human and divine execration, in the blood-stained pages of History, under the well known name of—persecuting *Vandalism*.

How deeply the tender, pastoral heart of our Saint was sickened by such a scene of universal horror, may be better imagined than described. His affliction was not a little aggravated by the circumstance, that the original promoter of all this confusion happened to be an intimate friend of his own.—Count Boniface, Commander of the Roman forces in Africa, had, by the defeat of several rebels, secured the empire to Placidia, daughter of Theodosius the Great, who held the reins of government for her young son Valentinian the Third. This distinguished captain, after the death of his wife, had determined to embrace a monastic life, but was dissuaded from the step by our Saint; who felt convinced that, in his present exalted situation, he was more serviceable to church and state.—Ah! my brethren, how cautious should all Christians be, not to relax in their religious fervor!—Boniface, though blessed with the counsels of an Augustine, fell, by insensible degrees, from

his practices of devotion; and having been obliged, by the emperor's order, to go over into Spain, he there married a second time; taking to wife an Arian woman, related to the kings of the Vandals: which alliance procured him a share in their friendship, though he insisted that she should first become a Catholic. This affinity gave occasion to the General Aetius, his rival at court, to render his fidelity suspected to the Empress Placidia. Boniface resented this disgrace; and seeing his ruin inevitable, formed a treaty with Gontharis and Genseric, kings of the Vandals in Spain; and standing upon his defence, defeated three captains that were sent by Placidia and Aetius against him. St. Augustine, full of grief for this unhappy change in his friend, wrote him an excellent letter of advice, exhorting him to do penance for his sins, and to return to his duty; but, alas! without effect.

In the mean time, the Vandals under Genseric, with an army of fourscore thousand men, sailed from Spain into Africa, in the year of our Lord 428. This nation was the most terrible of all those barbarous hordes, which the northern hive had poured forth, to desolate, and, ultimately, destroy the western empire of Rome. They had, some years before, seized upon that portion of Spain, which from them has since retained the name of Andalusia. Their progress in Africa was marked with all the traits of their devastating character; and so widely and so rapidly did they lay the country waste, that both Boniface, who had invited them over, and the Empress, who had imprudently driven him to that extremity, were glad to settle their

mutual differences, and unite for the common safety. The Count, now reinstated in his former command, endeavoured to retrieve the loss of Africa; but it was then too late. He tried to draw off the barbarians, first by money, afterwards by force of arms, but without success. Being defeated in battle, he fled to Hippo, which was the strongest fortress in the country. This city, as I before observed, was the episcopal residence of our Saint; and, with the exception of Carthage and Cirtha, was almost the only one of the numerous African Sees, which had not yet been laid in ruins by the Vandals.

In the midst of the general desolation, Augustine was the comfort, not only of his own flock, but of the whole church of Africa. To form an idea, my brethren, of all he did, by his correspondence, his preaching, and his charities, to alleviate the sufferings of his country, you must read his life in Alban Butler; from whose excellent biographical compilation I have extracted the preceding account. But the time was now approaching, when this great saint and champion of the Church was to pass from these scenes of misery, to that better and blessed life, where misery is unknown.—In the month of May, 430, the fourth year of their invasion, the Vandals besieged Hippo by land and sea. In the third month of the siege, the holy bishop was seized with a fever; and after some weeks of illness, which time he spent in the most fervent sentiments of contrition, resignation, and love of his Redeemer, he calmly expired on the twenty-eighth day of August, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and fortieth of his ministry.—

How awful and unsearchable are the ways of Divine Providence! A Bishop, whose zeal had extended on all sides the dominion of Christ; a Saint, whose virtues seemed calculated to confirm all the nations in the faith; a writer, whose works not only eradicated, in his own country, the numerous sects of the day, but have been, ever since, the grand depot of spiritual armoury for all defenders of the truth, in every corner of the globe;—to say all in a word, an Augustine—dies, leaving his native land a prey to heretic barbarians! And Africa, once so Catholic; once so learned; the mother of the Tertullians, the Cyprians, the Optatus's, the Augustine's; Africa, once the pride of the Church of God, has never since raised her head from the sink of barbarism and infidelity! For though, about a hundred years after, the bravery of a Belisarius, by extinguishing the Vandal kingdom, restored, for a time, these beautiful provinces to the Roman Empire; yet, the seventh century had scarcely dawned, when Mahometanism overspread the land; and the country which had been blessed with the prayers, the preaching, and the writings of an Augustine, has, now, for one thousand years, been polluted with the impure and barbarous superstition of the impostor of Mecca!

Oh Augustine! may Ireland never be doomed to the fate of thy unhappy country, or of those nations who have lost the Catholic Faith! May our fathers and mothers imitate thy pious and tender parent Monica! May our children obey, betimes, the religious admonitions of those, whom God and Nature have given them for the guardians of their innocence! And if any of

our youth have gone astray like thee, may they, like thee, return to their merciful Redeemer ! Look, oh Augustine ! with an eye of peculiar affection on our clergy ; on our Bishops and Priests. They are called to the same holy ministry with thee ; may they, in their sacred functions, for ever imitate thee ! And if I, sinner as I am, be permitted to raise my voice in my own individual behalf, I beseech thee, oh ! thou Doctor of the Catholic Church ; thou converter of sinners ; thou enlightener of accretaries ; thou great and glorious defender of the faith of Jesus ; I beseech thee to pray to that same Jesus, that in the arduous undertaking I have commenced ; namely, this periodical publication of my sermons—I may, through his grace (*without* which I can do nothing, but *with* which I can do all) attain the object I have in view, and which I here comprize in two words—the exaltation of the Catholic Faith, and the conversion of infidels and sinners. May Jesus give me strength to accomplish this object ; and may every pious soul who hears me contribute to that accomplishment ! That so, imitating thy virtues and thy zeal, oh ! thou faithful imitator of the apostles ! we may, with them and with thee, enjoy the blissful sight of our Saviour and our God for ever and ever !

A blessing, &c.

I am glad to see the number of cheap Catholic publications, which are now coming out. — Mr. Nolan, 3, Suffolk-street, has published 1. *Some few of the many Reasons, which must for ever attach a Roman Catholic to his Religion.* Price 1d.—2. *A Roman Catholic's*

Reasons, why he cannot conform to the Protestant Religion. Price 2d.—3. In the press, a new edition of *Fifty Reasons, &c. which induced ANTHONY ULRICK, Duke of Brunswick, to abjure Lutheranism.* Price 8d.—4. On hands, a few of GALLITZIN'S *Defence of the Catholic Faith.* Price 1s. 3d.—Mr. Battersby, 33, Winetavern-street, is publishing *The Faith and Religion of Rome and St. Patrick, or, The Perpetuity and Infallible Authority of the Roman Catholic Church.* In Six Letters, Price 6d. each.—Mr. Coyne, 74, Cook-street, has published *The Shield of the Catholic Faith, or, TERTULLIAN'S Prescriptions against all Heretics.* In Five Numbers, Price 5d. each.—Let Catholic Publishers work in this way; let a Catholic Nation encourage them; let the Rich purchase, and distribute among the Poor, hundreds of these Catholic Tracts; let this be done, and the *Trash* (not *Tracts*) of all the motley Sectarian Societies; the falsehood, ribaldry, and obscenity of the *Orange Press*, will soon cease to pollute the land: and our poor fellow-countrymen will receive that solid religious instruction, which, if it cannot remove, will at least, alleviate their manifold sufferings.—

The *Seventeenth* Sermon will be the Panegyric of ST. DOMINIC, FOUNDER OF THE FRIAR PREACHERS.—Text—"Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle: let his praise be in the Church of the Saints." Psalm cxlix. v. 1.

SERMON XVII.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

ST. DOMINIC, FOUNDER OF THE FRIAR
PREACHERS.

*Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle: let his praise be in the
Church of the Saints.*

Psalm cxlix. v. 1.

MANY are the reasons, my brethren, which keep me in the Catholic Church. Many are the motives, which make my heart grateful to my Redeemer, for having mercifully caused me to be born and educated within her sacred pale. The more I reflect; the more I read; the more I examine her faith and practice, and compare them with the theories and usages of every other system of religion—the stronger becomes my conviction, that she is the only Church of God; that her doctrine is alone conformable to the eternal truth of Jesus; alone worthy of the greatness and goodness of the Deity; alone consistent with the common sense, congenial to the nature, commensurate with the wants, and conducive to the happiness of Man. When I consider the public and undeniable evidence of her history; which is, in fact, the religious history of the whole human race. When I reflect on the authen-

ficiency of her prophecies ; preserved as they have been by her worst enemies, the Jews ; and confirmed by the appalling misery of that ungrateful nation, branded to this very day, with the self-invoked curse of their crucified Messiah. When I look back to her establishment throughout the world, by the preaching of twelve fishermen, and by the most incontestable miracles ; an event which, if not produced by miracles, would have been, in itself, the greatest of all miracles. When I view her admirable constitution, (so worthy of her All-wise Legislator) by which her millions and millions of children, dispersed all over the face of the globe, are united, through their respective Bishops, in the same faith, the same sacraments, and the same government, under the one same Hierarchical Chief. When I trace in my mind the uninterrupted succession of these Chiefs ; under whom she has, for eighteen hundred years, flourished in the midst of persecution, corruption, religious rebellion and political convulsion. When I consider all these inalienable marks of the Catholic Church, laid down, as they are, in the promises of the Redeemer—promises, which the event has verified in HER, and falsified in every other society calling itself the Church of Christ. When I consider all this ; and then, in addition to all this, behold, nay feel within myself, the purity of her precepts ; the curb she imposes on the passions of the human heart ; the eternity of reward, which she holds out to virtue ; the eternity of punishment, with which she threatens vice ; the helps to sanctity, which she proffers in her sacraments ; and in none of them so sensibly,

so conspicuously, or so frequently, as in those of Confession, and of the adorable body and blood of Jesus. When, I say, I consider all this—my mind, my heart, my reason, my very nature exclaims: “*Digitus Dei est hic.*” *The finger of God is in the Catholic Church!* Exod. viii. 19.

These, my brethren, are the grounds, the immoveable grounds of my conviction, and of that of every Catholic. They are the positive, necessary, invincible, and exclusive seals of the divine truth. Yet, strong as they are in themselves, how much stronger becomes the impression they make on our minds, when we contrast other systems of religion, with that of the Catholic Church. Look round you throughout the globe; look to ancient, look to modern times. Paganism and Mahometanism stand, at once, self-condemned by their unparalleled absurdities and abominations. The Jews read their reprobation, in their own inspired writings. Modern Atheists, if any there be, are dead to the first voice of nature, which cries aloud, “There is a God.” Modern Deists discard the first principle of reason, which says, “God must be worshipped and obeyed.” These various systems of error, therefore, bear not the contrast even for a moment.—Let us pass to those societies, who call themselves Christian; and who, because they have cut themselves off from the Church of Christ, are known under the general name of Sectaries. See them at war with each other, on every point of doctrine; no principle of union to pacify them; no authority to decide between them; each condemning, and condemned in their turn; believing to-day,

what they denied yesterday, and denying to-morrow, what they believe to-day ; sects dividing and subdividing into sects ; splitting, and mincing, and splitting again ; sects dwindling into conventicles ; conventicles into private families ; until, at length, destroying every corporate capacity and appearance, the spirit of innovation bursts asunder even its domestic bonds, and each individual sectary stands by himself, nor leaves to the endless variety of error, any more to dissect. Is this the Unity of the Church of Christ?—

See them pulling the Sacred Scriptures to and fro' ; making the Holy Ghost to utter the most absurd and blasphemous contradictions. Some pretending, that the Redeemer is not God ; others, that his Blessed Mother is not a Virgin. Some, that his Church is not even visible ; others, that she is a jumble of jarring sects. Some, that the temporal sovereign, even though a female or an infant, is her Spiritual Head ; as if Christ had said to Herod, Pilate, or Tiberius, "Thou art the Rock ; and upon this rock I will build my Church." Others, on the contrary, insisting, that every man, woman and child that pleases, is an Apostle ; as if St. Paul had not written, Rom. x, 15, "How can they preach unless they be sent?" Some, again, maintaining that an act of the civil power can change the faith of Christ ; others, that Christ left every individual to make a faith for himself. Some, that faith *alone* suffices for salvation ; others, that Man is not free, and that God created the sinner to be damned !—Thus they go on from absurdity to absurdity ; abusing the Holy word of revelation to every fancy of their own distempered brains.—

Their practice, too, is not less absurd and confused than their theory. They condemn virginity—so highly extolled by the word and example of Jesus. They prefer matrimony—yet degrade it from the list of the sacraments. They reject confession—which humbles and cures the depraved heart of Man. They abolish the divine banquet of the altar—which sanctifies his body and his soul. They discard fasting, penance and mortification—which correct and console the sinner and the saint. They strip religion of almost all her external rites—so necessary for Man, while he is in the flesh; and even in that one, which alone they preserve with any punctuality (although Scripture is silent on the point) I mean, the observance of the Sunday, they exhibit the same superstitious minuteness, which Christ condemned in the Pharisaical Sabbath.—Such a system, or, rather, absence of all system, has nothing, either in its theory or its practice, to satisfy a rational mind. And, therefore, the event too often proves, that it is only calculated to produce, either indifference and infidelity on the one hand, or fanaticism, spiritual pride, despair, melancholy, lunacy and suicide on the other.—Oh what a caricature of Christianity! What a contrast between the Sects, and the Catholic Church! Oh God of our fathers! How distinctly, how divinely hast thou marked thy truth! How beautiful, how clear, how evident; how simple, sublime and uniform does she appear—when contrasted with error! Oh God! Can men use their reason, and reject *this* truth? Can men escape thy vengeance, while they adhere to *that* error?—

But there is another point of view, my brethren, in which the True Church stands pre-eminently distinguished from those societies who usurp her name.—Sectaries have had no saints; and, therefore, venerate no saints. Their founders; their great enlighteners, as they call them, were men, notorious for their vices; for their pride, cruelty, party-spirit, hypocrisy and sensuality. So abandoned, indeed, were the generality of them, that their disciples, at this day, are absolutely ashamed of their biography; and thus, having no kalendar of their own, they vent their envy against the canonized saints of the Catholic Church. Nay, so great is their hatred of saints, that they deery even the Holy Mother of God and his Apostles; refusing to their memory, the very respect which nature herself bids them pay to the departed just. Here we see the true motive of that idle and malicious charge of idolatry, which they forge against us for venerating the saints; and here, likewise, they brand their own system as unholy and false, by declaring that the saints are none of theirs. No; the Saints, all the Saints belong to the Catholic Church; and the Catholic Church proves her claim to them by her veneration of them. She venerates them, because they were her heroes in the field of Christ; because they preached her faith, and proved her truth; because their virtues shewed that She was holy, and their miracles confirmed the divinity of her institution. She venerates them as the faithful servants of her, and their, great and only Redeemer; she respects their tombs and relics as those of dear departed friends; she does not pay them a divine

homage, as sectaries, with wilful falsehood, charge her; but she addresses them as her fellow-creatures, beseeching them to pray for her in heaven, as, in common with all her children, they had prayed for her on earth.

Oh! my brethren, how happy thus to find ourselves comprised in the "Church of the Saints," and not cast off into those self-condemned, and saint-hating sects, who do not dare even to own them! Oh! may we live, may we die in this "Communion of the Saints!" What a confirmation of our faith, thus to assemble on their festivals, and, by the fact, with one accord proclaim, that ours alone is the faith of all those bright luminaries of sanctity, who, in every clime and age, have shed their splendor on the Christian name;—constellations of virtue, among whom, on this, his anniversary, the great and holy Dominic shines with a lustre, of which I shall be able to convey to you but a feeble ray.—

In the year of our Lord 1170, the noble Spanish family of the Guzmans, residing at Calaroga in old Castile, was rendered still more illustrious by the birth of Dominic. His pious and high-born mother, Jane of Asa, was a lady who carefully instilled into the yet tender minds of her children, the most pure sentiments of religion. Her first and second sons having entered the church, became conspicuous for their sanctity; and her maternal love for our Saint, who was her third-born, received an abundant requital in those virtues, which distinguished his wonderful life. Oh! Mothers, learn from her example, that upon you, under God, princi-

pally depends the salvation of your offspring. — From his early infancy, the holy youth was most fervent in every religious exercise; rising often at night to pray; taking his rest on the hard boards; and attending at all the offices and devotions of the Church, with his maternal uncle, a holy arch-priest, who was his domestic preceptor. At the age of fourteen he was sent to the college of Palencia, then the nursery of the afterwards so much celebrated University of Salamanca. Here, while he excelled his fellow-students in every branch of learning; particularly in the knowledge of the holy scriptures and fathers; he became, likewise, their model in prayer, humility and the ardent love of his God. The early loss of his pious parent was a great and sensible affliction to the soul of Dominic; but it served to wean his heart still more from all earthly things. From her he had learned the most affectionate devotion to the Holy Mother of Jesus, and the most unbounded compassion for Jesus' suffering members, the poor. The whole city of Palencia was astonished to behold our Saint, yet a student, in his twenty-first year, give not only all his money and goods, but sell his very books and his own writings, to feed the distressed people during a famine. Roused by such an example, the masters and scholars contributed large sums, and the citizens opened their granaries to relieve the afflicted. A poor woman applying for the means of ransoming her son, who had been taken by the Moors—Dominic replied, "All my money is gone; but I will become slave in his stead." The astonished mother

would not accept the heroic offer; but the charity of the Saint was not the less before God. Thus the holy youth ran his college course.

Having taken out his degrees, and being raised to the dignity of the priesthood, he explained the scriptures in the schools, and preached the word of God in the churches of Palencia, with astonishing success; until, in his twenty-eight year, he was invited by the bishop of Osma, his native diocese, to accept a canonry in his cathedral. This zealous prelate, with the assistance of Dominic, introduced the rule of St. Augustine among his Canons; who thus became shining and burning lights of virtue and regularity, to the whole clergy of Spain. Our Saint continued his apostolical labours throughout the diocese; seconding, with wonderful effect, all the measures of his superior, for the reformation of morals, and the conversion of infidels and sinners. He practised the austerities of the ancient fathers of the desert; and spent whole nights in the church, watering the steps of the altar with his tears, and begging of the Father of mercies, the grace to gain souls to Christ. Such fervor and charity were not long confined to a narrow circle; for, after five years spent by the saint in his native diocese, God was pleased to open to him a field of action, worthy of his zeal;—a field, in which the salutary fruits of his apostolical spirit should not be bounded by either space or time, but should spread throughout the realms of the world, and be continued through the lapse of ages.

Towards the close of the twelfth century, the South of France, and a great part of Italy, became infested with numerous hordes of fanatics;

who, like our modern sectaries, would fain interpret the scriptures, every one according to his fashion, and set up their own whims against the doctrine of the universal church. To enumerate their errors, or even mention the names of their various sects, would exceed the compass of a sermon. Some of them, known by the appellation of New Manichees, held, that there were two Creators, one the author of good, the other of evil; to the latter of whom they attributed the Mosaic law, and, therefore, rejected the old testament. Others called Waldenses from their leader Waldo (a man of Lyons) affected great poverty, and austerity of manners; maintaining, that this was sufficient to constitute them ministers of the Gospel; and they, accordingly, proceeded to preach, and administer sacraments, without ordination or mission. A third sect, styling themselves Cathari or Puritans, boasted of their continency; condemned marriage; abstained from meat; never took an oath; and being thus, as they said, rendered perfect, saved, by their own faith, all their followers upon whom they imposed hands. Some of these sects rejected baptism, confession, the Eucharist, invocation of saints, prayers for the dead, fasts and feasts, with most of the other sacraments and observances of the Church: while others insisted that a good layman could say Mass, and give absolution, as validly as a priest. All these fanatics, including Petrobrusians, Henricians, &c. were designated by the general term of Albigenses, from the county of Albi in Languedoc. While they thus differed, as sectaries do, upon almost every point of doctrine, they all united in hostility to the Church; usurping the functions of her ministry; scouring the country in armed

bands; plundering the temples of God, and murdering the Catholics, both clergy and laity; until the French King was at length forced to commence a crusade against them, which ended in their subjugation; but not till after rivers of blood had flown on both sides.

Such, my brethren, was the state of France, when the great St. Dominic accompanied his bishop into that country, on an embassy from the Court of Castille. After the dispatch of their diplomatic business, instead of returning home, these two servants of God set out for Rome, and obtained from his holiness, Pope Innocent III. authority to preach among the Albigenses.—Who shall now relate the labors, the dangers, the preaching, the zeal, the learning, the patience, the success of this truly apostolical champion of the faith, during upwards of twelve years, that he spent amidst all the horrors of impiety and civil war? Like a lamb among wolves, he traversed the country; constantly exposed to the most cruel deaths; willing and desirous, indeed, to lay down his life for Christ; yet, thirsting still more for the salvation of those souls, whom Christ had redeemed with his blood. By the mild persuasion which dropped from his lips, and by the meekness and charity of his whole deportment, he frequently disarmed the most determined assassins; softening those savage hearts, upon which even the eloquence of a Bernard had thundered in vain; dispelling the errors and furies of their fanaticism; instilling the sentiments of faith and true religion; and leading them once more under the sweet yoke of Christ and his Church. He prevailed upon all his fellow-missionaries, many of whom were abbots of the richest monasteries in France, to lay aside their equipage and attend-

ants; and, in imitation of our Blessed Redeemer and his apostles, to travel on foot without money or provisions. He deprecated, on every possible occasion, the use of terror; and never employed any other weapons but those of persuasion. In the battles which took place between the marauders and their opponents, he exerted all his influence with the Catholic commanders, for the preservation of the prisoners. Among others, he saved the life of a young man, who was going to execution; foretelling, that this obstinate bandit and heretic would one day be a convert. The youth was afterwards a friar of Dominic's order. When the raging flame of civil contest, which thus devoured the plains of Languedoc, prevented the Saint's ordinary excursions through the country, and obliged him to seek protection in the towns and camps occupied by the Catholic troops, he did not allow his love of souls to slacken, but spent his nights in prayer, and his days in reclaiming the obstinate sinners, who are always so numerous in large armies.

During the intervals of confusion, Dominic and his companions held public conferences with the chief ministers of the Albigensian sect. Arbitrators, chosen by either party, presided; and this mode of conducting the controversy, was attended with numerous conversions to the Catholic truth. Yet, even here, the Saint's life was not always safe; and at one of these meetings, the heretics murdered Peter of Castlenau, the Pope's Legate. The Saint laboured for the salvation of these infatuated and impious multitudes, not only by his preaching, but by his writings. A book, in which he had confuted their errors, was thrown by them into the flames, to see if it would burn. It remained unsinged.

Yet, notwithstanding this miracle, one only of the company was converted; and this man it was, who afterwards attested the fact, at which no Catholic had been present. At a subsequent conference, however, the arbitrators, on the demand of the Albigensian ministers, and with the consent of Dominic and the Catholics, subjected the book to a second ordeal; it did not burn; and the result was, the conversion of thousands of both sexes.

To detail all our Saint's transactions among these people, would be endless. Finding, by experience, that the want of a Christian education was one great cause of the errors and disorders which afflicted the country, he founded a nunnery near the city of Fanjaux, which became a sanctuary for many ladies who wished to retire from the world, and a nursery for such as had afterwards to encounter its dangers. This was the mother-house of that extensive Order of Dominicanesses; who, for six hundred years, have edified Christendom by their piety and virtues; adorning the kalendar with many holy virgins; among whom, shines conspicuous the great St. Catharine of Sienna. It was in Languedoc also, that Dominic instituted the celebrated devotion of the *Rosary*, or beads; in which the faithful, while they recite fifteen Our Fathers, and one hundred and fifty Hail Marys, meditate on the fifteen principal mysteries of the birth, death, and glory of our Blessed Saviour; recommending themselves to the prayers of his Holy Mother; and weaving together their *Puters* and *Aves*, as a garland of roses, whose sweet odour ascends to the throne of God. The saint likewise founded an institute, called his Third Order, for devout persons living in the world; who perform certain exercises of

regularity and devotion, and spend part of their time in attending the sick in the hospitals.

But the great work for which this zealous imitator of the Apostles is so justly renowned in the Church of God; the grand enterprize which has principally handed down his name to posterity; perpetuating the fruit of his labours; renewing his holy fame from age to age; propagating the faith of Christ throughout the universe; illustrating the Christian name by learning, sanctity and martyrdom; filling heaven with souls; and adding to the crown of Dominic fresh and daily rays of glory, until the the last of the elect shall pass the eternal gates of Paradise. This great and stupendous enterprize was the foundation of his Order of the Friar Preachers. Before his time, the various monastic institutes were established for persons retired from the world; and who, except on extraordinary occasions, did not attend to those functions of the ministry, the benefit of which pervades the body of the faithful at large. Dominic formed the design of combining the active with the contemplative life. He felt, himself, all the advantages of such a combination; and he desired to establish a corporation of Clergymen, who, while they lived in community, and practised the regular exercises of the ancient monks, might render their convents schools of learning and sanctity for themselves and the public; and quitting, and seeking alternately, the solitude of the cell, might carry with them into the pulpit and confessional, that fervor of divine love; that disengagement from all earthly things; that pure zeal of souls; that unaffected and disinterested piety, which the spirit of prayer and retirement never fails to communicate to

its votaries. With this view, Dominic founded his first convent at Toulouse; into which he received sixteen of his fellow missionaries, who were anxious to place themselves under his holy direction in this more perfect state of clerical life. Thus commenced that celebrated order of Religious, who, from the apostolical zeal of their great Patriarch and his first disciples, obtained the name of the Friar Preachers, or preaching brethren; a name, which, in every age and clime, the order has gloriously preserved, by the important services it has constantly rendered to religion, through the sanctity, learning and numbers of its distinguished missionaries.—And here let me observe that, at the very time when St. Dominic was carrying his project into execution in the South of France, God was pleased to inspire with exactly the same idea, the ever venerable and renowned St. Francis of Assisium; who, in the heart of Italy, gave rise to the Order of (as in his profound humility he would have his Religious called) the Friar Minors. Thus, these two great chieftains of the apostolical warfare, vying with each other in the love of God and their neighbour, and united in the strictest bonds of christian friendship, were chosen by heaven, at one and the same moment, to furnish to the militant spouse of Christ, their respective armies of holy auxiliaries; who, faithful to the standard of the cross, have ever since marched, among the foremost of her combatants, to that spiritual conflict, which she never ceases to wage against the powers of hell.

To return to Dominic. Having repaired to Rome, he obtained, in the year 1216, the confirmation of his institute, from Pope Honorius the Third, who appointed him his domestic

Theologian, or Master of the Sacred Palace: which high office has ever since been filled by one of his order. The surprizing rapidity, with which this body of religious men extended itself through all the realms of Christendom, is one of the most evident proofs, that it was the work of that God, who inspires all great designs, and endows his saints with the energy and perseverance, necessary to carry into execution the enterprizes they have formed for the glory of his name, and the salvation of mankind. Although the holy founder lived but five years after the confirmation of his order by the Head of the Church; yet, during that short space of time, he had the happiness to see it propagated, not only through Italy, France and Spain, but in Germany, Poland, Sweden, Norway, Great Britain and Ireland. Nay, his immediate disciples carried the light of faith into Morocco, Syria, and the very wilds of Tartary. Nor have their successors failed to answer the expectations of their great and glorious father. During six centuries, the Dominican order has had its full share in all the wonderful works, by which the Omnipotent Ruler of events protects, preserves, and propagates his Church from age to age. The learned, pious and correct biographer of the Saints, Rev. Alban Butler, who has been my guide in the present narrative, has the following summary: Aug. 4, p. 89, note. "This order hath given the church five popes; forty-eight cardinals; twenty-three patriarchs; fifteen hundred bishops; six hundred archbishops; seventy-one masters of the sacred palace, and a great number of eminent doctors and writers." Among the latter, I cannot let pass this occasion of naming, the pride and glory of Theology, the justly stiled Angelical

Doctor, St. Thomas of Aquino. Neither can I refrain from noticing St. Raymond of Pennafort and St. Pius V.—two great men, who have conferred the most lasting benefits on the christian and civilized world; the former, by laying the foundation for the expulsion of the Moors from Spain; and the latter, by breaking the terrible power of the Turks in Europe. I should never conclude, were I to mention all the Dominican Saints, who have risen to the honours of canonization; all the zealous missionaries and holy martyrs, who have extended by their preaching, and sealed with their blood, the sacred faith of their Redeemer; not only during the infancy of their institute, but in the sixteenth and subsequent ages; as well among the revolted nations, who then shook off the obedience of their Mother Church, as among the immense populations of America, the East Indies, Japan and China, whom, in the very same age, Jesus blessed with his Catholic truth, by way of ample indemnity for the loss, which his spouse had sustained in the northern half of Europe.—

You, my brethren, can have no idea of the splendor, which the Dominican Order reflected, in former times, on the religion and learning of the Island of Saints. The monuments, which would have continued that splendor down to our days, have either mouldered into decay, or been perverted to far different ends. That College, which is now so often made the boast of Irish genius; that college, which still bears the name of its original dedication to the Blessed Trinity, owes its rise to the Dominican friars: who, together with the Franciscans, in the thirteenth century, founded those schools, which were subsequently ennobled by Elizabeth (alas! for what an opposite purpose!) with the rank and title of

University.—Catholics of Dublin, you see, in the humble house of God, where you are now assembled, and in a few other small establishments throughout the island, the whole remains of native Dominican greatness. Cherish these remains; cherish them as you would the relics of departed sanctity; and let your veneration be enhanced by the circumstance, that, to this Order you owe that respected and beloved pastor, who, for nearly forty years, has borne the Archbishop's solicitude of your souls.

Such, in Ireland, is the scanty remnant of that great work, which has rendered the name of Dominic, for ever famous in the annals of Christianity and the world.—And shall we, my brethren, be surprized, that the man, whom the Creator of All selected for the performance of so stupendous and successful an undertaking as that which I have faintly described, should have been gifted with the power of miracles? His sublime sanctity, his purity of heart, his profound humility, his spirit of prayer, his burning charity, his endurance of fatigues, insults and dangers; these, in fact, were his greatest miracles, though they are not so called by the world, because they were in the order of grace. But, he likewise performed miracles in the order of nature. For, I will not yield to that false delicacy, which startles at the name of miracle, because ignorance and infidelity, forsooth, scoff at what condemns them, when they can neither contradict, nor confute it. Miracles have occurred, on various occasions, in every age of the church. We must not question God, why he chooses one occasion or person, rather than another, for their performance. He acts according to his own wise ends. These ends we see, sometimes in the merciful conversion,

sometimes in the just condemnation, of souls; but whether we see them or not, they are known to Himself, and must be wise and good. The facts, however, are open to our investigation; and we must totally renounce all historical certainty, if we refuse to admit them, vouched as they are by writers, who could neither be deceived, because they were eye-witnesses, nor deceive, because they recorded what was public and notorious.

Do not, therefore, startle, if I mention miracles in ages past. Miracles are performed at this very day! The pious priest, Prince Alexander Hohenlohe, at Bamberg, in the kingdom of Bavaria, has wrought hundreds of miracles, in the name of Jesus, within the last two years. He has restored sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf; he has made the lame to walk, and has raised, in an instant, the afflicted from their beds of incurable sickness. In July, 1821, he healed the Princess of Schwartzenberg, who had lost the use of her whole frame for eight years; he has restored his hearing to the Prince Royal of Bavaria; has cured a multitude of others, of every rank, age and sex; and all, without any other remedy than the invocation of the name of Jesus! He has relieved Catholics and Sectaries. The arm of the Lord has not been shortened in this youthful and holy priest, now but twenty-nine years of age. It has operated, as it did in our Divine Redeemer, on the friends and on the foes of religion; to the conversion of the sincere, and to the confusion of the obstinate. It has operated upon "those, that were nigh, and those that were afar off."—On the 8d of May, 1822, in the Nunnery of New Hall, near Chelmsford, a few miles from London, Miss Barbara O'Connor, an Irish

lady, recovered the perfect use of her swollen arm, by the prayers of Prince Hohenlohe, then celebrating Mass six hundred miles distant in Germany; and the miraculous fact is fully detailed in print by Dr. Badeley, a Protestant physician, whose skill, in conjunction with that of the most eminent surgeons, had, for a whole year and a half, been exerted in vain. The extraordinary cures performed by Prince Hohenlohe, are openly viewed, and minutely investigated, on the spot, by the people at large; by the first medical professors of Germany, by Catholics, Lutherans, and Infidels of every description. The facts, circumstances, and documents, are officially registered by the public authorities. Books upon books have been published for and against the miracles. The unbelievers would fain attribute them to "the strength of imagination, the hidden energies of nature," and all the *etcetera* of causes (or rather of words without meaning) which, it is wonderful, have never produced such effects out of the Catholic Church. The unbelievers, I say, are quite glib at this absurd and infidel cant, rather than admit what proves beyond the reach of cavil, the divinity of the Catholic Faith. Yet, to the glory of our Holy Religion be it known, that not one of these incredulous *philosophers*, as they dub themselves, has dared to call in question the facts of these extraordinary cures. Thus, in an age, and in a country, where it was become almost fashionable to forget the very name of Jesus, has the Almighty been pleased to honour this his own sacred Name with miracles, whose number and splendor carry our minds back to the apostolic æra. The conversions, which attend the preaching of this holy Priest and Prince Hohenlohe, are innume-

rable; and the greatest alarm already pervades all the ranks of error. The conductors of the press, in these Islands, have been, as we might expect, silent on such overwhelming facts; but, while I have a tongue to move, or a pen to wield, these retailers of popular delusion and ignorance shall not deprive God of his glory, truth of its confirmation, and error of its fair chance of conviction.

To return to St. Dominic; suffice it to state, that he raised to life, at Rome, in the church of St. Sixtus, by making the sign of the cross, a child, whose mother had found him dead on her return from the Saint's sermon. He also raised whole and sound a mason, who, in the same place, had been crushed to death by the fall of a vault. He restored to health a religious man, the procurator of his convent, while the brethren were reading, round his bed, the prayers for one in the agony. But the most remarkable of his miracles, was the recalling to life of the young Lord Napoleon. The saint happened to be in consultation with several Cardinals and others, on an important affair, which the Pope had commissioned him to arrange; when a person ran in, crying out, that Cardinal Hugolin's nephew had that moment been thrown from his horse, and killed on the spot. Dominic, after assuaging the uncle's grief, ordered the corpse to be brought into the church, whither an immense concourse followed it. He said Mass, and while he elevated the body of Christ in his pure hands, he was himself raised in ecstacy a cubit from the ground. "The sacrifice being ended," continues Alban Butler, whose words I quote, "the blessed man went to the corpse, to implore the mercy of God, being followed by all the company; and standing by the body, he

disposed the bruised limbs in their proper places ; and then betook himself to prayer. After some time, he rose up, and made the sign of the cross over the corpse ; then lifting his hands to heaven, he himself being, by the power of God, at the same time raised from the ground, and suspended in the air, he cried out with a loud voice, ‘ Napoleon, I say to thee in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, arise.’ That instant, in the sight of the whole multitude, the young man arose, sound and whole. Not only all present, but the whole city, particularly the sacred college and the Pope, gave solemn thanks to the Almighty, who, in their unhappy days, had vouchsafed to renew the wonders which he had wrought in the establishment of his church.” So far Butler.—

To conclude, this blessed and apostolical man ; this father of one of the greatest orders in the church of God ; this thaumaturgus of his age, approached his happy end. He foresaw it, long before it happened. Setting out on a journey from Bologna for Milan, he said to his friends on parting, “ You now see me well in health ; but before the glorious assumption of the Virgin Mother, I shall depart hence to the Lord.” He returned to Bologna in the heats of summer, and was seized with a burning fever. Having borne his sickness with the greatest cheerfulness, he gave his last exhortation, or testament as he called it, to his brethren ; received the holy sacraments, and calmly expired on the 6th of August, 1221 ; being fifty-one years old. Cardinal Hugolin, the uncle of the young Lord whom he had raised to life, performed his funeral obsequies ; and thirteen years after, being raised to the pontifical chair, under

the name of Gregory the Ninth, had the very singular joy of enrolling his beloved and holy friend among the canonized Saints of God.—

Oh ! Church of the Saints ! Oh ! Church of miracles ! Oh ! Church, which alone canst claim the one ! Oh ! Church, which alone canst boast the other ! Would sectaries, as they do, disown both, if they could shew a right to either ? Would they despise Saints, if they had them ? Would they decry miracles, if they performed them ? How comes it that the Catholic Church alone doth claim them ? The answer is obvious—because the Catholic Church alone doth own them. The word “ Forgery ” is soon said. It is the word of ignorance. How comes it that sectaries have never produced accounts of saints and miracles ? Would they not be glad to produce them ? What could serve their purpose better ? Why, then, are they silent as death ? Why ? Because they have them not ; because forgeries would be detected ; because facts, and facts alone could give rise to those accounts, which, interwoven as they are with the very history of the times, rest precisely on the same testimony, and command precisely the same credit, as the public revolutions of the world, of which none but the fool affects to doubt. Oh ! Church, which alone canst produce these accounts ! Oh ! Church, which alone canst trace thy pedigree to Jesus ! On *his* promise we believe thee. We require not miracles, to tell us thou art *his*. St. Paul says, that “ signs ” are presented to infidels for their conversion ; not to the faithful, who, already believing, stand in no need of them for that purpose. They are, in fact, but the condescensions of the merciful Almighty, to the weakness or obstinacy

of unbelievers. But as to us, who believe, who know the truth; when we read them; when we hear them; when we even see them; they only tell us, that we have been right, and make us cling more closely to that faith, which life nor death shall ever sever from our souls. Oh! faith of all the Saints! oh! faith of Dominic! oh! faith, founded by miracles; resting on facts; attested by history; immutable through ages! alone consistent with thyself; alone demonstrated by reason; alone accounting for thy dogmas; alone explanatory of past and present events; alone (and this is the main point) alone adapted to the nature and the wants of Man! Oh! Catholic faith, which Dominic preached, practised, and proved; proved by his sanctity, his miracles, his words, his deeds, his life, his death! Oh! Catholic faith, may we always adhere to thee! and what is of equal importance, may we always square our conduct by thy dictates! that so, with Dominic, and through his prayers, we may enjoy the eternal company of thy Author and Consummator—Christ Jesus!

A blessing, &c.

The *Eighteenth* Sermon will be the Panegyric of ST. FRANCIS, FOUNDER OF THE FRIAR MINORS.—Text—"At that time Jesus answered, and said, I give thanks to thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father; for so hath it seemed good in thy sight." St. Matt. c. xi, v. 25, 26.

SERMON XVIII.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

ST. FRANCIS, FOUNDER OF THE FRIAR
MINORS.

At that time Jesus answered, and said: I give thanks to thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father; for so hath it seemed good in thy sight.

St. Matt. c. xi, v. 25.

YES, Jesus! it hath seemed good in the sight of thy heavenly Father, to reveal the wonders of his divinity to the little ones, and hide them from the wise and prudent. It hath seemed good to Him, who beholds all things as they truly are, to give his grace to the humble—the little in their own eyes; and to resist the proud—the wise and prudent in the eyes of the world. It hath seemed good to him, to look upon the humility of his handmaid, Mary, and to choose the lowliest, but the purest, of virgins for the Mother of Thee, his Eternal Son. It hath seemed good to his omnipotence, that Thou, the same God with himself, the Lord of heaven and of earth, shouldst be born, not in the regal splendor of a palace, but in the miserable shelter of a manger; that thou

shouldst live, thy whole life long, the out-cast of this haughty world ; despised by the grandees and wise ones of the earth, and cherished by the humblest of the poor ; called a madman, in the commencement of thy divine mission ; and, after all thy miracles and heavenly doctrine, clothed in the garb of contempt, as a fool. It hath seemed good in the eyes of thy Almighty Father, to deliver thee up, naked and forlorn, to the most shameful of torments, to the most ignominious of deaths. And, why this abject humiliation of Thee, who art the splendor of thy Father's glory ? Thou thyself hast said it—" that men might learn of thee, to be meek and humble of heart."

By pride, the angels fell ; by pride, man lost his birth-right, and exchanged the friendship of his God, for the slavery of that rebel-spirit, whose title is " Prince over all the sons of pride." By humility, therefore, by humility the most profound, by self-debasement the most abject, thou, O Jesus ! didst repair the ruin caused to man by pride. Humility commenced, humility continued, humility crowned thy work of redemption. Humble, thyself, none but the humble wouldst thou honor with a participation in thy victory over the pride of the world and of hell. Thy cross, that trophy of thy victory ; that throne, whereon thou reignest, in all the grandeur of thy humility ; thy cross, that stumbling-block to the Jews ; that scandal to the Gentiles ; was erected in the hearts of mankind, not by the wise according to the flesh ; not by the mighty ; not by the noble ; but by a few illiterate, feeble, lowly fishermen of Galilee. For, " the foolish things of the world

hast thou chosen, that thou mayest confound the wise: and the weak things of the world hast thou chosen, that thou mayest confound the strong: and the mean things of the world, and the things that are contemptible, hast thou chosen, and things that are not, that thou mayest destroy the things that are: that no flesh should glory in thy sight." 1 Cor. i, 27.

Wonderful mystery of humility! wonderful in thine own divine person, O Son of God! wonderful in thy Blessed Mother; wonderful in thy apostles; wonderful in all thy saints, who, like them, have learned of thee the sublime lesson; but, in none of thy saints, more wonderful, than in him, whom I, this day, presume to name, in the vain attempt to do his humility justice, FRANCIS, the humblest, sublimest of mankind.—Oh subject! not for eloquence, but for tears; not for panegyric, but for prayers; not for human, but for divine gratitude. For thou, O humble Jesus! art alone sufficiently worthy to "thank thy Father, the Lord of heaven and earth, because he hath hidden this mystery of humility from the wise and prudent, and hath revealed it to little ones." Let that gratitude of thine be the encomium of Francis; let it spare me the fruitless task I have undertaken: and save me from the certain failure, which awaits an attempt so presumptuous, as that of pronouncing the panegyric of this most humble of humility's children. Let thy faithful people be content with that little, which is within my power to accomplish; let them hear a short and imperfect narrative of his life; that life, an act, a word, a tear, a sigh of which, will breathe into their souls, humility more perfect, love

more seraphic, and compunction more profound, than all the eloquence of an Augustine could inspire. Oh! for a tear of Francis! that I might weep his praise; oh! for a tear of Francis! and then I should not envy Augustine his eloquence.—

The barbarism of the tenth and eleventh centuries (or, as history justly brands them, the dark ages) had threatened destruction to the Church of God. In those unhappy days, both ecclesiastical discipline and civil government had lost all their vigour. Every baron, or landholder, became a despot; and acknowledging no law, led his vassals to plunder and massacre on the estate of his next neighbour. Every town and village took up arms at its pleasure, and Europe presented the horrible picture of petty, universal, and interminable warfare. Swarms of barbarians from the northern hive, under the general name of Normans, invaded almost every kingdom; and by their devastations, which they continued even after their conversion to the true faith, augmented the overwhelming disasters of the times. In the universal confusion, schools and seminaries were destroyed; and science, flying from a ferocious world, shut herself up in the most retired monasteries; where she scantily fed her flickering lamp, at the sacred shrine of religion. In the mean time, simony, immorality and violence disposed of the Episcopal Sees; into which the titled and sceptred banditti intruded the most worthless of their partizans. The corruption of the clergy led to still greater depravity among the people; who, immersed in igno-

rance and vice, either totally neglected, or miserably profaned the sacraments.

Such, my brethren, were the dark ages. A flash of splendor, here and there, broke in, at times, upon the general gloom. France had her Bernard, and Italy her Hildebrand. The former, by his eloquence, sanctity and miracles; and the latter, by the stern enforcement of his papal authority, curbed the usurping insolence of the Church's tyrants. England, too, produced her Edward the Confessor, and Germany her St. Henry the Fifth; two monarchs, who, by their virtues, redeemed the regal and imperial character, from the pollutions of their predecessors and contemporaries. At length, towards the close of the eleventh century, the wise and just policy of the crusades began to purge Christendom of its shocking disorders. The Mahometans had overrun that immense tract of the globe, which extends from the Indian to the Atlantic Ocean. On this side, the Moors held Africa and the greater part of Spain in bondage; and on that, the Saracens were masters of the Holy Land and the continent of Asia. The feeble and falling Empire of the Greeks was more engaged in widening its Schism, which it had lately renewed, than in opposing its infidel invaders; and, should it fall their prey, nothing appeared which could save Europe from Mahometan devastation.

In this crisis, Religion, which, alone, held a portion of her sway over the minds of an uncivilized population, turned the ferocity of the European nations against their religious and political foes. The expeditions set on foot to recover the Holy Land, were

so many safety-valves, through which Christendom vented those masses of turbulence, which had so long fermented in its bosom. Its people in consequence, became, by degrees, more peaceable; the Church resumed her just influence; Science, in the garb of scholastic divinity, peeped out once more upon the benighted nations; and Civil Government began to exercise its mild dominion of the laws. These brightening prospects, however, were not unattended with clouds and tempests. During the reign of darkness, Europe slept in such brutal ignorance; her people were so absolutely incapable of discussion, that she presented to impostors no theatre, upon which to play off the errors of seduction. But, now that knowledge began to dawn upon her slumbers; now that her inhabitants, awaking from their death-like lethargy, had sipped that scanty, and (to use the poet's epithet) dangerous, taste of instruction's spring, which, without slaking the thirst of information, entices onward the untutored palate, before it can distinguish truth from falsehood. In this incipient state of knowledge, error is sure to play its fantastic tricks before high heaven; and hence, at the time I am speaking of, we behold Europe overrun with fanatics and impostors of every shape and colour; whose monstrous delusions—being a medley of old and new-fangled heresies, impregnated with all those demoralizing and disorganizing principles, which are so congenial to men, as yet in a semi-barbarous state—threatened to destroy, in one general convulsion, the whole divine fabric of the Catholic faith.

At this period it was, that He, who, to shew that his Church is his own divine work, most powerfully protects her in those very emergencies, which, to the eye of mankind, most visibly threaten her dissolution; it was, I say, at this awful period, that Jesus, faithful to his promise, raised up, in the two opposite extremities of Christendom, two men, one in Spain, and the other in Italy, who, according to the commission he gave them, "repaired his falling house with learning and religion." The first of these great champions of the faith, has, on a former occasion, been the subject of my remarks; and his labours among the Albigensian heretics in the South of France; his sanctity, his miracles, his success, will not be forgotten by those, who have heard me pay the tribute of a sermon to the great and glorious St. Dominic, Founder of the illustrious order of the Friar Preachers. The second of these two pillars of the Church is now about to engage your attention; and, if ever you admired that power, with which God chooses the weak to confound the strong, prepare yourselves to hear with astonishment, the simple history, for such it shall be, of the humble St. Francis, Founder of the great order of the Friar Minors.

In the year, 1180, Francis was born at Assisium, a town of the Pope's States. His father, by trade a woollen-draper, had him taught no more than was necessary for his own line of business. This, and the rudiments of religion formed the whole of our Saint's education. His baptismal name was John; but having, for the purposes of trade, learned French, which tongue he spoke fluently, he got among his companions the name of Francis, or the little Frenchman. A name, first sanctified in him, and since fruit-

ful in the vocabulary of saints. In his youth, though fond of amusement, and intent on gain, he never gave loose to his passions; nor ever refused an alms, asked for the love of God; the very sound of which latter words filled his soul with delight. Two afflictions, namely, his being prisoner for a year, during a war between his town and the neighbouring one of Perugia; and his falling into a long and dangerous sickness, contributed to fix his whole heart on God. Riding out, after his recovery, and meeting a reduced and ill-clad gentleman, he exchanged with him his new suit of clothes; and on the following night, seemed, in his sleep to see a magnificent palace, filled with arms, all marked with the sign of the cross. He also thought he heard some one tell him, that all he saw should be his, if he fought courageously under that sacred banner. Upon which, he first had an idea of joining the crusade against the infidels; but, giving himself to prayer, he understood that Christ invited him to take up the cross of mortification and penance. From this time, he sought every occasion of bringing the body in subjection to the spirit. He visited the hospitals and took delight in attending the patients, who laboured under the most loathsome diseases. Meeting, in the plains of Assisium, a leper, whose very appearance made him recoil with horror, he alighted from his horse, and, as he put a piece of money into the poor wretch's hand, tenderly kissed his hideous sores. Going to Rome to visit the tombs of the Apostles, and seeing a croud of poor people before St. Peter's church, he swapped clothes with the most miserable one amongst them, and remained the whole day in the company of these beggars, feeling an extraordinary joy in his soul. Thus

did this most humble of saints, though still in the world, nay, in the midst of riches, tear from his heart every attachment to transitory things.

Praying, one day, before a crucifix, in the church of St. Damian, at Assisium, he seemed to hear a voice, which said: "Francis, go, and repair my house, which thou seest falling." He immediately went home; and in his simplicity, took a horse-load of cloth, and having sold it together with the horse at a neighbouring town, brought the money to the priest, who attended the old church, but who refused to take the sum. Francis's father came to the place in a rage; but was somewhat appeased upon receiving back the money; which, however, the son might have justly taken, on the score of being partner in the trade. The youth, to avoid his parent's anger, hid himself there for some days; and when he next appeared in the streets, ill clad, and disfigured from fasting, he was, to his inexpressible joy, pelted with stones, and hooted as a madman. His father beat him unmercifully, put fetters on his feet, and locked him up in a chamber. Being released by his mother, he returned to the old church; whither the father followed, insisting, that he should either return home, or renounce, formally before the bishop, all claim to property or maintenance from his family. Having gladly accepted the condition, and being come into the bishop's presence, while the legal document was drawing up, the Saint, not brooking this delay, emptied his pockets, and pulling off his clothes, which he gave to his father, meekly said: "Hitherto I have called you father on earth; but now I say with more confidence, 'Our Father, who art in heaven;' in whom I place all my hope and

treasure." On this occasion was discovered the hair-shirt, which he had long worn next his skin; and the bishop, with tears in his eyes, covered him with his cloak, till a garment should be brought. The coat of a poor country labourer in the prelate's service, being next to hand, was thankfully received as his first alms by the servant of God; who, marking a cross upon it with mortar, put it on, in the twenty-fifth year of his age; which was the year 1206 from the divine birth of Him, who being the Lord of Glory, and God of Wisdom, became the poorest of the poor, and was called a fool, for our sakes.—Oh, my dear brethren, the poor! let this console you in your afflictions, and apparent degradation. Be but humble; give but your hearts to Jesus; and you need not envy the richest of the rich.

St. Francis now commenced the life of a pilgrim, receiving alms like any poor man. He was constant in his attendance on the sick, wherever he went, particularly the lepers. Not forgetting his original intention of repairing the old church of St. Damian, he begged money for the purpose among those who had known him rich; rejoicing, and humbling himself, under the contemptuous railleries of his father, brother and all his acquaintance. He attended the masons; carrying mortar, and undergoing the most painful and humiliating labours. While collecting the alms, he used to say: "Assist me to finish this building. Here will one day be a monastery of holy virgins, by whose good fame our Lord will be glorified over the whole Church." When he uttered this, little did he think, that he himself should execute his own prophecy, five years after, in the person of St. Clare, whom, with her nuns, he placed in that

church ; and who has inserted this prophecy in her last will and testament. He next repaired a church dedicated to the prince of the Apostles, for whom he had a special reverence. Then retiring to a little country church outside the walls of the city, he made it the usual place of his devotions. It was given to him by the Benedictines, who called it the Portiuncula, or little portion ; because it was built on a small piece of ground, which they owned in that quarter. This church he likewise repaired, and to the day of his death had a particular regard for ; it being dedicated to our Lady of Angels. Towards the Blessed Mother and Queen of purity, he felt the most tender veneration, as well as towards the heavenly spirits ; and, in this sequestered spot, he was favored with many visions and celestial communications. Here he adored and received the Word Incarnate under the appearance of bread ; and in the contemplation of that wonderful mystery, and of the sufferings of Christ crucified, he poured forth, day and night, all the fervor of his seraphic soul. A stranger, once, passing by, and hearing his sighs, stepped in, and finding him bathed in tears, reproached him as for a silly weakness. But the Saint replied : “ I weep for the sufferings of my Lord Jesus Christ ; nor ought I to blush at weeping for them, publicly, all the world over.” Such humility deserved to be honored, as it was, with the gift of miracles, even in the early period of his career, or, as he called it himself, his conversion. A man, in the dutchy of Spoleto, who was afflicted with a horrible cancer, applied to the Saint, and would have thrown himself at his feet ; but Francis prevented him, and, with a kiss, cured his ulcer on the spot.” “ I know not,” says St.

Bonaventure, who relates the fact, "which most to admire—such a kiss, or such a cure."

Hitherto, my brethren, we have admired this chosen servant of God, in the wonderful progress he made towards the sanctification of his own soul. He grounded his sanctity in the most profound humility; and, therefore, the deeper he sunk into his own nothingness, the more sublime and rapid were the strides, with which he advanced towards his Creator. But we shall now begin to behold him in a new character; that for which the Lord had intended him; namely, the apostolical preacher of penance, and converter of souls. Francis had not been long in his retirement at the Portiuncula, when the fame of his sanctity drew to him some pious souls, who wished to imitate his mode of life. The first of these, was a rich tradesman of Assisium, Bernard of Quintaval, a person of great prudence and influence, who had long directed the public affairs of his native city. Charmed and vanquished by the example of the Saint, this wealthy citizen sold his immense property; distributed the whole to the poor in one day; and putting on the mean habit of Francis, commenced the life of a poor mendicant; begging alms, barefoot; receiving the mere necessities of life, and going without the use of money.

Such, my brethren, was the origin of the great order of Friar Minors. An order, more extensive than all the other mendicant orders put together. An order which (exclusive of the Clare nuns, and the third order, as it is called, of both sexes, as well in retirement, as in the world) became the mother of the great families of the Observantines, Conventuals and Capuchins; of the Recollects, the Reformed,

the Cordeliers and the Grey Friars. An order, which, before the late suppressions, counted several hundreds of thousands of religious men. An order, which has given to the Church of God, five Popes; forty-five Cardinals; an innumerable multitude of Bishops, Archbishops, Doctors, Missionaries, Confessors of the faith, Martyrs, and Saints of every degree of heroic sanctity. An order, which produced a Bonaventure, so justly stiled the Seraphical Doctor; a Scotus, the pride of scholastic theology; a John of Capistran, the converter of heretics, and vanquisher of Mahometans; a Bernardine of Sienna, the reformer of sinners, and the thunderer of the name of Jesus; a Francis Solanus, the Xavier of America; a Sixtus Quintus, the prodigy of the Papal dignity; a Ximenes, the pattern of modern statesmanship; and, to close this short, yet comprehensive, summary of the sons of Francis—an order, which boasts the glorious martyrs of Morocco, of Gorcum, and of Japan.

Far was it from the thoughts of the humble Francis, when he received his first disciples, that he was then laying the foundation of such an order; and that his own name was destined to stand pre-eminent in the annals of religion, as the great patriarch of Christian perfection through succeeding ages. Indeed, his first intention was to have occupied himself and his companions, in the sanctification of their own souls alone, as the Trappists, and other holy orders, do at the present day. But God, in mercy to a sinful world, inspired him with the idea of laboring for the salvation of souls. The holy man, ever sublime in his humility, invited his disciples to recommend the matter to heaven; and the result was, that he became fully persuaded, that Jesus

had called him to preach penance to mankind, both by word and example. He drew up his rule accordingly, and submitted it to Pope Innocent the Third; who, at first, hesitated to approve it, both on account of that extreme poverty, with which the founder prohibited possessions, and because his Holiness was averse to the multiplication of religious orders. But God favored the Pope with a vision, in which he beheld St. Francis propping up the Lateran Church, the ancient Cathedral of Rome, which seemed ready to fall. This vision was told by his Holiness to his own nephew, from whose lips St. Bonaventure, who records it, heard the fact. The Pope had a similar vision five years after, in which St. Dominic appeared in, precisely, the same situation.

Francis having, in the third year after his conversion, obtained the verbal approbation of the Head of the Church, received, at his hands, the holy order of deaconship; but no persuasion could ever induce this miracle of humility to take the order of priesthood. His first apostolical excursion was into the marquisate of Ancona; where, with his followers, who had now increased to one hundred and twenty-seven, he preached Christ crucified, with wonderful zeal and fruit. On their return to the Portiuncula, the Saint addressed to them a most pathetic discourse, which he closed with the following words: "Fear not to appear little and contemptible, or to be called by men, fools and madmen; but announce penance in simplicity, trusting in Him who overcame the world by humility: it is He that will speak in you by his spirit. Let us take care that we do not lose the kingdom of heaven for any temporal interest, and that we never despise those, who live other-

wise than we do. God is their master, as he is ours, and he can call them to himself by other ways."—The order increased with the most surprizing rapidity, and the holy founder sent his friars throughout Italy, Spain, France, Germany and England; in most of the cities and towns of which states, convents were in a short time erected. In the year, 1219, being the tenth after the papal approbation of the institute, he held, near the Portiuncula, his first and famous general chapter, called of *Mats*, because it was assembled in booths in the fields, being too numerous to be received in any building in the country. At this chapter five thousand friars were congregated, after leaving in the respective houses a sufficient number to perform the necessary duties.

Notwithstanding the unceasing solicitude, which the government of an infant, and so immense, an order imposed, Francis continued his fasts and austerities, his prayers and contemplations, as when he was the single hermit of the Portiuncula. Besides the advent and lent of the Church, he kept three other lents in the year. One, in honour of the Mother of God, from the feast of St. Peter and Paul to that of the Assumption; another, of forty days, before the festival of St. Michael; and a third of the same length, previous to All Saints. At these periods he used to retire to the most unfrequented parts of the Appennines, there to enjoy, uninterrupted, the sweets of heavenly contemplation. He was blessed with the gifts of prophecy, knowledge of hearts, and miraculous cures. His visions and ecstasies were many and wonderful; and his confessor, brother Leo, often beheld him raised from the ground, so that he could barely touch the Saint's feet, which he

watered with his tears. These sublime favors did not, in the least, diminish his profound humility. On the contrary, the higher God exalted him, the lower and still lower he sunk into his own nothing; saying often to himself: "O brother Francis, for thy sins thou hast deserved to be plunged into hell;" and ordering his companion as often to reply: "It is true; you have deserved to be buried in the very bottom of hell." A friar, having had a vision, in which he saw a throne of glory, and heard a voice telling him that it was for the humble Francis, asked the Saint, how he could, with truth, think and call himself the greatest sinner in the world? Francis answered: "If God had bestowed on the greatest sinner the favors he has done me, he would have been more grateful than I am: and if he had left me to myself, I should have committed greater wickedness than all other sinners."

It was in one of these visions, so familiar not only to him, but to his companions, that he received from Jesus Christ himself, the celebrated indulgence of the Portiuncula. As he prayed in a little chapel of that church, the Son of God, accompanied by his Blessed Mother, and an innumerable multitude of Angels, appeared to his servant, and desired him to ask whatever he pleased. Francis, burning with the love of souls, instantly begged that all who should piously visit the church, should receive full remission of both the guilt and punishment of all their sins. The Angels and their Queen united in the charitable prayer, which Jesus granted; bidding him, however, to get the indulgence confirmed by the Pope, his vice-gerent on earth. Honorius the Third, who then filled the Papal See, acquiesced, not, indeed, without hesitation, in

the request of the wonderful man ; but confined the indulgence to the 2nd. of August, the day of the dedication of the church. Subsequent Popes, have extended it, with the same restriction of time, to all the churches of the order.—This fact of Francis' life has given great umbrage to Protestants ; because it clearly proves three points of Catholic doctrine ; namely, Indulgences—Invocation of Saints—and Papal Authority. Indeed they are offended at almost every occurrence of his whole life ; and no wonder ; for that whole life demonstrates, that the Church, which could produce such a life, can be no other than the Church of Christ. In vain would they attempt to call the facts into question. Fools ! do they not see, that, besides these facts being confirmed by all the evidence of time, place, circumstance, records and witnesses ; by all the evidence, in a word, which informs us of any other past event ; do they not see that, besides all this evidence, the very history of the facts could not be written, if the reality did not exist. For here, with peculiar force, applies that remark, which the power of truth extorted from the infidel Rousseau, when speaking of the gospel : “ that the writer of such a history, if not true, would be greater than its hero.” The bare recital of the life of Francis proves that life to be genuine. For, how could a forger form even the idea, and what is more, create in mankind the belief, of such unparalleled sanctity, such unexampled gifts of heaven ? and though he could, would he select a pauper, a reputed madman for the hero of his novel ?—

To return ; Francis' zeal for the conversion of sinners was not inferior to any of his other virtues. Inflamed with a desire to lay down his life for Christ, he set out, three different times,

to preach to the Mahometans, in the hope of either enlightening them, or obtaining the crown of martyrdom. Sickness, however, stopped him in Spain, when on his first journey; and the affairs of his order obliged him to return. Some years after, he met with a second disappointment. But, in 1219, he set sail with some of his brethren, and arrived in Egypt, where the Crusaders were then besieging the city of Damietta. Finding the Christians ready to give battle to the Saracens, he cautioned their leaders, foretelling a defeat. His prophecy was disregarded; and the Christians were beaten back to their trenches, with the loss of six thousand men. They persevered, however, and took the city after a siege of some length. In the mean time, Francis proceeded to the outposts of the enemy, to whom he said: "I am a Christian; conduct me to your master." Being brought before the Sultan, and asked his errand, he replied: "I am sent, not by men, but by the Most High God, to shew you and your people the way of salvation, by announcing to you the truth of the gospel." The Sultan, somewhat moved, requested that he would stay with him. But the man of God answered: "If you and your people will listen to the word of God, I will, with joy, stay with you. If yet you waver between Christ and Mahomet, cause a great fire to be kindled, and I will go into it with your Imans, (or priests) that you may see which is the true faith." This the Sultan declined, saying, that the Imans would not venture into the fire, but excite a rebellion, if he proposed it to them. And Francis, or rather the new Elias, unable to bring these priests of Baal to the ordeal, was sent back to the Christian lines under a strong escort; having refused

the presents of the Sultan, who dreaded the conversion of the troops, lest they might desert to the enemy. On parting, he said to the Saint: "Pray for me, that God may make known to me the true religion, and conduct me to it." This prince, became, from that time forward, very favorable to the Christians; and, according to some authors, was baptized a little before his death. The Saint returned by Palestine into Italy; where he learned, with joy, the glorious martyrdom, at Morocco, of the five missionaries, whom he had sent to preach the gospel to the Moors, while he himself should be announcing it to the Saracens; in the hope, that, by thus taking the Mahometan world by the two extremities, they might have been able to convert to the faith of Christ, the whole immense empire, eastern and western, of the impostor of Mecca.

In 1215, St. Francis met St. Dominic at Rome; where they honored each other; had frequent spiritual conferences together; commenced and cemented that holy friendship, which to this day subsists between their illustrious orders.—What a delightful scene for the eye of religion! To behold these two eminent servants of God—men so different (I had almost said, so opposed) in character, birth, education, and circumstances; to behold two such men, so intimately united in the charity of Him, whose love unites all things; and concerting, with one soul and heart, the attainment of that one object, for which both were burning—the salvation of souls. Dominic, descended from a grandee of Spain; educated as became his noble birth; tutored to piety by his illustrious parents; versed in the Scriptures, Fathers and all the learning of the times; a graduate and professor in the

nursery of the first university of his country, and perhaps of Christendom; intended, from his infancy, for the high office of the priesthood; brings with him into the vineyard of the Lord, the advantages of nobility; the benefits of a polite education; the lights of learning; and, above all, the graces of sanctity; planted in his infant breast, growing with his growth, and ripened into maturity by the cultivation of constant study, fervent prayer, and uniform practice.—Francis, on the contrary, born of a mere Italian tradesman; bred up to his father's business; illiterate, and engaged in the affairs of traffic, with nothing that could be termed education, either classical or religious, save the rudiments of arithmetic and his catechism; thwarted, chastised, chained by his father, and pelted by his townsmen, as a fool and a mad man; yet, plunging into the depths of humility, springs forward like an eagle, like a seraph, to the highest pitch of perfection, to the very summit of heavenly knowledge, not acquired, but infused.—Dominic, accordingly, combats the enemies of the faith, in the way which was congenial to his acquirements; he thunders from the pulpit; confutes their errors by argument and the written word of God; publishes books; holds disputations; and, by the force of his genius, shining in all the majestic effulgence of truth, and impregnated with the all-necessary spirit of the Holy Ghost, compels the obstinate Albigenses into the fold of Christ.—Francis, on the other hand, glowing, like a furnace, which the breath of divine love had blown into a vivid flame, emits, not light, but fire, piercing all around him with the flashes of his celestial lightning; and ill brooking the delay of discussion, brings the question between Mahomet and

Christ at once to the test, by offering to leap into the flaming pile, and there prove the divinity of his Saviour's faith.—Both humble; both sublime; both inflamed with the love of souls; both rapt in their God, and both honored by him with his gifts of prophecy, visions and miracles; yet, even in these supernatural graces, they both preserve their distinctive peculiarity of character; and while Dominic raises the dead to life, in proof of the glorious resurrection of the Eternal Son of God, Francis bears in his flesh the living marks of those sacred wounds, which the crucified Son of Man endured for our redemption.—But, I here mistake; Francis had not yet received the stigmas, when he met Dominic at Rome. However, not waiting to correct this anachronism, I must hurry on to that most singular of all miracles; and strive, before the sun leaves me, to close the wonderful career of this most wonderful of men.

Two years before his holy and happy death, (I use the narrative of the critical Alban Butler, who does little more than quote St. Bonaventure) Francis, being in his beloved retreat on the top of mount Alverno, where he passed, in contemplation, the lent he was in the habit of observing in honor of the blessed Archangel St. Michael—about the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, on the fifteenth day of September, being in prayer, he raised himself towards God with the seraphic ardor of his desires; when, behold, he saw, as it were a seraph, with six shining wings blazing with fire, bearing down towards him, with the most rapid flight, from the highest part of the heavens. Upon his near approach, there appeared between the wings the figure of a man crucified, with his hands and feet stretched out and fastened to the

cross. Two wings were raised above his head ; two he extended for flight ; and, with two he covered his body. Rapt in wonder, and melted into love at this sight of his all-bountiful and loving Redeemer, Francis felt, in the very centre of his ecstatic joy, the keenest pangs of pain for the sufferings of his God ; and at the same time, understood, that instead of laying down his life, as he desired, by martyrdom, he was to be transformed into a living most perfect pattern of his Jesus, by participating with him, both body and soul, in the piercing tortures of his painful, yet loving, passion. After an intimate, but to men unutterable, conversation, the seraph, or rather Jesus in a seraphic shape, disappeared ; leaving in the soul of his beloved servant the heavenly feelings I have just described ; and in his frame—yes, in his hands, feet, and side, the actual wounds of the nails and of the lance ! A piece of hard, dark flesh, projecting in front, and clinched, as it were with a hammer, on the opposite side, appeared in his four members ; passing through them, and when moved, distilling blood from the perforations. In his right side, a gash, as it were from a lance, was made, which ever after remained open, and emitted blood !—Such was the miracle of the stigmas ; a miracle, wrought by the hand of Jesus himself, as well to honor the profound humility of this humblest of saints, as to awaken, in a semi-barbarous and unthinking age, the recollection and love of his own death upon the cross.

Francis, long the spiritual, now the carnal image of his God, descended from the holy mount, and redoubling his former self-contempt, concealed, with great care, the wonderful secret of his Lord. He ever after wore shoes and

gloves ; but still he could not hide the miracle, from those who washed the blood from his garments. He revealed it, indeed, to some chosen servants of God ; among others, to his spiritual daughter, St. Clare, who used to knit the covering for his hands. Several others, also, before his death, beheld the holy stigmas, notwithstanding his desire of concealing them. For God did not leave long among men, a soul and body, which he had so singularly honored. The remaining two years of his life, was one continued martyrdom of pain and love, heightened by sickness, and a blindness, which the constant and uncontrollable torrent of his tears brought on. At length, Francis ; the seraphic, the stigmatized, the crucified Francis—lay on his death bed ; and having called his spiritual children about him, gave them his last blessing. Then, that he might die, in every respect, like his Jesus, he ordered himself to be laid upon the ground ; where, covered with an old habit, he listened with inexpressible rapture, to the history of the passion according to St. John. The fears of his ever watchful humility were now at an end, and all present beheld the holy wounds of his hands, feet and side. On the point of departure, he began to repeat the hundred and forty-first psalm : “ I have cried with my voice to the Lord—I pour out my prayer in his sight—while my spirit is fleeting from me,” &c. and continuing it till he pronounced the last verse, “ Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name ; the just wait for me till thou reward me ;”—he yielded up his spotless spirit into the arms of his Saviour, on the 4th of October, in the year 1226, the twentieth after his conversion, and the forty-fifth of his age.—

As the body lay in religious state, in the church of the Portiuncula, the whole city of Assisium beheld and kissed the sacred stigmas. The funeral procession rested at the monastery of St. Damian, where the holy abbess, St. Clare, endeavouring to pull out one of the nails of flesh, the wound emitted blood, in which she steeped her veil. He was buried in the church of St. George; although his dying request was, that he should be interred at the public place of execution, called the "Hill of Hell." A magnificent church was afterwards built on this hill, since named the "Hill of Paradise;" where his sacred corpse, after lying hid six hundred years, was found, in 1821, sunk fifty feet into the solid rock.—

Oh Francis! thy life has exhausted me; yet, give me but a sentiment of thy humility, and my reward is great. Give me but a tear of thy compunction; and, through thy prayers, and the mercy of thy Jesus, I shall "save both myself, and them that hear me." 1 Tim. iv. 16.

A blessing, &c.

The *Nineteenth* Sermon will be the panegyric of ST. CLARE, VIRGIN AND ABBESS; preached in King-street Nunnery, Aug. 12th, 1822.—The *Twentieth* will be a Sermon, preached at the RECEPTION OF MISS C. CAHILL into the Ursuline Convent, Cork, April 25th, 1815, in presence of eight Bishops, the MM. RR. and RR. RR. Doctors Troy, Murray, Everard, Sughrue, O'Shaughnessy, Marum, Murphy and Tuohy.—These two Sermons, being short, will be published in the one number, price 5d. as usual.

SERMON XIX.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

ST. CLARE, VIRGIN AND ABBESS.

(Preached in King-street Nunnery, August 12th, 1822.)

The unmarried woman and the virgin thinketh on the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and spirit.

I Cor. c. vii. v. 34.

WHEN I promised the consecrated Sisterhood of this establishment, to address to them, this day, a short discourse on the virtues of their holy mother and foundress, Clare, I did not foresee, my brethren, the difficulty of the task I then imposed on my own weakness. God, it is true, is wonderful in *all* his saints: they all surpass the powers of human praise. But female sanctity, not merely surpasses, it defies the very attempt at praise. For, though it be no easy matter for eloquence, however soaring, to lift itself to the level of that masculine virtue, to which the grace of Jesus has raised those heroes, who, among the stronger sex, have fought the rude fight against the powers of hell—still there is something in the lives of these great men, which nerves the flagging pinion of panegyric, and enables it to keep a bold and

steady course, in the narration of their achievements. The bloody conflicts of the martyrs; the labors, travels, dangers and success of those apostolical confessors and preachers of the faith, who have carried the name of the Redeemer into barbarous nations and to the very bounds of the earth; the learning, zeal, writings; the enterprizes of holy statesmanship and genius, which have distinguished the renowned bishops and doctors of the Church—those faithful sentinels, who, posted on the watch-towers of Christ, have, in every age, sounded the tocsin of alarm on the first appearance of the enemy; those brave and skilful pilots, who, stationed at the helm, have encouraged their fellow mariners in the midst of danger, and triumphantly steered the vessel of salvation through the storms and wrecks, political and religious, of eighteen centuries; such achievements, mixed up, as they are, with all the noise, bustle, and convulsions of the world, strike the imagination with astonishment, and impart even to our language, something of that fortitude, perseverance and all-conquering strength of grace, which filled these public champions of the faith.

But, when the Christian preacher has to retire into that ineffable “life which is hidden with Christ in God;” when he must quit this hurried scene of worldly transactions, and lead his hearers into the solitude of sanctity, far from every thing calculated to make an impression on their senses; when he must present to their view, the figure of female purity, humble, silent and unseen; prostrate in her narrow cell; bathed in tears at the foot of her crucifix; or snatching a scanty

repose on the bare ground, with none to witness her calm slumbers, save the invisible spirits, who, in speechless tenderness, hover round; when, with the dawn, he must accompany her to the celestial banquet of her Jesus, clothed for her nourishment in the humble symbol of bread, and secluded, on his altar, for the pure enjoyment of the spouse, whom he has concealed from the profanation of human eye; when, pursuing his official task, the panegyrist of consecrated virginity has to follow the object of his enraptured, yet timid praise, into the society of her dear sisters in Christ, there to admire the numberless and unceasing acts of ardent, yet noiseless charity; of profound, yet sublime humility; of the tenderest, yet unimpassioned union, which compose the whole active life of this community of angels on earth; when, in fine, he hears the sound which summons them, at stated times, to join with the heavenly choirs in singing the praises of that God of love, who has set them apart for himself; when, I say, a preacher has to edify his audience with the description of such a life as this, he feels just like a man who, from the raging centre of a furious battle, where all glows to the eye of the poet, historian, and orator, is suddenly wafted to the calm stillness of a beautiful night, when the moon sheds her vestal rays throughout the heavens, attended by her mild, undazzling sisterhood of stars. He, who could describe the battle, is here at once struck dumb. He looks, in yearning, panting silence, on that celestial splendor, too sublime, too far removed from the sphere of sense, too uncontaminated with all that men

call great, to be sketched by any, save the pencil of some familiar angel !

Such, my brethren, is the feeling which now sways my soul. I fain would speak of Clare, as she deserves—as you expect. But, when I view her life, that life “hidden,” as Paul says, “with Christ in God,” I muse—I think unutterable things, and only in my silence find the expression of what I would, but cannot, utter. Yet, since I must say something, let the plain narrative of her external dedication to her Jesus, make you, as far as may be, conceive what passed in her pure soul, when, by that act, ever permanent, ever renewed, ever glowing and encreasing in fervor, she gave herself to God, body and spirit, for time and for eternity.

Clare was born at Assisium, a considerable town in the Pope's States. The year 1193 was honored by her birth. Her father, Favorino Sciffo, a noble knight who had distinguished himself in the wars of his age; and his virtuous spouse Hortulana, held the first rank in their native city, not only for birth and riches, but still more for their extraordinary piety. Under such a roof, Clare gave her infant heart to heaven, with all the tenderness and fervor, which accompany an early initiation in the sweets of Christian devotion. But, the grace of Jesus Christ is, like himself, all-powerful. It is not to be confined, even by the calculations of those, who, under God, have been the instruments of its first excitement in our breasts. So it was with Clare. Her parents spoke to her of marriage; but she would have no spouse, save the loving, bleeding lover of her soul, Christ Jesus. She had heard of

her townsman, the great, the humble St. Francis, who had just commenced the foundation of his holy institute of the Friar Minors. Anxious to receive the advice of so great a servant of God, she applied to a pious matron, who introduced her to him. The Saint spoke to the young maiden in such a strain, on the vanity of pleasure, the shortness and uncertainty of life, the happiness of a dedication to the divine service, and the joy, both temporal and eternal, which attends the uninterrupted love of Jesus, that she formed, on the spot, though then but eighteen years of age, the determination of abandoning the world, and sacrificing herself, body and soul, to God, in a religious state. Palm Sunday was near at hand; and St. Francis advised her to accept the palm on that day, as the signal of her victory over all worldly affections, and then repair to him at the church of the Portiuncula, where he resided about a mile from the city. Clare, dressed in her most sumptuous apparel, attended, with her mother and family, at the sacred solemnity of the palms in the Cathedral. The rest of the congregation went, as usual, up to the altar, and received their branches from the Bishop. Modesty and bashfulness kept Clare in her place; which the prelate perceiving, he advanced and placed the emblem of victory in her hand. This appeared to her as a summons of the Lord, inviting her to the courageous performance of her vow. She joined with the faithful in the public procession; but, towards evening, left her father's house, in company with another devout young lady, and arrived at the Portiuncula. St. Francis and his little community

met her at the door of the church, with lighted tapers in their hands, singing the hymn, *Veni Creator Spiritus*. Before the altar of the Virgin Mother of God, he cut off her hair; giving her, instead of her fine clothes, which she now for ever laid aside, his own penitential habit, which was no other than a piece of sackcloth tied about her with a cord. This happened on the 18th of March, 1212, from which day the Poor Clares date the foundation of their order.

As the holy Patriarch had not yet provided a house for her reception, he placed her for the present in the Benedictine nunnery of St. Paul. But no sooner was her determination made public, than the world conspired to condemn it; and her friends and relatives considering it a degradation to her family, that she should embrace so humble a course of life, came in a body to force her from her solitude. Flying to the altar of her Jesta, Clare held fast by the sacred linen, with which it was overlaid; and uncovering to public view her shorn head, declared, that Christ had called her to his service, and that the more she was persecuted, the greater strength He would give her to overcome all opposition. This determined spirit baffled her disturbers; and they allowed her to remain in peace.—How powerful is the domestic example of true sanctity? Clare had a younger sister, named Agnes; a tender virgin of fourteen. She, too, fled from the house of her rich and noble parents, and joined her holy sister. This brought on both a fresh persecution. Twelve men seized on Agnes, dragging her, with blows, to the door of the nunnery, while she cried aloud, “ Help

me, sister; permit me not to be separated from our Lord Jesus Christ and your loving company." Such constancy proved at length victorious; and Agnes received the habit.

Thus it is that He, who commanded us to take up our cross and follow him, tries our perseverance when we enter his service; in order that our love, thus proved, may become more ardent, and that we may ever prize that grace of his vocation, which overcomes all obstacles, and crowns our firmness with unspeakable joy. St. Francis, at length, founded his first nunnery near the church of St. Damian at Assisium; where our pious virgin had soon the felicity of receiving under her care sixteen devout ladies; and among the rest, her own mother, now a widow, with several of the first rank in the country. God blessed her holy undertaking; and, in a few years, the spiritual parent of so many consecrated victims of purity and divine love, established monasteries in all the principal towns of Italy, Germany, &c. Not only did innumerable persons of the lower, middling, and upper classes of society, fly for refuge into these sanctuaries, from the dangers and corruptions of the world, but princesses of the royal blood in many kingdoms of Europe, were seen to strip themselves of all the splendors of sovereignty, and among the humble spouses of Christ, put on, together with her penitential habit, the mortification, poverty and humility of Clare.

Do not expect from me, my brethren, an account of all the sanctified virgins, of all the canonized saints, who, for six hundred years, have adorned the annals of this pure and holy order; edifying Christendom by their virtues;

preserving, and renewing from age to age, the memory and sanctity of their blessed foundress; exhibiting, in their own consecrated persons, the proof, that the Catholic Church is the virgin-spouse of Jesus; offering up their souls and bodies, as holocausts, on the altar of divine love; rendering virtue, already so amiable in itself, still more amiable to the human mind, by all those associations of thought, which throw so pure, so lovely, so mild, so heavenly a splendor, around sanctity in female form; and which verify that high eulogium, which the holy Bishop and Martyr, St. Cyprian, pronounced on the sacred virgins of his own time, when he styled them, the "most illustrious portion of the flock of Christ." How far the example of Clare contributed, during six centuries, to encrease this illustrious portion of her Redeemer, you may judge, when I inform you, that before the suppressions which have disgraced the last forty years, her Order reckoned no less than four thousand convents.

But, to appreciate the sublime sanctity of this holy virgin, we must retire with her into the seclusion, where she buried herself from the world, that she might live only to Christ. Yet, how shall I hope to convey to you a notion of that ardor of penance, which induced a young lady, so tenderly reared, to go, all her life-time, barefoot; to sleep on the ground; to wear next her skin a shift of horse hair; to abstain from flesh-meat at all times; to fast the lent and advent, on bread and water; and, during these seasons, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, to eat nothing at all—until St. Francis, and the Bishop of Assisium, obliged her to moderate, in a slight degree, her unheard-of austerities? How shall I describe to you that love

of poverty, which made her distribute the whole of her own large fortune to the poor, and refuse, both for herself and order, the possessions, which the piety of the faithful proffered? What shall I say of that constant silence, which she and her community observed, save when necessity, or charity obliged them to speak? What of that wonderful humility, with which she became the servant of all; delighting in the meanest of offices; washing and kissing the feet of her lay-sisters, when they returned from begging? What of that unruffled mildness and patience, under continual pains and distempers, for eight and twenty years? But, above all, what shall I say of that tender, sweet, and rapturous love of her Jesus, which inspired, which sanctified, which crowned all her other virtues; which made all her sufferings appear as joys; which wafted her pure soul on the wings of prayer and contemplation; which banished from her heart all despondency and dejection, because she placed no reliance on her own punctuality; which taught her to fix all her confidence in her Redeemer; throwing herself into the ocean of his loving mercy, not only in all her temporal concerns, but still more in that which is peculiarly within the province of his mercy—her own sanctification and eternal bliss?

Here, indeed, it is, that I find myself truly at that loss for words, which I foresaw when I began to speak of Clare. Oh! the fond, affectionate, heart-melting, soul-piercing, delightful, grief and joy together! with which she cast her whole self into the bleeding wounds of that loving Jesus, who suffered for her love, who died for her salvation; who, while he fills our hearts with grief at his torments, drowns them, at the same time, in joy, gratitude, confidence

and love, for the merciful effect which these torments have produced in us. Oh ! Devotion to the sacred passion of the Son of God ! how dear hast thou been to all the saints ! Francis, the seraphic Francis made thee the first, the last, the constant thought of his melting soul ; and his virgin daughter, Clare, inherited thee from him !—Shall I still continue my vain attempt to pursue the soaring sanctity of this pure victim of divine love ? Or, shall I leave it to thee, O Jesus in thy blessed Eucharist ! to inspire this audience, and particularly these consecrated daughters of so holy a mother, with a correct idea of all that passed in her tender bosom, when receiving, daily, into the very centre of her heart, Thee, the dear object of all her affections ; Thee, the sovereign of her soul ; Thee, the furnace of her love ; Thee, the fountain of her hope ; Thee, the protector of her innocence, the nourishment of her pilgrimage, and the pledge of her glory ? Oh ! if I cannot describe the raptures with which she received thee, let me at least recount that wonderful return thou didst make her, at a crisis, when no hand but thine could save her and her sacred sisterhood from the most horrible of dangers ! Let that return furnish to our minds, some glimpse of the devotion which called it forth !

I cannot relate the occurrence better, than in the words of that critical and judicious compiler of the Saints' Lives, the Rev. Alban Butler. "The impious emperor, Frederic II. cruelly ravaged the valley of Spolletto, because it was the patrimony of the holy see. He had in his army many Saracens and other barbarous infidels ; and left in that country, a colony of twenty thousand of these enemies of the Church, in a place still called Noura des Moros.

These banditti came once in a great body to plunder Assisium ; and as St. Damian's convent stood without the city, they first assaulted it. Whilst they were busy in scaling the walls, St. Clare, though very sick, caused herself to be carried and seated at the gate of the monastery, and the blessed sacrament to be placed there, in a pix, in the very sight of the enemies ; and, prostrating herself before it, prayed with many tears, saying to her beloved Spouse—‘ Is it possible, my God, that thou shouldst have here assembled these thy servants, and nurtured them up in thy holy love, that they should now fall into the power of these infidel Moors. Preserve them, O my God, and me in their holy company.’ At the end of her prayer, she seemed to hear a sweet voice, which said, ‘ I will always protect you.’ A sudden terror, at the same time, seized the assailants ; and they all fled with such precipitation, that several were hurt without being wounded by any enemy.”—So far Butler.—Oh ! blessed and adored for ever be Thou, O Jesus, in thy holy sacrament ! and blessed be thy servant Clare, who knew the power, and merited the mercy, of such a protector !

Thus, my brethren, passed the holy life of this great Saint, and Mother of Saints. For two and forty years after she entered religion, her days and nights were one continued exercise of every sublime and amiable virtue ; one continued experience of every heavenly grace, with which Jesus blesses the heart he makes his own. In her sixtieth year, nature now sinking under her great, manifold, and long-endured pains, and the hour of her happy death approaching—when her director exhorted her to patience, she said, “ How much am I obliged to my sweet Redeemer ! for, since by means of

his servant Francis I have tasted the bitterness of his holy passion, I have never in my whole life found any pain or sickness that could afflict me. There is nothing insupportable to a heart that loveth God, and to him that loveth not, every thing is insupportable." Agnes, seeing her dear sister and spiritual mother draw near her end, besought her with a flood of tears, to take her in her company to bliss; that having been ever united in the love of their dear Jesus here on earth, they might enter together into his eternal joys on high. The holy virgin consoled her by foretelling, as the event proved, that she should follow soon. Oh! Love of Christ! how tender, yet how firm are the ties, in which thou bindest in one the hearts of thy saints! Oh! Religion! how dost thou purify from their dross, and sanctify by thy spirit, the finest feelings of our nature!—Seeing all her spiritual children weep around her, Clare, comforting, tenderly exhorted them to love holy poverty; then gave them her last blessing; styling herself "the little plant of her holy father St. Francis." The passion of Christ, at her request, was read to her in her agony; and she sweetly expired amidst the prayers and tears of her community, on the eleventh day of August, 1253. Two years after, she was solemnly canonized by her great friend and admirer in Christ, Pope Alexander IV.—

Consecrated daughters of Clare! such was the career of the mother whom you venerate. Make her your model; imitate her virtues; or, if difference of clime, and change of circumstances; if bodily infirmity prevent you from following her in her countless austerities; if the forlorn condition of our dear country's poor, impose on you the sweet task of guiding to salvation, the tender souls of their female

little ones; if, in a word, you cannot give to the praise and contemplation of your God, the whole of that time, which Clare devoted to him—make up for the change by the fervor and tenderness of your love for Jesus. You may not fast as Clare did; you may not watch as Clare did; but you may love your Jesus as Clare did. It was this love that sanctified her austerities; and it is this same love, which will sanctify your occupations. All cannot practise mortification; but, where is the heart that cannot love? where is the spouse that cannot love her Jesus?

Love him, then, ye Virgins, sacred to his love! Love him on his cross; love him on his altar; love him on his throne of glory. By your prayers and sighs, draw down his mercies on that wicked world, from whose dangers he has snatched you; that, when his angered eye, surveying the iniquities of mankind, is ready to blast them with the thunderbolts of vengeance, it may rest with complacency on these sanctuaries of virginal seclusion; and softened into lenity, may spare the thorns and thistles of vice, which fill the surrounding wilderness, lest his wrath, once inflamed, should involve in its indiscriminating blaze, these, his chosen Edens of religion. Love your Jesus, daughters of his love! that he may pardon sinners. Love him; that he may fondly entice into your company those souls, who, either like yourselves, desire to flee the world, 'ere its corruptions shall defile them; or, who, like the pious mother of Clare, pant to find rest from the toilsome duties, which their station, as parents, imposed upon them. Love, in fine, your Jesus; that the splendor of those mild and amiable virtues, with which his love inspires, in so peculiar a manner, the faithful

female heart, may be reflected from these sacred walls, and illuminating society with the rays of its bright example, may guide to their eternal salvation those who, unlike you, are doomed to grope their way through the shades and darkness of this vale of tears.

Thus shall you be Poor Clares, not in name only, but in reality; thus shall you be the daughters of your mother; thus shall you merit her maternal intercession; and thus shall she present you to her Jesus, as spouses worthy of his eternal joys, because on earth you have been faithful to his love.

A blessing which, oh! may his loving, all-pardoning mercy grant to you, and to all who hear me—In the name, &c.



I see that Mr. Grace, 3, Mary-street, is about to publish a second edition of *GALLITZIN'S Defence of Catholic Principles*. In a preface, prefixed to this edition, I have been enabled to give, concerning the illustrious Author's conversion, many interesting particulars, which had not come to my knowledge, when I wrote my former preface.—

The following Sermon was preached at the RECEPTION OF MISS C. CAHILL into the Ursuline Convent, Cork, April 25th, 1815, in presence of eight Bishops, the MM. RR. and RR. RR. Doctors Troy, Murray, Everard, Sughrue, O'Shaughnessy, Marum, Murphy and Tuohy.

SERMON XX.

RECEPTION OF A NUN.

*Come from Libanus, my spouse, come from Libanus, come;
thou shalt be crowned : from the dens of the lions, from the
mountains of the leopards.*

Canticle of Canticles, c. iv. v. 8.

KNOWEST thou, O Maid! the loving voice that wafts this invitation to thine ears? Dost thou recognize the accents of Him, who this day decorates thee with the name of spouse? Hast thou heard him whisper to thy soul the soft enticing strains of grace and love? Hath Jesus, Spouse of Virgins, gained, O Virgin! in thy heart, the undisputed ascendancy of enraptured affection? Hath he for ever stifled in thy breast the feverish emotions of flesh and blood? Hath he, in the loudly silent ecstasy of his delights, drowned, and doomed to perpetual stillness, the clamorous, silly, teasing prattle of his rival, World? Art thou *his* exclusively, O Virgin! Hast thou ears to hear but him? hast thou eyes to see but him? hast thou tears to weep but him? hast thou heart to love but him? Is thy Jesus the first, the last, the only object of thy thoughts? Doth he fill thy soul? Hath he riveted thy affections? Wilt thou be his, unalterably, faithful spouse? Is thy Jesus, in one word, to thee, in thee, All in All?—If thy humility, could speak thy love, I hear thee answer, Yes. Come then, O Virgin Spouse of Christ, and catch, from the lips of his minister, the invitation of thy soul's fond lover. Hear with docility, re-

ceive with gladness, obey with confidence, execute with promptness, the summons, which his special tenderness for thee, through me, this morning, sends thee.

“Come from Libanus, my spouse, come from Libanus, come; thou shalt be crowned.”—Knowest thou *whence* he calls thee? knowest thou *whither* and *to what* he calls thee? “Come from Libanus,” saith he; “come. Ascend from that swollen mass of iniquity, the world; which, though in reality a vale of tears, is still a mountain, a Libanus, in its own conceit; though the sink of all that is base and bad, is still admired by the generality of its children, as the pinnacle of all that is great and good; though the crazy ocean of instability and disappointment, is still anchored upon, in thoughtless security, by those who plough the boisterous main of life, as the *terra firma* of happiness—of happiness, sufficient, forsooth, to satiate the boundless, endless, various, insatiable thirst of human ambition and desires! Come, fly, then, from Libanus, my spouse. Let not the lofty, splendid view of that aspiring mountain dazzle the eyes of thy unsuspecting curiosity. Let not the beauteously gigantic cedars of its greatness, which, in nodding grandeur, mount through clouds, and seem to pierce the heavens, delude thy young hopes with false, flattering, prospects of worldly aggrandizement. Let not the aromatic flavor of its perfumes, which, round its base, bewitchingly entice the senses of the unwary traveller, allure thy heedless passions, to frolick in its lawns, or to breathe the poisonous gale of its deceitful pleasures. Let not the reflected splendor of the luminary orb, when in the might of his noon, he blazes full along the mountain’s side, attract thee, to bask, incautious, in the delusive glare of its prosperity, or to singe the

wings of thy silly soul in the glowing brightness of its treacherous smiles. Let not thy senses, thy hopes, thy fancy, be duped by all these glittering charms. Seek not the greatness of that boasting Libanus, which, promising all, performs nought. For, lo! "I saw the wicked lifted up like its most towering cedars. I passed—he was no more. I sought his place—I found it not." Ps. xxxvi, 35.

In this strain doth Jesus invite thee, daughter of his love, to quit a criminal and deceitful world. Hear his voice; nor let the metaphorical garb in which I clothe the language of his grace, render it less intelligible to thy soul. "Fly, then, from Libanus," continues he: "fly, nor smell the perfumes of its dizzying, intoxicating pleasures. Perfumes, which, though inhaled, are not enjoyed; for, 'ere they have gratified the bewildered sense, the storms of life which buffet down the mountain's rocky sides, have carried them into the valley far behind, and nought remains but vanity and affliction of soul. Clamber not up the rugged paths that lead towards its summit; for, know, they are beset with 'lions,' who, from their dens of darkness, "rove about, seeking whom they may devour." And should thy terror save thee from *their* fury, thou wilt not be the less exposed to 'leopards,' who, under the glossy spangled furr of human example and false conscience, will insensibly decoy thy unexperienced weakness, until they clutch thee in the gripe of eternal death. 'Fly, then, from Libanus, my spouse; from the dens of lions, from the mountains of leopards.'—What! doth thy restless curiosity still push thee forward? Doth thy foolish ambition, thy silly fickleness, thy love of pleasure, in spite of all the dangers that surround thee, still urge

thee, through repeated difficulties, through disappointments innumerable, to scale the arduous height? If so, why onward—but remember, 'ere thou reach the craggy top, the clouds of human prejudice, the vapors of thy passions shall darken in thy soul the lights of my faith and grace; thy charity shall freeze; and the snows that outcap the summit, shall not find one spark of my love to extinguish in thee, when they congeal thee in the icy fangs of death!"

Nay, pardon me, O loving spouse of Christ, if I have made thy sweet Jesus utter the unnecessary tone of anger and menace. No; he lashes thee not from danger with the iron scourges of his terror; but draws thee to himself in the silken bonds of his all-powerful love. Blessed be his tender affection for thee! Blessed be thy prompt obedience to his loving call! But, 'ere we proceed to lead thee forward to the chaste nuptials of the immaculate Lamb, look round and see the multitude of thy Saviour's faithful servants, whom the first news of thy intended union has drawn together. Some, as this devout portion of his flock, filled with admiration and holy envy, at that happiness which they cannot themselves share with thee. More, as these thy new sisters and mothers in Christ, impatiently waiting the moment to adopt thee as their own, with the kiss of congratulation. And then, the mitred dignitaries of the Christian Church; the supporting pillars of the house of God; the legislative depositaries of his authority; the Rulers, Judges, Pastors of his people; surrounded, in all the state of sanctity, by their respective clergy, and anxious thus to honor their Lord, in one of the grandest works of his

grace, the dedication of thee, O Virgin, to his love. And now, before thou pass the threshold of Religion, who, smiling, opes her sacred portal to thy humble knock; whilst I entreat the pontiffs and priests of Sion, with the consecrated daughters of Jerusalem, to join in the prayer I am about to address to the Queen of Purity for the ultimate success of thy auspicious undertaking, shalt thou not thyself, in tender gratitude and enraptured confidence, superior to all thou hast ever felt since the day thou first didst lisp her lovely name, salute the Virgini Mother of thy Virgin Spouse, in the angelic strains of the Almighty's Messenger—"Hail Mary."

Do not imagine, my sister, that I am going to give you credit, as for some great sacrifice, in thus abandoning the world, and consecrating yourself, body and soul, to your Maker, in a religious order. What sacrifice have you made, my dear child? You have quitted the earth, in search of Heaven. You have fled the dangers and temptations of a deluding and deluded world, and moored the vessel of your soul in the sheltered harbour of religion. You have freed your mind from the corroding cares of wealth and gain and temporal providence; and, securing to yourself a small, but sufficient, mediocrity of the goods of this life, you now sigh only to insure to your immortal half the eternal goods of a better. To the eye, indeed, of the blinded worldling, who lives here, as if he were to live no where hereafter; who adores his pleasure, his greatness, his riches, as if they were his God; whose faith, if he has any, is either a dead letter in his heart, that neither guides his pursuits, nor regulates his conduct; or, at best, serves only to nourish that presumption, in which he vainly expects to die a good death,

after having lived a bad life. To a person of this cast; and to the vain and frivolous female, who, in a constant round of gaiety and amusement, seeks to drown her *ennui*, in the very dissipation whence it springs; to misnamed Christians of this sort, your determination of immuring yourself in your youth, for life, within the walls of a cloister, (if it does not appear rank folly and madness—the effect of a devotion-distempered brain) will at least wear the look of a sacrifice, to perform which nothing short of a miracle was requisite. But come; let us lay aside these false notions of worldlings; and, viewing your act with that eye of faith, which sees what this valley of sin and woe is, and what it is not, let us denominate your renunciation thereof, this day, not a sacrifice, but a blessing; not a resignation, but an escape; not an extraordinary merit, but a more than extraordinary grace. Fly then, spouse of Christ, again I repeat it; fly from the dens of lions, from the mountains of leopards: and, with the fluttering rapture of the dove that has just eluded the toils of the hunters, say now to your Jesus, “I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: we shall go into the house of the Lord.—This is my rest for ever and ever: here will I dwell, for I have chosen it.” Psalms.

And now, raise your looks in gladness, and survey the career that lies before you. Prayer and contemplation, undisturbed by the ordinary distractions and anxieties of life. Peace and serenity of soul, unchequered by the afflictions and disasters of an uncertain world. Purity of heart and affections, unsullied by the defiling, or, at best, tormenting allurements of a too airy, not to say, wanton society. Calm of conscience, unruffled by those vexatious scruples,

which so often drive almost to distraction, and terrify from the God of peace to the Demon of disquiet, those well meaning but weak souls, who are not blessed with the constant experience of a religious life, the hourly advice of seniors in perfection, and the frequent counsels of the best chosen directors. Add to the above, my sister, the rapturous, daily, consolation of intimate and incorporate union with your Heavenly Spouse, in the ever amiable and adorable sacrament of his altar. These, these are the endearing tokens of his affection, with which the Lamb woos a return of love; in the virgin he has selected for his own chaste embrace. These are the happy means of sanctification, with which he now provides you. What more can your longing after Heaven, require on earth, my Sister.

Here learn, devout soul, two rules; the one to know, the other to guide the motions of your heart, in the things that are of God. Remember these two rules; they will be of comfort to you; and experience will teach you their practical truth. First, narrowly observe each motion, each suggestion of your soul. Is it accompanied with internal calm and light? Obey it without fear; it is of God. Does it, on the contrary, though to all appearance holy, excite a flutter, a darkness in your mind? Reject it; it is not of the Holy Ghost. The spirit of peace sheds his placid influence on our souls, like the dew that descends in the stillness of repose. He gently wafts our frail barks onwards in the voyage of perfection, like the mild zephyr that scarcely ruffles the ocean's face. His light is that of the serene noon-day sky. He neither drowns in the tempest, hurls in the blast, nor flashes in the lightning; unlike to the spirits of

the storm, who, robed in darkness, shoot across the eye of the troubled soul, in the assumed momentary glare of Angels of Light. Secondly; in your devotions, my Sister; in all the ascensions of your heart to God; and, particularly, in your preparations for the Eucharistic bond of love, depend in no wise on your own little management, though ever so well intended and directed. Bring your Jesus, first of all, in spirit, to the mansion of your thoughts. He will himself arrange the house of your soul for his reception. Follow, with confidence, the immediate impulse of his presence; remove what displeases, replace what delights him; he will, on the spot, inspire the reflections, and kindle the feelings worthy of himself. Having thus adorned you for his reception, he, too, must still remain to ornament your mind and after-conduct, with the sentiments and effects, that flow from his sacramental presence. For, as the bright orb of day ushers in, with his rising beams, his entrance on the Heavens, to illuminate and enliven the world; and, at his departure, marks, along the firmament, the trace of his effulgent power, in his setting rays—so, Jesus, first, and last, and all throughout, enlightens, vivifies our dark and deadened souls, in his own great work of their sanctification.—Remember these two rules, pupil-daughter of Christ; the practical knowledge of them would spare many a devout heart a deal of bitter disappointment.

But to resume the catalogue of your happiness. Regret not, my Sister, the loss of worldly acquaintance. Behold! we introduce you this morning into a company little short of angelical; a society, such as seldom falls to the lot of any worldly female to enjoy. But perhaps, in attending to your own salvation, you would feel

still happier, could you labour also for the salvation of others? Cherish the idea, child; it comes of God. And he has here provided you with much more ample opportunities for exercising your charity; than you could possibly meet with elsewhere. The daughters of both rich and poor are, in this establishment, committed to your maternal care. Thus, when you have exerted your pious zeal in moulding the tender minds of the former to the image of woman in her original beauty, you may, from day to day, according to the grace which He will give you who gives you all, amuse your affectionate industry, in sowing the seeds of every virtue, deep in the weedy, unbroken, but to your touch mildly yielding soil of desolate, infant, female indigence.—

My Lords! How grand is the Christian Church! how worthy of her founder! how holy in all her parts! Holy in her people, holy in her clergy, holy in her bishops; holy in her sacraments, holy in her customs, holy in her rites; holy in her doctrine, holy in her union, holy in her government; holy in the precepts, holy in the counsels, of her Master and Redeemer; holy in the individual sanctity of thousands of her children, but no where so exquisitely holy, as in that great mass and body of holiness, which her female religious orders, united, in cenobitical observance, by the three sublime vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, present to the veneration of her friends and confusion of her foes. This distinctive mark of sanctity in corporate strength, has, under its various forms, always subsisted, and, therefore, always will subsist in the Church of God.

Protect, then, my Lords; protect, with Cyprian, this "most precious portion of the flock of Christ." And while the cowardly hand of continental power rudely tears from the sanctuaries of Christendom, the unprotected daughters of religion; while, in the sister kingdom, the sacred authority that should screen them from insult, becomes the base instrument of bigotry to despoil them, let the Isle of Saints, under your fostering care, my Lords, cherish these dear, these sacred remnants of what once she was in the long past days of her sanctified greatness.

Begging their Lordships' pardon for having so long trespassed on their time, I turn to thee O Jesus, Spouse of Virgins, and, through the purity of thy spotless Mother, again call down thy precious graces on the head of this thy humble candidate of virginity. Make her the immaculate holocaust of thy love! Make her add new lustre to that wide extended blaze of sanctity, which, from the retreats of cloistered virtue, enlightens the dark paths of thy people, plodding through the mazes of this corrupted world! That so, both those who for thy sake abandon it, and those who use it as if they used it not, may by thee be received into that happier world of eternal bliss, which thou, O Redeemer of Mankind, hast purchased with thy blood for all without exception, who in their various stations of life obey thy holy will.

A blessing, &c.

The *Twenty-first* Sermon will be on ST. MICHAEL, AND THE HOLY ANGELS. Text—"Thousands of thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before him." Daniel, vii, 10.

SERMON XXI.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

ST. MICHAEL, AND THE HOLY ANGELS.

Thousands of thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before him.

Dan. c. viii, v. 10.

FATHER and Fountain of all Being! Creator and Cause of All! Thou shinest in all thy works. The grain of sand on the shore—the drop of water in the ocean—the barley-corn in the fertile field—the diamond in the depths of the mine—the flake of snow on the cloud-capped mountain—the sun, moon and stars in the splendid firmament—all alike display thy everlasting glory and divinity. The whole immense universe of inanimate matter, with silent, yet intelligible voice, with varied, yet uniform harmony, proclaims, even in its own insensible state, the mighty power of the hand that made it. But, neither thy power, nor thy goodness, O greatest and best God! could be confined within the vast range of this world of bodies. Therefore didst thou give to brute matter the qualities of sense; and, in the prodigies, propagation, and powers of the animal, though irra-

tional, creation, we adore the inexhaustible fertility of thy all-vivifying munificence. If we admire thee in the phenomena of lifeless Nature, what astonishment is not ours, when we contemplate thy wonders, in that great branch of Being, which lives, and breathes, and sees, and hears, and feels; and by its own inherent principle of animation, maintains itself in that superior rank, to which thou hast raised it above the utmost grandeur of inanimate existence.

But, what do I say? Why do I thus expend my thought in surveying the beauties, in sounding the depths of Nature, animate or inanimate? Splendid as is the sun, he neither sees his splendor, nor seeks his Author. Strong as is the lion, he neither thinks of his strength, nor thanks his Benefactor. These two immense realms of being, then; the material and the animal worlds, all-prodigious as they are, did not present a field, vast enough for thy unbounded goodness, Lord of good?—Knowledge is happiness. Thou, thyself, art knowledge. And to know, to thank, to serve, to love Thee, is happiness complete. Therefore didst thou stretch forth the mighty hand of thy creation, to form—Man. What is man? A thinking, knowing, reasoning essence; capable of praising, adoring, loving his all-bounteous Maker; a free, active, intelligent being; qualified to render, for himself, and for all less-gifted creatures, a rational service; and, by that service, to merit recompence at the hands of Him, who gave him all. In his body, matter—like to that subaltern world, of which he is appointed king and lord; but, in his soul—what is Man, in his soul? Spirit; single, simple, uncompound-ed; immortal, indivisible, indestructible; and,

to say all in one word, the image and likeness of thyself, O God !

Has Man, then, crowned thy works ? Is he the *ne plus ultra* of thy creative power ? Having ascended through all the numberless gradations of the inanimate universe, from the atom of dust, up to the luminary of day ; having peopled thy creation, with all the endless varieties of the animal world, from the slender-framed insect to the robust and terrible monarch of the forest ; having given to all this little-short-of-infinity of creatures a Lord, in Man, the image of thyself—is the arm of thy might abridged, and canst thou call into being no spirit superior to the soul of man ? Absurd, ungodly thought ! Forbid it thy omnipotence ! Man, though lord of all the universe of matter, is but the first, the lowest link in the universe of intelligence. What the atom is to the sun, and the insect to the lion, *that*, Man is, to the Prince of the heavenly host, Michael, whom, with all his fellow Angels, we honour in the solemnity of this day.—

Fly, fly, now, my soul, throughout the boundless realms of spiritual creation. Soar on the wing of conception. Double, triple, and multiply that conception, as you proceed. Mount on the bold pinion of contemplation. Fix your eye on the still infinitely distant Majesty of the Godhead ; approaching with the rapidity of lightning, yet never reaching the glorious goal. View the power, the wisdom, the goodness, the beauty, the justice, the mercy, the knowledge ; all the attributes, infinitely great, and infinitely perfect, of the Lord of heaven and earth. Do this, my soul ; and as you ply upward your celestial flight, let the affections and energies of your will, encreasing and multiplying in the same

intense ratio of endless progression, keep pace with the conceptions of your intellect.—When you have, thus, ranged through all the innumerable gradations of spiritual being, which the experience of yourself, aided by the conceptive, I had almost said, the creative powers of your imagination, can present to you; when you have completed the immense survey—then, figure to your thought, that every single one of these gradations is filled with millions and millions of intellectual essences: each order rising, in spiritual perfection, as far above the next in rank, as the lowest does above the soul of man; yet each diversified, within its own separate world of spirits, by all the inconceivable variety of individual excellence.—Go on, my soul, and count the natures and numbers of this interminable universe of heavenly intelligences. See, here, one hierarchy, which, by its peculiar powers, presents in its thousand members, the thousand images of their God's omnipotence. See, there, another, which exhibits the thousand copies of his infinite wisdom. On this side, a third, expressing his boundless goodness; on that, a fourth, displaying the splendors of his glory. See Seraphs, burning with love; Cherubs, soaring in contemplation; Thrones, sitting in Majesty; Powers, wielding their sceptres of might; Principalities, marshalling their heavenly armies; Dominions, ruling their respective kingdoms of creation; Virtues, directing the operations of the visible and invisible universe of worlds; Angels, conveying the messages of the Deity through heaven and earth; and Archangels, executing the wonders of his mercy, or his vengeance.

Now, breathe a moment, my soul!—and then, to this immense assemblage of superior and still

superior beings, which, from the words of revelation, you have conceived, or sought to conceive; to these "thousands of thousands, who minister; to these ten thousand times a hundred thousand, who stand before the throne of God," add the countless myriads, whose hierarchies are unrevealed; whose very titles, perhaps, are inexpressible in the language of inspiration itself; add, enumerate these, my soul; and in doing so, remember that you are enumerating *all* the orders of intellectual being, which infinite power and goodness have been pleased to create, between thy own weak essence, and the Sovereign Spirit, which is God himself. Here, then, my wearied soul, you find the population of the angelic universe. All that, which you can conceive, and all that more, which God has created, of celestial intellect, form the two grand items of the heavenly census!

But, if it has cost you so much labor to imagine the mere number, how shall you be able to catch even a glimpse of the transcendent energies and operations of this boundless, all-various, world of superior spirits? You, my soul, form all your conceptions from analogy. Your dependence, in most things, on your corporal senses, prevents you from ranging far into the regions of pure intellect. The utmost you may conceive of the powers of spirit, is derived from the experience of your own being. Hence, by your faculty of calculation, you may form a notion, vague, indeed, but still a notion, of knowledge, doubled, tripled, multiplied to any degree; of desire, proportionably and progressively intense; of love, ardent and more ardent still, until the enamoured spirit plunges into an ocean of delight—yet, unappalled by fruition, emerges successively from ocean to ocean, en-

raptured, every moment, more and more; always satisfied, yet never cloyed with that eternal object of infinite beauty, which to see is to enjoy, and to enjoy is to be happy. These angelic flights of intellect, these seraphic raptures of love, you, my soul, may, in some measure, conceive; as also that ecstatic praise; which, day and night for ever, is poured forth by millions and millions of heavenly choirs, adoring, and loving, and singing in the sublime, intellectual language of heaven: "Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of hosts. The heavens and the earth are full of the majesty of his glory."

These transcendent occupations of the celestial spirits, may, in a certain degree, be presented, if not to the understanding, to the imagination, at least, of mortal man. But oh! how many other wonderful operations; how many stupendous prodigies—of power and perception—of intellect and will, are performed by these native princes of God's heavenly empire!—prodigies of which the human mind cannot, even by comparison, catch the most distant idea.—If the measure of genius which men display, decides the importance, value, and greatness of their actions, how grand must be the inconceivable achievements of these super-human intelligences, in the immense regions of spirit and pure intellect! Achievements, which "neither eye has seen, ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived;" which, though revealed, no doubt, to Paul in the third heaven, could not, even by him, be uttered to mankind; but which, when delivered from her mortal coil, the human soul shall see—yes, see—and imitate!—Burst, burst, then, O God! the prison of this body of death, that my spirit may fly to her kindred heaven!—Ah! my Jesus! whither have

I wandered ? The hour, alas ! of my delivery is not yet arrived ; my sins postpone the blessed moment ; the chains of flesh drag me down, once more to earth ; and—vanished is that blissful vision, which, for an instant, caused me to forget, that I stand before thy people, to tell them, not that, which none save angels know, but that, which thou hast deigned in thy holy scriptures to reveal, concerning these first-born sons of thy creation, these blessed aborigines of thy heavenly kingdom.

Know, then, my brethren, that He, who alone can bring forth Being from the womb of nothing ; He, whose creative omnipotence is seen, in the atom, as in the sun ; in the ant, as in the lion ; know, that as he said, “ Let light be, and light was ;” so, and with the same facility, he peopled his celestial realms with those stupendous and numberless spirits, of whom I have attempted to speak. This act of creation preceded that, by which he made the world we see.—For, hitherto, I have not followed the order of time, but the order of human meditation ; in the hope that I myself, and you that hear me, rising in our thought, from material to spiritual things, from visibles to invisibles, from earth to heaven, from things we know to things we know not of, might catch, partly by analogy, partly by contrast, some distant glimpse, at least, of that immense universe of spirits, which is hidden from our corporal sense.—Thus created before all other beings, these mighty intelligences were, from their very nature, placed in a state of probation. Every being that is rational, is essentially free. For, freedom of election is, necessarily, implied in the faculty of judgment. The latter would be useless, without the former. How long this period of angelic probation lasted,

we are not told; nor, perhaps, though we were, could we conceive it. For, Time, which measures the events of this nether sphere, has no line wherewith to trace the concerns of that supernal, eternal world, which is without his pale. We are also—and, no doubt, for the same reason of its inconceptibility—left in the dark, as to the immediate cause of that tremendous revolution, which spread such wild and awful havoc among the heavenly armies; hurling from their thrones of glory, millions of God's first-born. All we know is, that Lucifer, the chief of heaven's inmates, rebelled against his Sovereign God: that Michael, the glorious Michael, bore the standard of the faithful host, and fought and conquered. This much, we know; nor more shall we be certain of, until, delivered from the chains of flesh, we shall ourselves, survey the field of battle.

With trembling, therefore, and with an humble prayer, that thou, O God, wilt not impute it to presumption, I dare to utter, what some of thy servants have offered, as their opinion. It is this. The Creator of all, to try his angels' humility, communicated to them, that the day would come, when a being, partly animal, and partly rational—partly matter, and partly spirit—that same being which we now call Man—should occupy the throne of heaven, and be adored by all the angels of God! To form some shadowy notion of the feelings, which such a proposition was likely to generate in angelic bosoms, let us, my brethren, draw a comparison. Suppose that all mankind got notice, that, on a certain day, they should honor, as their monarch, an ant which crept the mole-hill. The haughty indignation of the sons of men at debasement so vile, would furnish but a

faint resemblance of the towering fury, which fired the mighty mind of Lucifer, when he heard the decree of his Maker. The ant is not, by many degrees, so far beneath man, as man was beneath the archangel. Swelling in pride, the prince of created spirits, sought partizans among his brother angels; and found, alas! too many, of every hierarchy, to join him in the rebellious cry of—*Non serviam*—"We will not be slaves." But the Almighty was not to be moved from his eternal purpose, by the audacity of his creatures. He persisted; and though, in the twinkling of an eye, he could have crushed the rebels into their original nothing, he chose to let them try the contest. Emboldened by this forbearance of his God, and conscious of the innate powers of his own imperishable nature, Lucifer assumed the tone of defiance; and, trusting to the myriads of stupendous intelligences, who, like himself, spurned the hateful degradation—in all the pride of rebellion, he exclaims: "I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will be like the Most High." These words, which the Prophet puts into the mouth of the monarch of Babylon, but which the holy fathers appropriate also to Lucifer, express the gigantic crime of that blasphemy and rebellion, which converted the late archangel into the now archfiend.—Be not too much surprized, my brethren, at this awful change. The sins of men differ, only in degree, from the sin of Lucifer. The nature of both rebellions is the same. Superior, inconceivably superior in knowledge, in favors, and in strength—the demon was, in malice, ingratitude and obstinacy, proportionably the guiltier. But man, though not so guilty, still rebels, as far as his inferiority permits. The penalty, therefore, like the guilt,

has its degrees; the Demon fell, never more to rise—may Man never fall, but to rise again!

To return to heaven. While Lucifer, or, as his name implies, the Morning-Star—the first in brightness among angels, thus reared the gorgon head of apostasy, under the eye of Omnipotence; Michael, his next in glory—faithful to the bounteous God, of whom he held that glory and his being—humble in himself, nor daring to question the decrees of infinite wisdom—uttering, by anticipation, in his angelic mind, the words of Paul, Rom. xi, “O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are his judgments, and how unsearchable his ways! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who hath been his counsellor? Or who hath first given to him, and recompence shall be made him? For of him, and by him, and in him are all things: to him be glory for ever. Amen.” Michael, having, with the rapidity of angel’s thought, formed this humble, profound and true reflection, sends forth that intellectual shout of humility, which forms the syllables of his name; and which, bursting from the summit of the highest heavens, is echoed back from voices, millions in number, and, in sound, celestial—**MI-CHA-EL? *Quis ut Deus?* Who like God?**

Thus commenced that first and greatest of those battles, which, in heaven as well as on earth, have defiled the face of God’s creation; a battle, of which, we, my brethren, can form scarce the shadow of a thought. For, if the conflicts of men are far more terrible than those of lions, because, in the former, reason combats, while, in the latter, all is brute force; what, think you? must have been that battle of mind, that clash of intellect, that conflict of

spirit, that shock, more awful than the shock of worlds—in which the whole host of heaven, led on by the two first of creatures—here, by Lucifer—there, by Michael—decided the grand question—whether God should be God, or no. A battle, in which heaven was the prize of victory; and hell the doom of defeat. A battle, whether we consider its cause, its combatants, or its consequences, the most tremendous that ever has been, that ever could be, fought. A battle, which decided the sovereignty of a God; which purified, from the foul stain of angelic treason, the realms of heaven; a battle, which rewarded the faithful victors with happiness and sanctity eternal, by imparting to them, what their humility had so nobly earned—the beatific vision of that all-enlightening, all-enrapturing object—the essence of the Deity. A battle, in fine, which hurled the proud apostates, with their rebel chief, down from their thrones of heavenly glory, into “the everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels.”

Such, my brethren, was the battle which Michael fought with the dragon. The general fact, only, is mentioned in scripture; but I have ventured, on the opinion of pious writers, to state its probable, though unrevealed, immediate cause. In this great battle, we, men, were more concerned, than would, at first, appear. To fill the vacated thrones of angelical, or rather, diabolical apostasy, God resolved to create the human race. — What new torment, here, for Lucifer! Burning with rage at his late defeat, and boiling for revenge, the discomfited archdemon—still proud, though confounded—still obstinate, though in despair—determines, at all risks, to thwart a design, which would give to such inferior creatures, the glory he had for-

feited. The sight of Adam and Eve tortures his envious spirit with deeper pangs, than when the victorious Michael plunged him from heaven into hell: and, no sooner are the chosen pair in being, than the fiend lays about him to effect their ruin. For, though he and his associates are, according to St. Jude, "reserved in everlasting chains under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day;" still, that Eternal Wisdom, which "reacheth from end to end strongly, yet ordereth all things sweetly;" that God, who hath made nothing in vain; who preserveth, even in his rebellious creatures, the nature he once gave them; that God, who leaveth crime to work its own just punishment; that God, who is not to be turned from his omnipotent designs, by the insolent audacity of the beings he has formed out of nought; that God, I say, still permits the haughty and malicious demons to execute their malice; malice which, in the end, brings the multiplied vengeance of disappointment on their heads.

Satan, for so we now shall call him, seduced the mother and the father of mankind. And, in doing this, what did he do? He laid, sore against his expectation, the ground-work of that very prodigy, which, according to the opinion, I have announced, excited his first rage in heaven—the prodigy of God made Man. He brought sin into the world; he polluted mankind in their very root; and, while he revelled in the infernal joy of having, as he thought, secured in hell, the rival that was to have taken his place in heaven—behold! the Son of Mary combats and defeats him. Defeats him, not as he had done before, by the instrumentality of a Michael—that blow, tremendous as it was, yet, coming from the hand of an angel, was not so

galling to the demon's pride—but, Jesus now defeats him in the flesh—in that weak nature, which his own envy had corrupted and enslaved; nay more, defeats him by his death—that very death, which Satan brought on man. By that same death, Jesus opens the gates of heaven; ushers into the lost glory of the fallen angels, the souls he had rescued from the demon's yoke; elevates, in his immaculate Mother, even above the splendors of the once bright Lucifer, the very sex, which Lucifer had seduced; and—to crown his victory as became a God, whose designs are but forwarded by the opposition of his rebellious creatures—Jesus, God and Man, seated on the throne of his Divinity, receives, in his human nature, from all the hosts of heaven, that adoration, which, rather than submit to pay, the haughty Prince of Angels preferred the fire of hell.

But, shall he not pay it? Yes. The day shall come, when the crucified Son of Man shall appear in the clouds with great power and majesty, surrounded by his faithful angels and redeemed elect; and, summoning to his dread tribunal Lucifer with all his co-apostates, shall pronounce, and carry into complete execution, the sentence of their everlasting woe. Then shall the father of lies; the murderer from the beginning; the prince of this world; the spirit, who thought to equal, to conquer the Most High; then shall he, even he, adore, in trembling terror, the Man who died upon the cross. Then shall he be condemned, not only by Michael and his holy angels whom he once resisted, but by those very souls who once had been his slaves. For all the blessed host, men as well as angels, shall sit in judgment, with their common King, upon their common foe. Then

shall the fallen spirit be confined for ever to his hellish dungeon; deprived even of his power of evil, and doomed, through all eternity, to gnaw his fiery chains, amid the victims of his unsuccessful pride in heaven, and of his disappointed rage on earth.

But, have I not strayed from my subject? No, my brethren. For, if I have spoken of the injuries done to us by the bad angels, it was only that you might prize more highly, and seek more ardently, the protection of the good. The battle, which commenced in heaven, still continues here below. Satan and his angels strive to ruin us; Michael and his angels curb their malice. For, shall God permit the former to do evil; and not empower the latter to do good? Shall He, who has made nought in vain; who employs every creature, even of the material world, in its own proper sphere; shall he prevent the active ministers of his will, the loving spirits of his heavenly kingdom, from exerting their tender charity towards souls, whom he has loved so much, and whom they hope to have for their companions in eternal bliss? Forbid it, Nature! Forbid it Grace! Forbid it, Common Sense!—How contemptible must those sects be, who read the Scriptures, yet despise the Angels! What page can they open, of the sacred volume, which does not invite them to seek the protection of these holy spirits? “He hath given,” says the psalmist, Ps. xc, “his angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up: lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt walk upon the asp and the basilisk: and thou shalt trample under foot the lion and the dragon.” Again, Ps. xxxiii, “The

angel of the Lord shall encamp round about them that fear him, and he shall deliver them."

Abraham, Isaac, Jacob; Moses, Josue, David; Elias, Daniel, Habacuc; Tobias, Judith, the Machabees; Peter, John, Cornelius; that is to say, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Converts, have experienced the protection of the Angels. The incarnation, birth, flight into Egypt, temptation in the desert, agony in the garden, resurrection and ascension of our Blessed Saviour, exhibit the constant and loving solicitude of these heavenly beings for the happiness of man. And shall we not invoke their assistance?—"The angel," says Jacob, as he gave his benediction to his two grandsons, Gen. xlviii; "the angel," says he, "that delivereth me from all evils, bless these boys!" "The angel of the Lord," says Judith, c. xiii, "hath been my keeper, both going hence, and abiding there, and returning from thence." One of the wise men in Job, c. xxxiii, asserts, that if the sinner hath an angel to speak for him, he will be freed from punishment: and St. John, in his Apocalypse, c. viii, saw an angel offering up to the throne of God, the incense of the prayers of the saints, or holy people on earth. He also designates the respective angels of the rivers, of the sea, of the sun, &c. and it is reasonable to suppose, that, as man has his sphere of action in the natural operations with which he is connected, so, these powerful beings, are not without their employment in the greater works of nature. As man, however, is, under themselves, the first of God's creatures, to man their solicitude is principally directed. For, says St. Paul to the Hebrews, c. i, "are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister for these, who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?"

The Prophet Zachary, c. i. seeing, in a vision, a troop of heavenly spirits, and enquiring who they were, was answered by one, whom, for his pre-eminence, he stiles the Angel of the Lord, and who said: "These are they, whom the Lord hath sent to walk through the earth." "And," continues the prophet, "they answered the Angel of the Lord, and said: we have walked through the earth, and behold all the earth is inhabited, and is at rest. And the Angel of the Lord answered, and said: O Lord of hosts, how long wilt thou not have mercy on Jerusalem, and on the cities of Juda, with which thou hast been angry? this is now the seventieth year." The Angel, who offers up this prayer for the delivery of the Jews from Babylon, appears to be St. Michael; then the great patron of the Synagogue, as he now is, of the Church; and who, according to Daniel, c. xii, "stands up for the people of God." Nor does this glorious protector pray in vain. For Zachary proceeds: "And the Lord answered the Angel good words, comfortable words. I will return to Jerusalem in mercies: my house shall be built in it, saith the Lord of hosts: and the building line shall be stretched forth upon Jerusalem. My cities shall yet flow with good things: and the Lord will yet comfort Sion, and he will yet choose Jerusalem."

But I should never end, were I to run through all the passages, which occur—I was going to say—in almost every line of sacred writ, to establish the Catholic doctrine of Guardian-Angels; Guardian-Angels, not only of kingdoms, cities and nations, but of individuals. What are we then to think of the barefaced hypocrisy of fanatics, who dare to call the scripture their rule of faith—and yet deny the protecting super-

intendence of these blessed spirits?—Oh! my brethren, when you reflect on this, among all the other inconsistencies of sectaries, thank your God, that you are in the Catholic Church—the only Church which can boast a system of belief, not beset with the most palpable, the most ludicrous absurdities. Rejoice, rejoice in the delightful consciousness of having, each of you, a loving and pure angel to guard you. Revere him; love him; commend yourself, day and night, to his prayers. Dread to offend him by any sin; particularly, by that species of sin, which sullies the angelic virtue of chastity. And oh! if you be in sin, make haste to repent; that he may communicate the happy tidings to all the angels of God, “before whom there is more joy over one sinner that doth penance, than over ninety-nine just, that have no need of penance.”

Oh! my brethren, how delightful the thought, that we have, each of us, an Angel to guard us! A spirit, a courtier of God's heavenly kingdom, specially appointed by his divine, his tender mercy, to protect us from evil; to watch over us from the womb to the grave; to screen from harm, under the shadow of his celestial wings, the cradle of our sleeping infancy; to suggest the first thoughts of piety to our opening minds; to guide us through the slippery age of unsuspecting youth and passion; to weep over our fall, when we become intractable to his care; to suspend, by his intercession, the vengeance ready to burst upon our obstinacy; to obtain for us the grace of conversion; to make the heavenly realms ring with his own, and his brother angels' joy, at the news of our repentance; in a word, to accompany us, step by step, as the faithful Raphael did the young Tobias,

through our pilgrimage in this vale of tears and terrors, until, hovering round the bed of death, he receives the soul of his beloved charge, and bears her triumphantly to that long sighed-for home, where she is to be his companion in glory and bliss for ever! What gratitude, my brethren, do we not owe to our loving God, for this admirable system of angelic superintendence! How affectionate his providence, in thus connecting heaven with earth; binding in the closest ties of intimacy and friendship his two great rational worlds of angels and of men; and rendering the princes of his celestial empire tributary, as it were, to the grand end, for which he sent his Only-Begotten to earth—the salvation of the fallen sons of Adam! How truly paternal his divine economy, in thus interesting in the fate of their prodigal younger brethren, the superior strength and solicitude of his elder children, who have never offended him! All, here, is rational, orderly, worthy of the Universal Sovereign—the Father—and the God.

Yet, there are men, who would fain dissolve this holy Communion of Saints; men, who would estrange heaven from earth, and earth from heaven; who would totally cut off this charming, this salutary commerce between the angels of God and the human species; men, who would deprive *us* of *their* loving protection, and *them* of *our* grateful respect. How absurd, how malignant must these men be! But their absurdity is sense; their malignity is perfect charity, when compared with their outrageous and impudent hypocrisy. These men read the bible; nay more, they loudly proclaim, with their shifting sophist, Chillingworth, that “the bible, and the bible *alone*, is the religion of

Protestants." What! Read the bible, and deny the intervention of angels? Believe the bible to be the word of God, and contradict the protecting superintendence of these friendly spirits in the concerns of mankind? Impossible. They do *not* believe the bible. Their veneration for it, is all pretence; their talk, their endless clamor about it, is but a farce, got up for the purposes of delusion and speculation. Yes; I repeat the charge. *They do not*—to their teeth I say it, and challenge them to the proof—*they do not believe the bible.*

The scriptural instances of angelic interference, which I have already referred to, exceed, were I to reckon them, the number of *fifty*; and are to be found in both the Old and New Testaments. This, in all conscience, ought to be enough for *bible-men*. However, let them take a few more.—An angel slew all the first-born of Egypt; but passed over the houses of Israel, which had been marked with the blood of the paschal lamb. An angel defended the people of God, as they crossed the Red Sea; and, with thunder and lightning, kept back Pharaoh and his host, until they were overwhelmed in the waters of the abyss. An angel conducted the Hebrews for forty years in the desert, in the form of a cloud by day, and of a pillar of fire by night. An angel revealed the birth of Sampson, and directed his parents in the treatment of the extraordinary youth. An angel communicated to Daniel the most important of his prophecies; an angel fanned with a refreshing breeze the three children in the fiery furnace; and an angel, at the prayer of the prophet Isaias and of the pious king Ezechias, slaughtered one hundred and eighty-five thousand of the besieging army of the blasphemous Senna-

cherib. An angel struck the Priest Zachary dumb, for his doubting the promised birth of the Baptist; angels carried the soul of Lazarus into Abraham's bosom; an angel directed Philip to the conversion of the Ethiopian eunuch; an angel smote, with a loathsome and summary disease, the persecuting Herod Agrippa; and an angel struck off the chains, and threw open the dungeon, in which that tyrant had secured, as he thought, the Apostle Peter. Nay, so universal and unquestioned was the doctrine of Guardian-Angels, from the very commencement of Christianity, that—when St. Peter, on this occasion, knocked at the house of Mark, where the Christians were assembled in prayer—the whole congregation, in their first surprize, exclaimed, "It is *his* angel."

But, what necessity to quote chapter and verse of scripture, where, in every page, in every line, an angel meets us? And what, then, avails to Sectarics their reading, their boasting, their cant, their clamor about the bible, when they deny—what it teaches as clearly as it does the existence of God himself? What excuse have they to plead before the Searcher of hearts? Will they plead invincible ignorance—the only available plea of error? They cannot. The very bible they read, will rise up in judgment against them, to convict them of the rankest hypocrisy: because, while they profess to revere it as the word of God, they reject a truth, which stares them in the face from the first to the last chapter of the sacred volume. And *why* do they reject it? Aye; *why*?—The motive is, if possible, more malignant than the act.—They reject it out of pure hatred to their Mother Church, against whom they have rebelled.

But, do Sectaries thus contemptuously array themselves in opposition to the Holy Angels, without their usual nostrum of some gloss, some common-place sophism, to delude their adherents, and palliate their own effrontery? Oh! no. They have their nostrum: and what do you think it is, my brethren? Why this—that “to admit the intervention, or demand the assistance of these Blessed Spirits, is to lessen the power of God and the merits of Jesus Christ.” —There is a reason for you, worthy of sectarian logic! the same identical reason which they allege for denying the merit of good works, the efficacy of the sacraments, fasting, penance; celibacy, &c. As if Christ had diminished his own infinite merits, by the very means he has instituted, and by the very conditions he requires, for the application of these merits to our souls. As if God had lessened his own omnipotence, and ceased to be the First Cause of all, because he employs secondary causes in the operations both of nature and grace. As if the master and the monarch lost their authority, by having their orders executed, and their favors dispensed through the medium of their stewards and ministers. Were we to follow up this absurd reasoning of sectaries, we should despise our parents, pastors and instructors; we should never ask, accept, or be grateful for their kind offices, either in the concerns of this world, or of the next; we should not use any exertion even of our own, for soul or body; no, not so much as read the bible itself—because God can support us here, and save us hereafter, without the intervention of any of his creatures, whether angels, men, books, or other things.

But I will no longer pollute my subject with the ravings and hypocrisy of these biblical angel-

haters; who read, but do *not* believe the written word; who would force the Almighty to govern his creation by *their* whim, and not by that admirable, universal order, in which he has cemented every part, whether heavenly or earthly, of this his magnificent world of wonders, rendering the whole subservient to his own sovereign power, wisdom, and mercy. Let sectaries cease to despise the Blessed Angels of God. If they heed not *my* words, let them heed those of their Saviour, who cautions them against despising even little children, *because* "their Angels in heaven always see the face of his Father who is in heaven." If they despise the Angels as ministers of mercy, let them dread them as ministers of vengeance. If they decline having Angels to convey their souls, like that of Lazarus, into Abraham's bosom, let them remember, in spite of all their proud, their insolent, their hypocritical *biblist*, that they *cannot* decline the doleful effect of that awful command, by which "the Angels shall go out, and shall separate the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

With disgust I turn away from these bible-readers, who (oh monstrous!) despise the Angels! and to you, my Catholic brethren, who read the bible, and who *believe* it, I address, by way of conclusion, and as a specimen of the constant belief entertained by all the children of God both before and after Christ; I address, I say, the following passage from the ancient author of the "Soliloquies of the Soul," published among the works of St. Augustine, t. vi, App. p. 86, Ed. Ben. "The Angels love their fellow-citizens, by whom they long to see their

breaches and ruins repaired. Therefore they watch over and guard us with great care and diligence in all places, and at all hours, assisting us, providing for our necessities with solicitude; they intervene between us and thee, O Lord, conveying to thee our sighs and groans, and bringing down to us the desired blessing of thy graces. They walk with us in all our ways; they go in and out with us, attentively observing how we converse with piety in the midst of a perverse generation; with what ardor we seek thy kingdom and its justice, and with what fear and awe we serve thee. They assist us in our labours, they protect us in our rest, they encourage us in battle, they crown us in victories, they rejoice in us when we rejoice in thee, and they compassionately attend us when we suffer or are afflicted for thee. You had bestowed on us whatever is contained within the circumference of the heavens; and, as if all this was little, you would add what is above the heavens, giving us your angels to serve us, ministering spirits for them who receive the inheritance of salvation. May all your angels praise you, may all your works glorify you, and all your saints bless you for ever!"—So far this pious author.—

Oh! Jesus! quick, quick, free us from this body of death, that our souls may fly to thy heavenly regions. Nay more; clothe in immortality this mortal flesh, which thou hast sanctified with the banquet of thy own divine body and blood; that loosed from all earthly restraints, we may burst into that pure, that glorious state, of which thy Eucharist presents both proof and pledge; that state, which Thou, our Chief, enjoyest; that state, where, unconfined by time, or place or mortal sense, in body and

in soul, we shall see Thee face to face; and, according to thy promise, likened to thy Angels, shall, with them, know, and bless, and love Thee, their and our God, for ever and for ever!

A blessing, &c.

The *Twenty-Second* Sermon will be—**ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, MOTHER OF GOD.**

I congratulate the Catholic public, and, above all, the Clergy, on the appearance of Mr. Staunton's *Daily Newspaper*, the *Morning Register*. The conduct of this gentleman's Press, with regard to the *persecuted* Priest of Moate, the Rev. Mr. Houlton, will put the whole Catholic Nation of Ireland, and, most *especially* the Clergy, to indelible shame, if they do not, by their subscriptions and their influence, maintain the *only* Paper, which gives an *honest*, and, therefore, *efficient* support to the cause of our Holy religion in this country. What avails, for instance, my defence of the Real Presence of our Divine Redeemer in the Blessed Eucharist, if the Priest, who administers that adorable Sacrament, is, for this conscientious discharge of his sacred duty, to be condemned to twelve months' imprisonment with the vilest of felons? However, the *justice* of the Irish Government has, at length, interfered to protect the Catholic Priesthood; for that interference we are principally indebted to the Editor of the *Morning Register*; and if this Paper be not *universally* subscribed for, by *seven millions* of Catholics—shame, more than shame, be upon the *millions*, and if they were *ten thousand* millions, still greater shame be upon the Catholic-Clergy. They all *deserve* to be slaves, if they do not support the *only* Paper which supports them.

SERMON XXII

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, MOTHER OF GOD

" And Mary said: My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid; so behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done great things to me: and holy is his name." St. Luke c. i. v. 46, &c.

FOR what purpose do I stand before this faithful congregation? What duty have I this day imposed upon myself? With what view, my brethren, have I mounted this chair of truth, and challenged your attention? What do you expect to hear me say? What language, what sentiments, what subject of edification do you await from my lips? For what end have I clothed myself in the sacred robes of my ministry, and invoked the adorable name of that God in Three Persons, from whom I hold my mission?—Is it to tell you that Mary was this day taken into Heaven? You know it. The whole christian world proclaims it to you. The word 'Assumption' tells you the event you celebrate. Why ask

me, then, what you already know?—Or, stand I here to tell you, who that Mary is? What Catholic is ignorant who she is? Shall I tell you, that she is a daughter of Eve, begotten of Adam's contaminated stock, yet unspotted by the stain of Adam's sin? Shall I tell you that, if Eve was the mother of man's corruption and damnation—Mary was the mother of man's justification and redemption? That if Eve yielded to the serpent's wiles—Mary crushed the serpent's head? That if Eve, by seducing Adam, opened to all mankind the pits of hell—Mary, by bringing forth Jesus, unlocked to all mankind, the gates of heaven? Shall I then go on to inform you that Mary, though a Mother, is still a Virgin? That, uncontaminated by original sin, she never sullied the purity of her blessed soul by mortal crime? Mortal—do I say? not even by a venial fault. Mortal! Venial! whither doth my tongue wander? No, nor by the slightest imperfection of human, of created frailty. Shall I tell you, that, though the most exalted of all creatures, she was yet the humblest? Though the most nobly descended of her nation, she was yet the poorest; though the most secluded from human intercourse, she was yet the most compassionate for human ills, the most tenderly affected towards human happiness, and the most punctually exact in all her human obligations? Shall I tell you that she was the model of virgins, of wives, of mothers, and of widows? That she, by the plenitude of her Son's grace, was to *her* sex, what *he*, in his humanity, was to ours—the

pattern of perfection both contemplative and active? Shall I proceed and say, that, as he, though Holiness itself, bore in his sacred flesh, the punishment of mankind's sins, so she, though innocent, suffered the tortures of a thousand penitents? Shall I call her Queen of Martyrs for her sufferings, Queen of Saints for her virtues, and Queen of Angels for her perfections? Shall I style her Mother of joys, of sorrows, and of glories? Shall I rank her, in the scale of nature, of grace, and of merit, above the Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles? Shall I present to her, as her Son has done this day, a crown more splendid, than the united splendor of all the hosts of heaven? Shall I, in a word, comprize within the compass of one title, all that in Mary is holy, all that in Mary is venerable, all that in Mary is lovely, all that in Mary is pure and perfect, great and glorious, merited on earth, or crowned in heaven? Shall I comprize it all in one title, and in that one title, comprize, at the same breath, all that Omnipotence could do for a creature—for any being less than himself? Shall I do this, and in doing this, shall I attain the end for which I appear before you? or, shall I tell you aught but what you already know, while I name her, by her own all-expressive, all-comprehensive, inalienable and incommunicable title—**THE MOTHER OF YOUR GOD?**

Oh! my brethren, in all I have hitherto said, what have I said that you knew not before? What have I said that you do not say

daily? What new instruction then, what fresh information have I conveyed? None. For all is in one word—Mary is the Mother of your God. And yet, though I have said nothing new, in that one word I have said all. Had I the inspiration of the Prophets, the faith of the Patriarchs, the tongue of the Apostles; had I the zeal of the Martyrs, the love of the Virgins, the contemplation of the Anchorets; had I the knowledge of the Angels, the flame of the Seraphs, the penetration of the Cherubs, I should still be unable to utter a word, more eloquent, more enrapturing, more celestial, than that Mary is the Mother of your God. None but God himself can fully comprehend that word. For, as none but God can comprehend God, and as the dignity of the Mother, inasmuch as she is a mother, is correlative with the dignity of her Son, inasmuch as he is her son—the man Jesus being, in his person, infinite and divine, his blessed Mother's maternity, relatively to him, is likewise, in this respect, infinite and divine; and therefore is comprehensible only to that God, who, as he made himself man, made a woman his mother. Let us then bow, my brethren, nor seek longer to fathom what is in itself unfathomable.

But if we cannot comprehend the dignity of Mary, Mother of God, shall we therefore be silent in the praise of that great Being, who in the mystery of the incarnation has displayed his tender mercy still more strikingly, than he did his boundless power in the mystery of the

creation. Shall we not praise Him, who loved us, his fallen, sinful, condemned creatures, to so tender a degree of love, that as he had made both sexes to his own image and likeness, so he raised both sexes to the most intimate and affectionate union with himself, of which created nature is capable with its Creator, by becoming man himself, and making woman his mother—yea, and more his mother, than any other woman is mother to her own son. For Mary, being a Virgin, had no partner in her parental dignity; it was all exclusively her own; even the sanctity of wedlock was not allowed to breathe upon her fruitful purity; but God the Holy Ghost formed from her immaculate substance alone, the whole of that divine flesh of the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

Oh miracle, oh prodigy of the love of Jesus! Oh dignity, oh eminence of Mary! Let all the Church of God, militant and triumphant, resound this day in praise, and let the praise be higher, the more it sinks beneath the debt it owes. Let every soul of man, of woman; let all the spirits of creation, on the earth below or in the heavens above, raise themselves and all their powers to the highest pinnacle of glory, and viewing human nature, in Jesus, seated on the throne of his Father, and in Mary, placed so high, that nought but God is higher—let all, I say, burst forth in praise; let the saints of ancient and of modern times; those who hoped, and those who

beheld their delivery; Adam who fell, and Abraham who believed; Moses who prefigured, and David who foretold; Peter who confessed, and Paul who preached; Luke who wrote, and John who saw in vision; the Martyrs who died, and the Virgins who loved; the Solitaries who contemplated, and the Pastors who acted; the Penitents who grieved, and the Innocents who rejoiced; let the Law and the Prophets, the Synagogue and the Church, the state of nature and the state of grace, with all the devout souls of the elect who, either before or since their redemption, owe their eternal bliss to Jesus, Son of Mary; let all the nine orders of celestial spirits, as distinguished in their natures as they are various in their names—as excellent in their faculties as they are different in their powers; let the Angels, Archangels, Cherubim and Seraphim; let the Virtues, Powers, Princedoms, Dominions and Thrones, with all the myriads and millions of ministering Spirits, who fill that heavenly world, where God has chosen to reign in the full splendor of his everlasting majesty; let, in a word, the whole congregated universe of rational beings, who by their nature are enabled, and by their virtue are rendered worthy, to give to their Maker acceptable praise; let them, I say, fill Heaven and Earth with one universal shout of jubilee, and let that shout be heard through ages and ages, through time and eternity, while God shall be God—for God made Man, and Mary the Mother of Jesus!

What think you, my brethren? Have I at length discovered an amount of praise, a return of gratitude, equal to the favor conferred?—Does the united and eternal thanksgiving of all the creatures of God—of all those glorious works of his hands in whom he himself delights, bear, think you, a proportion to his condescension in becoming Man, or to the relative dignity of Mary in being his Mother? Nothing like it. So great was the honor conferred on this humble Virgin, and so sublime was the excellence of sanctity which merited, which accompanied, which crowned that honor, that a word, a thought, a grateful look of Mary herself, outweighs, in the scale of thanks, the eternal adoration of millions of worlds; and the infinite Creator and Redeemer of mankind, cannot be so highly praised by all his other creatures united together, as he was by his Blessed Mother, when, with a heart as overflowing with gratitude, as it was sunk in humility, filled with the plenitude of the Holy Ghost, she burst forth into that canticle, so worthy of herself, which supplied the words of my text—“My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is his name.” This effusion of Mary’s soul, though then but a virgin of fifteen, paid off more of the debt she owed to God, than ever shall be cleared by the everlasting praises of all other creatures.

And why? Because she is the Mother of God. And to be Mother of God, she must have been superior, in every possible perfection of sanctity, to all the beings whom God has made, not only in their individual, but in their collective capacity. This inference is expressed by Theologians, not less elegantly, than conclusively, in three words; *Decuit; Potuit; ergo Fecit.* *Decuit*—It became the Mother of God to have all the perfections possible in a creature. *Potuit*—The Almighty *could* give her all these perfections. *Ergo*—He who has made every thing “in number, weight and measure,” *fecit*—*did* actually adorn with all possible perfections, this first of all his creatures. So that, to use the words of St Anselm, *decens erat*, it was proper, that the Virgin should possess a purity, *qua major sub Deo nequit intelligi*, “a greater than which, except in God, it is impossible to conceive.”—Here, my brethren, let us rest, a moment, the wing of contemplation;—and then reflect, that even the gratitude of Mary, though more superior far than we can imagine, to that of all created intelligences, and though presented, and eternally presented with all the powers of Mary’s most pure and perfect soul, is yet unequal, infinitely unequal to the honor to which the Deity raised her, in making her his Mother. That honor is inconceivable even to herself, and thus again, as though in all I have said, I had said nothing, we end where we began—our conclusion being, as our commencement was, that, God alone can

comprehend her maternity, her relative dignity as Mother of his Son.

But, though we can neither fully comprehend, nor therefore duly praise the super-excellence of Mary's virginal and divine maternity, there are two points of view, in which this most exalted of God's creatures comes within the sphere, not only of our consideration, but even of our practice. I mean—her virtues, that we may imitate them—and her prayers, that we may merit them. Suspending, then, the investigation, but still preserving the recollection of her inconceivable sublimity, let us, my brethren, walk with her a moment here on earth, and view the sanctity of her unspotted, yet suffering life. And first, give me leave, *in limine*, to caution you against a misconception, which is apt to enter our minds, when we reflect on the wonderful virtues of the Saints, and particularly of the Queen of Saints. Knowing from our faith, and indeed from the very nature of virtue, that every good act is a gift of God, and that “we are not sufficient (as the Apostle says) even to *think* any thing of ourselves, as of ourselves, but that our sufficiency is from God;” impressed with this most correct idea of the necessity of divine grace, we are apt, on the other hand, too much to forget, that grace does not destroy, but aid free will; and deluded, if not in theory, at least in practice, by this misconception, we often frame to ourselves an excuse for our own indolence, by thinking that the reason why we are not like the saints,

is, because God has not given us the same graces. This idea, my brethren, is injurious both to God, who is ever superabundant in his graces, unless the fault be ours, and to his Saints, who, by their ready co-operation, not only made his previous graces effectual, but merited, under their Redeemer, higher and higher graces still. We must not therefore take upon ourselves to determine the amount of grace which God may give us. There is no soul so weak, nay, so sinful, that if she co-operates with the grace she has, can know the treasures of holiness which Jesus has in store for her fidelity. Let us then imitate the Saints, as far as in our power lies, and leave the rest to God. We may not arrive at their perfection; yet, who knows? None save God can know it. But whether or no, by taking them for our models, we shall every day be holier and better. Is not Christ himself the model of all Christians? Are we not all bound to imitate him? Yet none shall ever attain the sanctity of that blessed soul, in whom the plenitude, not only of grace, but of the Divinity resided. So, with respect to her, whom the Angel saluted "full of grace," and in whom, according to St. Jerome, "*totius gratiæ, quæ in Christo est, plenitudo venit, quamquam aliter*,"—that is, "the whole plenitude of grace, which was in Christ, came into her soul too, though in a different manner." He was full of grace, because his person was God—was grace itself; she was full of grace, because he gave her all the grace that fitted her to be his mother; and to be such, no grace

was too abundant; therefore, the whole plenitude was communicated to her. *Decuit, potuit, ergo fecit.*

As then, we are bound to imitate Jesus, let us not despair of imitating Mary. See her in the tender infancy of her eighth year, such as the Church will have us view her on the feast of the Presentation, when according to ancient tradition, her holy mother St. Anne presented her in the Temple; where, under the care of the High Priest, and in the company of such pious matrons as that other holy Anne, the widow, she passed her sweet and flowery spring of life, in prayer, 'serving night and day.' Oh! who shall conceive the delights of devotion—the raptures of contemplation which must have overflowed the soul of her, whom God had chosen from all womankind; who, of all womankind, was likewise, by her own free merit, through the anticipated merit of her Son, rendered *worthy* to become the mother of the world's Redeemer! Who shall conceive the favors which heaven poured upon her in this solitude, where, all the vanities of this fleeting scene shut out, her heart fixed solely on her great Creator, Angels descended from their seats of glory to admire the infant virtues of their future Queen! For all, who but think of Mary, will agree with her devout panegyrist, St. Ambrose, that Gabriel was not the first of heavenly spirits who came to greet her. Oh! Christian Virgins, who hear me, give your hearts betimes to Jesus and to Mary, while the yet unsullied robe of your

baptismal innocence makes you the dearest objects of their love. No age is there too tender for the love of Jesus; no infancy too young to have Mary for its mother.

In this retreat it was, that the youthful Queen of ineffable purity, by an act till then unknown in the world, or known only to be despised or deplored, consecrated, by vow, her speckless virginity to her God; and when, in her fifteenth year, the holy Joseph received her hand in sacred wedlock, it was on the express condition, that she should still belong to Heaven: which condition is clearly implied in her question to the Angel—"How shall this be, because I know not man?" An union of conjugal sanctity, of which the annals of holiness have, never since, furnished half a dozen examples; as if Heaven intended, that no one act of sublime virtue should be left unperformed by Mary. And, here, let me observe how admirable that economy of providence, which "reacheth from end to end mightily, yet ordereth all things sweetly;" which, under the honorable name of wife, provided for the fame of the Virgin-Mother, and gave her, in her pure husband Joseph, a protector, a witness of her incorruptible integrity, and a foster-father and guardian to her divine infant. For the time was now at hand, when "the heavens were to drop down dew from above, and the clouds were to rain the just; when the earth was to be opened, and bud forth a Saviour." But why shall I enter into all the wonders of the incarnation? why shall I de-

tail all those adorable and lovely mysteries, in which Mary was chosen to act the principal part for her yet helpless babe, Jesus? Mysteries so great and so varied, that, in their commemoration, the Church finds it necessary to assist the weakness of her children, by dividing their devotion, and fixing and renewing their attention, on the several solemnities of the Annunciation, Christmas, Epiphany, &c.

For the present, then, my brethren, let us catch a glimpse of Mary's virtues, as we hastily survey that long career, which was crowned by her Assumption into heaven. So splendid are these virtues of the Mother of God, that, if we be but faithful to the grace of her Son, a glimpse will suffice to make us imitate them.

See her virginal modesty and alarm, when addressed by the Archangel in the strain of adulation, "Hail, full of grace!"—her love, her immoveable love of virginity, when she asked, "how shall this be done?" hesitating to become the mother even of a God, at so dear a price; and finally, her profound, her well enlightened humility, which, when she was satisfied that her darling purity was to remain unimpaired, no longer rejected, as false humility might, the unutterably sublime, the divinely proffered honor, but said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word." See her social and affectionate charity, in immediately travelling with haste into the mountainous parts of Judea,

to salute her cousin St. Elizabeth, and to communicate by her presence, and that of Jesus in her womb, the miraculous grace of anticipated reason and sanctity to the yet unborn but exulting Baptist. See her enraptured gratitude to her God and Son, when, greeted, on her entry, by the inspired Elizabeth with, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb; and whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" she burst forth into that enchanting canticle, so often quoted, and every line of which doth raise the reader's soul to heaven: "My soul doth magnify the Lord;" and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." See her careful evasion of all incentives to vanity, when, after having satisfied her sisterly love for her cousin, by a visit of three months, she returned home just as the Baptist was about to be born, lest the assemblage of congratulating friends, which that event would bring together, and to whom the secret of her divine maternity was sure to be disclosed by Elizabeth, might be moved to reverence her as the Mother of their Messiah.

Thus the humble Virgin never anticipated the designs of providence by any premature act or word of hers, but left to God himself to dispose and consummate, in his own good time, the work, of which he had chosen her to be the blessed instrument. Thus, likewise, it was, that when her holy spouse Joseph perceived her with-child, and, unable either to doubt her virtue or account for the appearance, thought of putting her away privately (for he

ventured not to offend her ears by any questioning curiosity) Mary was silent, calmly committing all to the Lord, who soon dispelled her husband's fears by the apparition of his Angel.

See the humble resignation, with which, owing to the census then ordered by the Pagan Emperor Augustus, she travels in winter and in the last stage of pregnancy, a long journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem, where, unable to find a lodging, she brings forth the Creator of the universe, in a bleak and wretched stable. Oh faith of Mary! what can shake thee? Oh faith! that was worthy to be comforted by the angelic song of "Glory in the highest," and by the adorations of the humble shepherds. What pain pierced her heart, when she beheld her infant subjected to the circumcising knife, as though he were a sinner, and not the God of Sanctity? But why should *she* oppose, when *He* was passive?

The lives of all the saints, my brethren, are mixed with grief and joy. The Lord, by the one, exercising their patience, and by the other, encouraging their hope. So it was with Mary.—The afflictions she had tasted were speedily forgotten in the homage of the Magi, which presented to her view the future worship, which her Jesus, now a feeble babe, was one day to receive from the nations and monarchs of the gentile universe. An event so flattering did not for a moment disturb the humility of the Virgin-Mother, nor did she,

in her poverty, accept any portion of the treasures offered by the Magi. For we find her shortly after, presenting her first born to the Lord, and redeeming him with the cheap sacrifice of a pair of turtle doves. She submits to the forms of legal purification, as if, like other women, she had been unclean in her virginal child-birth. On this occasion too, the prophecy of holy Simeon, while it celebrated the glories of her infant, planted in her heart that dagger of grief, which never left it till she saw her Jesus risen from the dead.

My subject thickens as I advance. I must skim through the life of this Queen of Saints, barely sketching her virtues; each, and each act of which, would occupy a sermon. See the life of her infant child sought by Herod; what terror to the mother's heart! See her flying by night into Egypt, and on her return obliged to change her residence through fear of Herod's son. This danger being blown over, what new anguish, at losing him in the tender age of twelve, for three whole days! which when she tenderly expressed—"Did you not know, says he, that I must be about the things which are my Father's?" Words, unintelligible to the Doctors of the synagogue, but which, as St. Luke observes, "his mother carefully treasured in her heart;" contemplating in her blessed soul, that mystery of love, by which her Son, as Man, was subject to her, but, as God, was out of her controul. The Evangelists pass over the private life of Jesus

to his thirtieth year; to shew us, as it were, that our pilgrimage here below is not one of peace and calm. Yet we may suppose the happiness of Mary's heart, at having, during this period, her beloved Son always near her. And though the words of Simeon never left her mind, what graces, what delights must she not have felt at this suspension of her sufferings! What joy in the constant company of her Jesus! What consolation, when they hung over the dying bed of their beloved Joseph! Ah! Holy Virgin, rejoice, rejoice in these your days of peace, for He, who came to save ungrateful mankind, shall soon commence his short, but bitter mission of three years and a quarter.

It may, at first, surprize a reader of the Gospel, that the blessed Mother of God does not appear more frequently, and more conspicuous, in the public scenes of her Son's life. But let us remember, that while Jesus preserves the active character of one sex, Mary is a model of the retiring modesty of the other. Hence we never find her intrusive on public occasions; and although, no doubt, she strove never to lose sight of her Son and God, yet, three times only is she mentioned in this part of his history. First—at the marriage of Cana, where, at her request, he performed his first miracle. Secondly—in the croud, when Jesus pronounced that indirect, but high eulogium on her for “doing the will of his Father;” by which, as St. Augustine remarks, he declared her more blessed, than even by being the mother

of the Son. But where, my brethren, is the third and last place that Mary appeared in public with her Jesus? Oh Mother of sorrows! oh soul of grief! oh pure and tender, heart-broken and heart-breaking virgin! Let my tears speak, what my words cannot; let my heart feel what my tongue fails to utter.—What! didst thou not suffer enough from the terror of Herod, from the calumnies, the ingratitude of those, who heard the doctrine and saw the miracles of thy Lamb of God? Ah! why didst thou not die with thy Joseph? why didst thou not expire in the sweet arms of thy surviving Jesus? Thou wouldst not, then, have seen him dragged through the streets of Jerusalem; thou wouldst not then have heard the lashes which tore his tender flesh, felt the thorns which pierced his sacred temples, nor shuddered at the shouts of “Away with him, away with him.” Thy feet would not have been bathed in his blood, as thou followedst him to Calvary; nor would thine ears have been stunned with the hammer’s blows. Thou wouldst not have had to exchange the Son of God for the son of Zebedee; nor would thy soul have been pierced with the lance which penetrated the side of thy departed Jesus. But oh! Queen of Martyrs! Mother of redemption! Thou wert to suffer with thy mangled Christ for us, miserable sinners. The prophecy of Simeon is completed; the sword of grief has passed thy heart;—that heart which Jesus loved too much not to make it his partner in his most loving work of love. There let it lie with him in the sepulchre, until himself res-

tore it to thee, healed of all its bleeding wounds by the joy and glory of his resurrection.

But I must conclude, my brethren; I must close this vain attempt to sketch the life of Mary. For how should I describe the raptures of her love during the forty days of consoling apparition; raptures, as sublime and pure, as her tortures had been sore and deep. Oh! how she longed to accompany her Jesus in his ascension! but she patiently yielded to his will, and bore her pilgrimage twelve years longer. Filled with the graces of the Holy Ghost, and loving, in St. John, the virgin substitute of her virgin Son, she consoled and nourished her burning desire of heavenly and eternal union with her Saviour and her God, by the daily reception into her pure bosom, of that same flesh, which she had once conceived, and which, (blessed be his name, who can do all things!) he has left upon his altars, to multiply, as it were, in every faithful heart, the incarnation he received from Mary. At length, in her sixtieth year, She, who, to comprize all her virtues in two words, *was*, and *deserved* to be the Mother of her God, calmly paid that debt of nature, from which even her Son was not exempt. But, as we are informed by universal tradition, confirmed by the non-appearance of the body, her most blessed soul was speedily united to that sacred frame, of which "the Word was made flesh;" which, never having been sullied by any sin, was not to be the prey of any corruption; and both, ascending to

the highest heavens, presented, on this day, to the admiring choirs of Angels, in all the anticipated glories of the final resurrection, Mary crowned by the hand of Jesus, and seated next her Son for all eternity.

But, my brethren, if we cannot conceive, much less praise the virtues, the dignity, the glory of Mary, Mother of God, shall we not, at least, seek and reap the benefit of her loving intercession? Fall down then, Christians, prostrate before Him, who, in her blessed womb, became your *less* than infant God. Sue for pardon, favor, grace, under the protection of Her who bore him. Remember, that as you honor the Father in his Son made Man, so in his Mother you honor the Son of God. So intimately interwoven is the veneration due to each, that, of the thousand blasphemies which have been hurled against the Christian Faith, from Arius to Nestorius, from Nestorius to Wickliffe, from Wickliffe to Luther, and from Luther to Voltaire—there is not one, in which Mary has not shared the outrage with her Jesus. And it is remarkable, that in proportion as the Catholic Church has been enthusiastically zealous in her veneration, the members of separated communions have, in every age, vented the most unaccountable hatred and splenetic fury against this mild, this innocent, this loving Virgin. The cause is plain, my dear Catholics—*Devotion to Mary is a sign of salvation*, and can therefore belong but to the true Church. Her intercession is so powerful, that no soul who appeals to her

as she ought, will be long obstinate in error or in vice. Do you wish to have an evidence of this truth?

In the fourth century lived Mary, surnamed of Egypt. She was a sinner of the blackest dye. At the tender age of twelve, old in iniquity, not pressed by want, but driven by the most shameful desires of unbridled infamy, she left her parents' comfortable roof, and, for the course of seventeen years, defiled the streets of Alexandria with all that is most shocking in the crimes of public, promiscuous vice. Strolling one day on the neighbouring shore, she spied a multitude of persons going on board a ship ready for sea. Finding, upon enquiry, that they were bound for Palestine, whither thousands from every part of Christendom were flocking, to assist at the great festival of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross—in hopes that this immense concourse of people, from all the nations of the then known world, would afford her more than ordinary opportunities of practising and extending her abandoned disorders, she embarked—and both on the passage and after her arrival at Jerusalem, mixing with the dissolute, and corrupting the innocent, she plunged to a greater depth than ever in her long-rooted infamous courses.—On the day of the great solemnity, going in the croud to the Church of the Holy Cross, out of mere curiosity, or perhaps with the worst views, and arriving at the grand entrance, she felt herself suddenly and violently plucked back. Looking round to see who had

seized her, she makes a second attempt to advance, but is again restrained. Perceiving that no person had meddled with her, she is somewhat at a loss; but recovering from her surprize, pushes forward the third time, and the same invisible hand a third time stops her. She was then in the twenty-ninth year of her age. Retiring from the multitude into a corner of the court in front of the Church, to consider what this might mean—happening to lift her eyes, she observes an image of the Mother of God, that hung over her head. She instantly conceived that her abominable crimes had rendered her unworthy to join the faithful in their veneration of the sacred wood of their redemption, and that her Saviour had graciously notified to her his displeasure in this extraordinary way.—Bursting into tears, she falls upon her knees, and, by the purity and prayers of his Virgin Mother, begs pardon of her detestable wickedness; takes her for her Patroness; resolves upon a life of penance; enters the church; prostrates herself before the sign of her salvation; and, buying a little bread, proceeds forthwith to the country, where, being reconciled, by contrition and the holy sacraments, to her offended God, she flies into the desert beyond the Jordan; and during the space of seven and forty years—in cold, in heat, in hunger and in nakedness—she expiates her former sins; living on herbs and the leaves of trees; without beholding, in all that length of time, the face of human being, till she was met, some months before her death, by the holy priest and her-

mit Zosimus, who had her history from her own lips, and for the edification of after ages, has transmitted it down to us. This Magdalene of Egypt told him amongst other things, that for seventeen years—to punish her as it were, for the equal part of her life she had spent in wickedness—both day and night, she had been assaulted with the most violent temptations to quit her horrid solitude, and return to her evil courses; and that when all the sufferings of her state, and beating her breast to blood, for hours together, with the sharp stones of the wilderness had often failed—the Blessed Virgin ever received her with the tenderness of a mother, and freed and consoled her.—Mary of Egypt spent her last thirty years in heavenly delights; and, at the age of seventy-six, blessed, by the ministry of Zosimus, with the viatic of the sacred body of her Jesus—died the death of the saints! Christians, who shall now neglect to pray to the Mother of God?—

Oh! my brethren, sinners as we are, we beg each others' prayers. I beg yours.—Think you they will serve me? Why not? But, if your prayers serve me, what will not Mary's do for you and for me? Is she less powerful, is she less bountiful in heaven, than even sinners are on earth? Oh irreligion! which, trampling not only on piety and reason, but on nature itself, blasphemously thinkest to honor the Son by insulting the Mother! But I will not degrade the glorious Assumption of Mary by noticing her foes. Forgive them,

blessed Mother of Jesus, "forgive them, for they know not what they do." Pray to that Saviour, whom in thee they outrage, to dispel their errors and convert their hearts. Pray for this pious congregation, who pour out their souls before thee. Signalize thy glorious triumph of to day, by exerting all that power of intercession, which thy Jesus has bestowed on thy virtues, thy sufferings, thy love, thy glory. He will refuse nothing to thee, whom he has preserved from even the stain of thy nativity. He will hear his Mother praying for sinners; he will hear his Mother petitioning for penitents; he will hear his Mother imploring perseverance for saints. Let every sinner, then, who raises here his eye to thee, obtain a change of heart; let every penitent escape relapse, and every pious soul encrease in fervor, that imitating thy virtues, and confiding in thy prayers, we may at length congratulate thee in person, and in raptures of eternal joy, adore, with all the heavenly host, what neither we, nor heavenly host, nor thou thyself, O Mother of our God, shall ever be able fully to comprehend—the infinite love of Jesus, born of Mary!

A blessing, &c.



The *Twenty-third* Sermon will be—AGAINST DRUNKENNESS. Text—"Wo to you that are mighty to drink wine, and stout men at drunkenness." Isaias, v, 22.

SERMON XXIII.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

"Wo to you that are mighty to drink wine, and stout men of drunkenness." Isaiah, c. v, v. 22.

THERE is not a subject, my good people, so loudly calls for the animadversion of preachers; or has, I am bold to say, so exercised the zeal of the clergy of this kingdom, in public as well as in private, as the detestable vice of drinking to excess. They have, on all occasions, reprobated, and continue daily to exclaim against this brutal custom. Armed with the piercing and convincing arguments of common sense; and brandishing the two-edged sword of reason and religion, they lay before the eyes of those committed to their charge, the unspeakable evils, both temporal and eternal, which this horrid habit causes to all such as are addicted thereto. Yet, notwithstanding their exhortations; notwithstanding the severity, which they are often obliged to use, in refusing to admit to the participation of the sacraments the unhappy transgressors; notwithstanding the innumerable and heart-scalding woes, which attend this abominable practice, both in time and eter-

nity; and of which no one can have a deeper sense than the miserable perpetrators themselves;—this cursed vice still spreads its universal influence; ravages the country at large; breaks to the ground the most prosperous families; becomes, as it were, inseparable from the character of the Irish people; and, of the seven millions which compose the nation, sends, I will venture to say, an incalculable number to eternal perdition, by opening, wider than all their other vices put together, the jaws of damnation to the souls of Irishmen!

Ah! unhappy Island, once known throughout Christendom under the glorious title of the Island of Saints, art thou, then, come to this pass, through the almost general corruption of thy inhabitants, to be now famed in foreign climes, only as the infamous dwelling of the nation of drunkards? Yes, Ireland! the word is gone abroad upon thee, the winds have wafted it from pole to pole, and nations, who never heard of the names of thy Saints, know thee now to be more celebrated for the shrines erected within thy shores to the impious Bacchus, than ever thou wast for the tombs of thy numerous Confessors; whose festivals—and particularly that of thy great and glorious apostle St. Patrick—are now no longer solemnized by the practice of piety, approaching the sacraments, and decent and joyful devotion,—but profaned, with more excessive and brutal debauches, than ever were witnessed by Pagan Athens or Rome, in the sacrilegious revels of their drunken god of wine.—Permit me, my country, to address to thy children, and to that portion of them,

in particular, who now hear me; permit me, to address to them this day, a short, plain, but, I hope, energetic discourse, to dissuade them from the practice of this abominable vice. If I do not succeed in totally annihilating the monster; if I am not able to level all the heads of this many-headed hydra; I shall, perhaps, with the assistance of the divine grace, diminish the ravages which I fear it makes even in the present congregation; reclaim, if not the obdurate, at least those who are not yet grown old in the sin; warn the unwary, of the precipice that lies before them, and confirm the sober and temperate, in their wise and good resolutions.

Let me, then, begin; let me, then, begin by announcing, with the Prophet Isaias, in the words of my text, a **Wo**, and a dreadful **Wo** to the drunkard. A **Wo**, which extends to every thing which belongs to him, and to every person that is in any wise connected with him. **Wo**, then, to his body, **wo** to his soul; **wo** to his health, **wo** to his property; **wo** to his friends, **wo** to his relatives; **wo** to his wife, **wo** to his children; **wo** to his—but my indignation carries me beyond myself, and had almost made me forget to put some kind of order in my discourse, without which it is impossible for me to proceed, so various and so complicated are the evils and woes which drunkenness produces. I shall, therefore, distribute them into two classes: first, the evils which fall upon the head of the drunkard himself; secondly, the evils which his drunkenness brings upon all, who have any kind of connexion with him. In two words, the drunkard must fly this destructive vice—first,

because it ruins himself; and secondly, because it ruins those whom he should wish well—Let us join devoutly in prayer to the Mother of God, that by her intercession, she may obtain efficacy to my words, and imprint in your hearts a fixed detestation of a sin—as displeasing to her divine Son, as it is ruinous to yourselves. “Hail Mary, &c.”

Come then, Christians, and I will shew you the evils which drunkenness causes to the drunkard. I will not open the Gospel; neither will I ransack the works of the holy fathers; no, nor call, as yet, to my aid, one single motive of religion, to dissuade you from this detestable practice. I will speak, at present, to your own common sense; and consider you as beings merely taken up in the affairs of this life; just as if you had no other to hope, or prepare for. Tell me, then; in the name of reason, tell me; do you not all desire to advance yourselves in the world; to make the most of your farm, your trade, your business, your bargains; and to obtain, for yourselves and families, an honest and decent independence? Do not imagine I blame you for so doing; far from it; I look upon every honest calling as a means, tending to insure your eternal salvation, by preserving you from idleness—the mother of all iniquity: and God himself declares, that he will assist in their temporal concerns, all those, who shall pray to him for help, in their endeavours to lighten that heavy punishment, laid, among others, upon the neck of our sinful forefather—the galling yoke of poverty. Now to my point. But, who will take charge of the concerns of the drunkard? While he spends his days and

his nights in the public house, squandering away the little money he may have earned—who is there to look after his farm, his commerce, his trade, his business? Is it servants, apprentices, and others employed under him? Ah! does not he know, that it is the eye of the master, which works in the servant? Does not he know, that by this neglect of his own affairs, he exposes himself daily to be cheated and robbed, by the very people he has entrusted with the care of them?—Is it the partner of his bed? Alas! too much taken up with her own domestic concerns, she, poor woman, has little courage to do even the little she is able, for the profits of an unnatural husband and father, who will go the next moment to lavish, in the infamous satisfaction of his brutal appetite, the scanty earnings she may have scraped together, and thus expose his wife and helpless children to beggary and ruin.

But why should I thus descend to the particulars of the evils, caused by drunkenness to the drunkard's prosperity and advancement in life?—when you yourselves see and hear every day of thousands, who would have made rapid fortunes, if soberly attending to their worldly affairs, they had courageously renounced the destructive glass. How many honest and industrious men, by a careful and temperate conduct in their line of business, have laudably raised themselves from the very dregs of misery, to the highest pitch of grandeur! Men, who now enjoy the justly earned fruits of their diligence; rolling in their chariots; worth thousands, and proprietors of large estates: honoured and esteemed for their wealth, uprightness and talents; who,

had they debased themselves, with their fellows, into the odious and degrading habit of drinking, would be this day, like them, the outcast of society, sitting on the dung-hill of opprobrious, because merited, poverty; surrounded by their forlorn families, the miserable sufferers by their cruel intemperance, and sinking under a load of gloomy and distracting reflections, which, instead of urging them to their only remaining refuge, a late, yet consoling repentance—would more probably drive them to drown, in the habitual empoisoned draught, the terrifying phantoms of their despair; till, by a ghastly dissolution, they should free the earth of their abominable existence, and leaving behind them a name branded for eternal infamy—die, objects of horror to the eyes of God and men!

Nor is it his mere neglect, that makes the drunkard poor. In the very state of intoxication, too, how can he answer for the security of the money and other valuable effects he may have about his person, or in his possession at the moment? How often have you known drunkards to be reduced to misery, by the hands of the very first person they were exposed to; and thus receive the punishment of their sin, in the act of committing it? Nor is this all. *In vino veritas*. we say: that is, Drunkenness tells truth. How often over a glass of liquor, do unfortunate wretches imprudently blab out their secrets; destroy their reputation, if they have any; give a handle to ill-designing and intriguing men, to cheat them in their contracts or suits; and not unfrequently bring their lives to an untimely end, by madly rendering themselves obnoxious to the laws of the land!

But it is not his property alone, which the drunkard ruins by his guilty excesses. His health too, that best of life's comforts, becomes by degrees a prey to the repeated attempts he makes to impair it. The love of life is natural to man. It is the voice of God and nature, which cries aloud within us, and commands us to take the utmost care of that existence, which has been for a while entrusted to our charge—under pain of being sentenced to the endless punishment so justly laid up for that crying, horrible and worst of crimes, the unnatural sin of suicide. Now I insist, that every act of intoxication of which the intemperate man is guilty, tends to the perpetration of this crying sin—by often exposing him to accidents which are attended with instant death, and by always debilitating the vigour of his constitution. As to this last point, physicians are unanimously agreed upon the principle—that nothing can be more prejudicial to the health than a constant habit of drunkenness. They have, on this head, a kind of dictum, which, though somewhat common-place, I shall with your pardon and permission, raise for one moment to the dignity of the pulpit. It is this—that every glass the drunkard swallows, hammers a nail into his coffin. And, now, let me appeal to your own experience, to inform me of the very great number of drunkards; perhaps, your own friends; the companions, perhaps, of your sottish excesses; who have, at various times, been hurried off the stage of life, by sudden and unprovided deaths, in the very state of senseless intoxication; crushed under the wheels of carts; dashed to pieces by the

hoofs of their own horses; thrown headlong into precipices; suffocated in bogs and quagmires; and have gone to render an account to their rigorous and inexorable judge, in the very act of offending him; loaded with crimes, unfelt, unrepented of, and unatoned for. And if some have escaped those disasters, to which they have a thousand times exposed themselves, are they not carried off by some untimely disease, or live, a burthen to themselves and friends; useless, walking spectres; tortured by daily rheumatisms, aches and pains; and bearing in their very bodies, the shameful and opprobrious marks of their scandalous and profligate intemperance?—A curse alight upon the blindness of unhappy Christians, whom neither the prospect of their own temporal welfare, nor the preservation of their bodily health, can deter from a practice, which the very beathens themselves, without any other motives than the two I have just mentioned, have shuddered at and abhorred! But, it is high time to bring RELIGION on the carpet, to upbraid and confound the debauchee.—

Yet, oh God! where shall I begin or what shall I say? I shall say nothing, of that brutal condition, to which he degrades the image of his Lord, the noble gift of his reason, by reducing himself to a par with, if not beneath, the very beasts of the field. Nothing, of the stupefaction of his intellectual faculties, whereby he darkens within himself the light of faith and grace, and becomes incapable of attending to, or even thinking of, the duties of his salvation. Nothing, of the neglect of his daily prayers, or of that horrible danger,

to which he so often exposes himself, of being in the morning found dead in his bed, without having bestowed, at his lying down thereon, one single thought upon the state of his wretched soul. Nothing, of his profanation of our adorable sacraments, when sometimes admitted to their participation, upon the seemingly sincere, but never accomplished promise of amendment. Nothing shall I say, of all this. I shall not even enlarge upon that terrifying declaration of the great Apostle, St. Paul, I Cor. vi. 10. in which he expressly announces, that the drunkard never shall see the face of the living God. But, in the very state, again, of intoxication, what crimes does he not heap upon his sinful head? Is he offended, or imagines himself offended—he becomes a furious beast; falls alike upon friends and foes; and renders himself, not unfrequently, the perpetrator of the most crying murders. Curses, oaths, and blasphemies pour from his mouth in torrents; and burying all around him in the gulf of damnation, fly, armed with hell-flames and fury, to tear up the pavement of the blest abodes, and to root, as it were, from its very foundations, the awful throne of the Almighty! His intoxicating draught puts concupiscence likewise into motion; and then he falls a victim to all the occasions which may offer.

The nocturnal demons, who, in female shape, haunt the streets of our towns, waylay, on his return homewards, this drunken son of Belial; and his intoxication secures to them an easy and entire victory. Pollutions, fornications, rapes and adulteries, come in to compleat the measure of his iniquity; and

damning him finally at the tribunal of his outraged God, open the gates of infernal misery to his cursed soul; who, plunging therein, and drenching, as she descends, her hitherto unquenchable thirst, with large quaffs of liquid fire—sinks to the nethermost department of the pandemonian regions, an object of infamy to the very devils themselves!!!

Ye heavens! and thou earth! lament her fall! tremble at the sight of the tortures she endures!—But no; join rather in adoring the just decision of your God, who has inflicted an endless, but deserved punishment, on the head of a guilty and abandoned wretch, whom neither the motives of temporal gain, the preservation of his own life and reputation, the consideration of his human and rational character, the duties of his religion, the felicity proposed to him, no, nor the eternal misery which he knew awaited his crimes, could prevail upon to renounce an inveterate, infatuated habit, which has, to all intents and purposes, ruined, not only himself, (his iniquity might, then, be more excusable) but has likewise involved, in unheard of calamities, all those who have had the misfortune to have any nature of connexion with him. Another lamentable catalogue of evils, brought by drunkenness on the heads of the drunkard's relatives; and to which I now request the attention of my already horrified audience.—

This vice, my good people, is not like to so many others, which produce their baneful effects, as it were, in the dark, and at a distance from the public eye; or at most, give scandal but to a small circle of individuals. Drunkenness glares in the face of the sun;

bids defiance to even shame and human respect, which so often restrain men in their other criminal pursuits; lessens, by its publicity, the infamy it so justly deserves; and, when seen to degrade a respectable character, which is, unfortunately, too often the case, (if the character of the drunkard can be respectable) it then calls out the whole barefaced horde of its debauchees, to boldly throw off the mask, and display, with impudence and impunity, their scandalous excesses in the eyes of the universe. Yet, happy would it still be for the drunkard, if, by example alone, he incited others to the imitation of his flagitious practice. But, as wicked men are generally inclined to corrupt as many as they can, after they become corrupted themselves—either in the expectation that their own crimes will be overlooked, or even countenanced in the crowd of their numerous imitators—or perhaps, by a secret instigation from the devil, who makes them his agents for the destruction of their neighbours' souls, after he has secured their own; so, the drunkard, once become hardened, sets all his engines to work, to make those about him drunkards like himself. Then Wo to all, who fly not his contagious company! If they refuse to copy after him, he rallies them upon their delicacy, ridicules their softness in not being able to drink like him; laughs at their religious scruples; boasts of his own exploits in this odd kind of bravery; scoffs at the admonitions of preachers and confessors; until he makes his comrades (as St. Augustine, on a similar subject, justly remarked) so much ashamed of not committing the shameful action, that they

give into the snare the enemy had laid for them; become by degrees professed and abandoned drunkards; and thus propagate from old to young, and from age to age, this detestable, unnatural, and brutal vice, to the opprobrium of humanity, the shame of public morality, and the scandal and eternal reproach of the Christian name.

But, let us draw the scene closer, and look for a moment into the private habitation of the sot. Is he unmarried, and still under the roof of his parents? He must have money to support his expensive debauches. If an honest, industrious father refuses to furnish supplies to his profligacy, and warns him, from time to time, to mend his life, to think of his God and his salvation—his paternal admonitions are received with surly and abusive language, threats, and (Heavens! must I say it?) blows, perhaps, which the sacrilegious hand of an impious son, in his drunken fits, levels at the aged and venerable author of his existence. The weeping mother interferes, but is soon forced to wipe away her tears, under a volley of curses and blasphemies, from the viper she has borne. The paternal heart, like that of David, still strives to forget the outrage of this unnatural Absalom. Looking in vain for a reform, he finds, day after day, his effects stolen, and sold for a trifle, or pledged for a glass of spirits, by his graceless child. His chest is broken, and his money gone. Bills pour in on all sides, and crush him to the ground. Unable, at length, to bear up against the load of their afflictions, he and his helpless consort, sink under the calamities brought upon them by their monstrous offspring, and, cursing the

day they begot him, mingle their grey hairs with the dust of their grave, that calls for vengeance on his guilty head.—The wretch casts a look of dismay around him; the spectres of his too indulgent parents haunt his terrified imagination, day and by night; he views his brothers and his sisters thrown, by his villainy, abandoned on the world's wide stage, and, driven by the furious stings of his distracted conscience, he flies, like Cain, a vagabond round the universe.—

But, no. The scene is changed. The drunkard is married.—Come, wives; come, and envy the happy condition of his bride. See her pursuing him to the daily theatre of his villainy—the public-house—and making use of all the reasonings which conjugal tenderness can inspire, to draw him from thence. He receives her piteous entreaties with frowns and threats. She still persists. A fray soon arises between him and his pot-companions. The still affectionate wife flies to the assistance of her unfeeling husband; and is repaid for her tears and exertions, with inhuman blows from the hand, perhaps, of the very miscreant himself. She at length succeeds in dragging him, covered with blood and filth, to the door of her desolate habitation. Her innocent babes run, crying, round their unfortunate father; but are soon frightened off by a shower of horrid execrations. They join their shrieks with those of the disconsolate mother, and present to the eye of pity, a sad picture of all that is deplorable in domestic life.—See her, at other times, seated, the live-long day, over her spinning wheel; surrounded by her children, who cry for a bit to eat. Her tears

run faster than the wheel she turns. . Big with fearful anxiety, she waits till midnight, the arrival of ——— Crash goes the hovel-door, and in rolls the drunken author of all her misfortunes! A word of kind reproach from his injured consort raises the brute's fury; blows and outrages follow in abundance; a kick, perhaps, in the very state of pregnancy, produces a miscarriage; and—down she falls, a victim to the bestial ferocity of the monster she has wedded. Happy, thrice happy even so, that steadfast in her good principles, she has not let herself be carried away, as happens to some unfortunate wives, by the contagious example of her execrable partner, nor plunged with him into the gulph of intemperance.

But, oh! unhappy orphans! what shall now become of you? Who shall provide for your corporal and spiritual wants? Who shall rear you in the fear of your God, the duties of your religion, and the morals of christian education? As you grow up, who shall keep you out of harm's way, and at a distance from the dangers of the world? Whilst your *only* parent lived, she, poor woman, did for you what she could; and even so, the fruits of her maternal solicitude could be but small, unsupported by the authority of the wretch who called himself your father. But, now she is gone; and woe betide ye! The villain who robbed you of her—considering you, not the offspring of his conjugal affection, (he had none) but the melancholy fruits of his lustful intemperance—abandons you to the world, a prey to the incursions of men and devils. The boys walk in the footsteps of—I know not what name to give him; and void of the means of

supporting their profligacy, because void of the honesty necessary to go through life, take at length, perhaps, to the highway, and give up the ignominious breath which they received from him, upon the gallows! The females, (cursed is the wretch who in an evil hour begot them!) left to the mercy of the first seducer, and unguarded by the christian preservatives of their virtue and innocence, go to augment the votaries of Venus in some public brothel; maintain for a while, on the infamous and loathsome salary of prostitution, that life, which, victims to their own crimes, they soon are forced to surrender; and joining their execrations with those of their unfortunate brothers, pursue their detestable father to the burning lake of brimstone, to wreak upon his abominable head their justly enraged vengeance—till eternity shall be no more!!!

Christians, I have drawn you a picture of the drunkard. Is the colouring overcharged? Is there any thing therein, the progeny of my own invention; or can I not produce innumerable instances to vouch for the truth of every tittle I have rehearsed?—Oh! cursed, once more cursed, execrable vice! how long shalt thou diffuse the clouds of thy darkness o'er the minds of blinded mortals? When, when shall christians open the eyes of their reason and their religion, to pronounce upon thee an eternal anathema? When shall the sight of the woes thou bringest upon the property, the health, the body, the soul, the friends, the parents, the wife, the children of the drunkard—but, it is in vain. Drunkards are incorrigible, and seldom or never quit the inveterate habit, but in the flames of hell!

God of eternal justice ! what have I said ? No, no, dearest Jesus ! I curse them not. I despair not of their salvation. Their iniquity, true, is inveterate. They are slaves to the most obstinate of sensual passions. They are degraded below the rank of rational beings. They are blind to the light of reason ; deaf to the voice of religion ; and insensible to the pangs of woful experience. All this I know. But still I know, that Thou, O Jesus ! didst shed thy precious blood for them, as well as for other sinners. The vinegar and gall, with which thy dying thirst was taunted on the cross ; that torturing refinement of cruelty in thy more-than-murderers, was by thee borne, and by thee offered to thy Eternal Father, as an atonement for the sins of drunkards. Therefore it is, that when I consider the brutalized mind of the sot, I despair of his amendment ; but, when I lift my eyes to Thee, and behold thy divine lips dripping gall for his redemption, my despair vanishes ; and to the power of thy omnipotent grace I confidently commit, what to human hope appears impossible—the conversion of the profligate, inveterate drunkard. Thy grace it was, that changed a world of idolaters into a world of saints ; transformed the debauched votaries of Bacchus and Venus, into models of temperance and purity ; and metamorphosed the vast wilderness of Pagan crime, into the no less immense paradise of Christian virtue—thy Catholic Church. May thy grace, then, O Jesus ! visit the heart of the drunkard, too ; and by producing the miracle of his conversion, prove, that, “ the things which are impossible with men, are possible (and easy) with Thee, our God ! ”

But, my brethren, little will it avail the drunkard to know, that the blood of his Redeemer flowed to wash out the stains of his intemperance ; little will it benefit him, in this life or in the next, to be assured, that " the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world," hath both the power and the will to correct and save him. Little, I say, will all these bright prospects, all these consoling assurances, avail the drunkard, unless he himself puts his shoulder to the wheel, to lift his soul and the body which bears her, out of the mire into which both are plunged. For, as I have, I think, on a former occasion, quoted from St. Augustine—*Qui fecit te sine te, non salvabit te sine te.*—" He who made you without yourself, will not save you without yourself." That is—Although God, of his infinite goodness, created you what you are, yet, he created you in a state of probation ; in which he requires that you should exert the powers he has given you, if you wish to escape the eternal punishment he has in reserve for sin, and attain the everlasting bliss with which he entices you to virtue. What St. Augustine here says of man created, is equally applicable to man redeemed. For, though the lover and redeemer of all sinners—Jesus—(blessed be that name for ever!)—though the innocent, the divine Jesus has cancelled, in his blood, the curse which sin had written on man's corrupted nature ; though he has thrown open the gates of heaven to all who wish to enter ; though he is the only " door," through which admission may be had to the pastures of eternal life ; " for (Acts, iv, 12,) there is no other name under heaven, given to men, whereby

we must be saved ;” though this be the nature of Christ’s universal redemption—yet, by that redemption, he has not deprived man of his natural freedom of action ; he does not compel us to be saved, whether we will or no ; and so far from his blood being of avail to those who live obstinate in sin—that very blood will bring down a heavier damnation upon their heads, because they have despised the love which shed it ; “ making void,” as the Apostle speaks, “ the cross of Christ, crucifying to themselves again the Son of God, and making a mockery of him.” Heb. vi. 6.

Do not flatter yourselves, then, my brethren,—if any of you who now hear me, be addicted to this abominable vice,—do not flatter yourselves, I say, with the hope of conquering the vicious habit, or escaping the eternal punishment it so justly merits, until you begin, seriously and perseveringly to employ the means which Christ has furnished you for the application of his redeeming grace to your sinful souls. Let not the enemy of your salvation amuse you with that false and presumptive notion, which strikes into a deadly lethargy the consciences of so many voluptuaries ; namely, that “ God is too good to damn for sins of frailty ; that Jesus, having died for all, requires nothing of us, but faith in his blood ; that although we continue in guilt, our guilt will not be imputed to us ; that, sinners though we remain, we are sanctified in Him ; in a word, that faith, and faith alone doth justify, and that repentance, sacraments and good works, are at least unnecessary, if not injurious, to the efficacy of Christ’s redemption.”

This notion, you will tell me, is not attributable to Catholics; however deeply they may be plunged into the gulf of intemperance and other vices. I admit, that such as I have here developed it, the notion is not Catholic. I know, that it is the impious and immoral invention of Sectaries; who not satisfied, it seems, with the various snares of delusion, by which the devil, the world and the flesh entrap unwary souls; and drag them down to eternal perdition; not satisfied, I say, with these ordinary causes of human depravity, the Sectaries have blasphemously employed religion itself to upset religion; by teaching that the works of penance, change of heart, and every other moral exertion of the sinner, so far from contributing to his justification, are but insults to the infinite merits of Christ, who, on the cross, paid off the universal debt of mankind's sins. They might, with just as much propriety, assert that, because God has provided sun and earth and showers and seed, to raise the means of human subsistence, we ought, for this reason, to take care how we affront his divine providence, by plowing, sowing, or reaping the harvest; in a word, that we ought to sit with our arms folded, until God, with his own hands come and put the bit into our mouths. This absurdity, which I have designedly expressed in the plainest terms, is not more ridiculous than the notion of justification by faith alone. There is this woful difference, however; that while nature forces men to work for their food, passion is glad to seize on any pretext, however absurd or blasphemous, which tends to maintain its destructive ascendancy over the human heart.

Hence, we so seldom hear of real moral amendment among the abettors of "faith alone." Hence, we see their deluded victims—whether they die by their own act, by the hand of the executioner, or by disease—we see them rushing into the presence of their offended Maker, either in the dejection of dark despair, or in the paroxysm of proud presumption; void of all that calm composure and humble hope, which soften the expiring pangs of the Catholic penitent.

I know, my brethren, that *you* do not speculate, in this way, on "faith alone;" but, let me ask you—does not every obstinate sinner, and particularly the drunkard—be he ever so Catholic in his belief—does he not, in point of fact, *practically* adopt the impious notion I have exposed? For, does he not neglect all the means which God has given him, for his salvation? Does he not live in the constant habit of crime? Does he not continue to frequent the occasions and companies, which have wrought his ruin? Does he not despise the salutary advice of his pastors, parents and friends? Does he not fly prayer, pious reading, and the holy sacraments? Does he not live, in short, as if he were "without God in this world?" Like unto those of whom the Apostle speaks in the following dreadful words, Phil. iii. 18; "Many walk, of whom I have told you often, (and now tell you weeping) that they are enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is destruction: whose God is their belly: and whose glory is in their shame."

Living on in this manner, what hope can the drunkard have of his eternal salvation?

Does he expect that God will, all of a sudden, free him from his vicious habit, without any exertion of his own? Does he think that Christ, who has furnished him, in his Holy Church, with ample and hourly means of amendment, will, after his obstinate contempt of these means, create, for *his* peculiar benefit, some new mode of salvation, not comprized within the established order of his redeeming providence? Does the drunkard expect this? That is; does he expect that Jesus will perform a miracle in his behalf? Aye, and the greatest, too; the most uncalled for of miracles? For, the sudden conversion of an inveterate drunkard, without any effort of amendment on his own part, would be a greater miracle than the raising of the dead to life. Besides, we easily conceive how the infinite mercy of God may be induced sometimes to convert, by a miracle, those who, without it, would remain ignorant of the way to heaven. But, shall the drunkard who is a Catholic; who already knows the way of salvation, but who obstinately turns his back upon it; who knows that Christ has died for him, but who tramples on the divine blood of his ransom; who believes that the sacraments are always at hand for his justification, but who never thinks of preparing for their reception; a drunkard, who is convinced that without prayer and sacrifice, without flight from the occasions of sin, he never can hope to be cured of his unhappy vice; a drunkard who is convinced of all this, and yet, who falls senseless, every night, on his bed of intoxication, without even making the sign of the cross; who, if he attends at all at the adorable sacrifice of the

Mass on the Sunday, attends, merely out of fashion, or for the purpose of joining, in more profligate intemperance, with his fellow-profaners of the holy Sabbath. A drunkard, in short, who sees the gates of heaven barred against him, and the jaws of hell yawning to receive his wretched soul; a drunkard, who is conscious of this, and yet who, insensible to both heaven and hell, seems to find no happiness—but in plunging, deeper and deeper, into the gulph of brutal sensuality.

Shall he, I say, shall a monster of this cast look up with confidence to his outraged God, and call upon his despised Redeemer for the miracle of a sudden and unprepared conversion? Shall he dare to think, that *his* will not be the doom so common to drunkards, of dying in the midst of their sins—in the very act of their crime? Shall he dare to fancy that for him is reserved that most uncertain, and in his case most unmerited, of all God's mercies—the mercy of a death-bed repentance? Shall the drunkard flatter himself with such a hope? If he do, let him remember what I have said on this subject in my ninth Sermon; let him remember also, that of all sinners, the dying drunkard most deserves to be the object of that terrible menace, which Solomon puts into the mouth of Wisdom—that is, of God: Prov. i, 24. “Because I called and you refused; I stretched out my hand and there was none that regarded. You have despised all my counsel, and have neglected my reprehensions. I also (in my turn) will laugh in your destruction, and will mock when that shall come upon you which you feared. When sudden calamity shall fall on

you, and destruction, as a tempest, shall be at hand—then shall you call upon me, and I will not hear—because you have hated instruction, and received not the fear of the Lord.”—

Unhappy Drunkards! if any of you be now present, let my parting words pierce the ears of your deaf and drowsy souls. The God, whom you offend; the Judge, who holds in his hands your eternal doom, warns you now by my voice—and warns you, perhaps, for the last time!—Repent; again I say, repent. Not by idle lamentations over your misery, when, from time to time, the woes you have brought upon yourselves, begin to gnaw your guilty and desponding hearts; lamentations, which are soon drowned in the very next cup of ebriety. Not by oaths against intemperance; oaths, which only aggravate, by the crime of perjury, the standing guilt of your habitual intoxication. No; it is not by these means, O Drunkard, that you are to conquer your inveterate vice.—Repent; but repent in the way that Christ has pointed out. Fly the places, the companies, the occasions of your profligacy; for “he who loves the danger shall perish in it.” Fly idleness. The time you have hitherto spent in revellings, spend it in prayer, in pious reading, in sorrow, in meditation. Prostrate before your crucified Redeemer, cast yourself and all your sins into his bleeding wounds. There, hope—there weep for pardon. Mingle your tears with his saving gore, to wash away the stains of your past life. “Recount to him,” with the Prophet, “all your years in the bitterness of your soul.” Adore him frequently, daily if possible, on his holy altars; where that same flesh and blood,

which hung upon Calvary for your pardon, is, according to his own omnipotent institution, hourly offered up by his ministers, not only to commemorate, but to apply the atoning merits of his death, to all who sincerely seek forgiveness. Do this, O Penitent; and above all, make use, the due and effectual use, of that penitential sacrament, which your Jesus has established for the express purpose of the sinner's justification; and of which I have spoken so amply in my eleventh Sermon—I mean the holy Sacrament of Confession. Approach that sacred tribunal; become your own humble accuser; follow the dictates of your Saviour's minister; amend; persevere; merit, by your change of heart, the happy sentence of absolution; receive the adorable body of your God—your powerful preservative against relapse; and—Oh! May He, who “willeth not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live;” He, who “resists the proud, but gives grace to the humble;” He, who “looses in heaven, what his ministers loose on earth;” He, who has roused me this day to a holy fury against this most abominable of his people's vices; may He, I say,—when the last scene of this fleeting life hath closed—receive, not with the terrible frown of his wrath, but with the consoling smile of his pardon, the once obstinate and criminal, but at length penitent and sanctified soul of the drunkard!

A blessing, &c.

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The *Twenty-fourth* Sermon will be—ON  
PRAYER.

# SERMON XXIV.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

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ON PRAYER.—MIRACLE OF PRINCE Hohenlohe.

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*"Amen, amen, I say to you: if you ask the Father any thing in my name, he will give it you. St. John, c. xvi, v. 23.*

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To exhort a Christian, my brethren, to pray to his God, would seem, at the first blush, to be, of all the duties of a preacher, the most un-called-for and superfluous. For, what else is it, but to say: You are weak—call for help to the strong; you are a creature—for your preservation look to your Creator; you are a sinner—demand pardon of your Redeemer. What else is it, but to say: You desire to be happy in your present state of being—beg that happiness of Him, who gave you that being, and with it all the blessings, which you enjoy; who not only gave that being and those blessings to *you*, but who has given and gives them to thousands of ungrateful and wicked men; men, who—instead of thanking him, or using his favours to the glory of the beneficent donor, or, as he intended, to their own and their fellow creatures' welfare, both temporal and eternal—convert the gifts of

Heaven to the insult of the Lord of Heaven, and to the ruin, as well in body as in soul, of themselves and their neighbours. Even on these, his avowed enemies, has the Father of all good showered down, with a liberal hand, the abundance of his blessings; for "he makes his sun to shine alike for the good and the bad, and rains upon the just and the unjust."

If, then, he is so lavish of his beneficence, to those who hate and despise him; what will he not bestow upon the soul that loves him? And, if he is so prodigal of his temporal benefits; will he be stingy of those which are eternal? The former cost him but the word of his omnipotence; "He said, and all was made;" but the latter stood him in a great deal more. It is the very nature of benevolence, it is the very essence of love, to delight most in bestowing on the beloved object, those marks of affection, which have cost most to the lover. Consider, then, O Christian soul, how much your loving God has done, to secure to you your eternal happiness, if you wish to obtain it. He became man; he was born, in poverty, of an humble virgin; he lived a lowly life; he suffered hunger, thirst, cold, and all the other temporal miseries, incident to a state little short of mendicancy; he toiled, he laboured, he travelled, he preached; he left nothing undone to shew you the way of salvation; he exerted his omnipotence, by miracles, in order to convince you of the truth of his doctrine; and, in the establishment of that doctrine, he submitted to be persecuted, reviled, belied, treated as an impostor, scoffed at as a fool, bound as a felon, scourged as a

slave, and at length, crucified as a miscreant-outcast of mankind. All this has he done, to make you place your confidence in him, and pray to him for salvation. Yet, neither is this all. He has not confined his care of you to the term of his own mortal life; he has extended it to the end of time, aye, of eternity, unless it be your own fault. He has caused you to be born of Catholic parents; he has given you a Catholic education; he has received you into the bosom of his only true Church, by baptism; he has absolved you from your sins, in the tribunal of penance; he has fed you with his own sacred body and blood, in the adorable Eucharist. He has done all this, and every day, every moment of your life, he does for you, *much* which you know, and *much more*, which you cannot conceive. He preserves you from sin; saves you from sudden and unprovided death; prevents your falling into hell; gives you time to repent, to advance in virtue, to persevere to the end; inspires you with every good thought, which comes into your mind; enables you to perform every good work which you do; and oh! how little has eye seen, ear heard, or the heart of man conceived, what the infinite prodigality of his love has in store for you, if you be but faithful!

After such an immensity of goodness and love, which our Jesus pours out upon every soul among us; and of which the foregoing is but the slightest, merest sketch; can it be possible, that an argument, an exhortation, a word, is necessary to make us pray to him? Can it be possible, that even he himself found it requisite, to use the most tender and pres-



sing invitations, for the purpose of exciting our confidence; that he found it requisite to weary us, as it were, into confidence, by repeated, by multiplied proffers of his loving generosity? "Come to me," says he. "all you that labour and are heavily laden, and I will refresh you. My yoke is sweet, and my burthen light. Seek, and you shall find; ask, and you shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Which of you, being a father, if his son ask of him a loaf, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he present him with a serpent? If you, then, although you are bad, know how to give good gifts to your children, when they ask you, how much more will my Heavenly Father give good things to those, who ask him?" Again, "Consider the lilies of the field: they neither sow, nor knit; and yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not clothed like one of these. If, then, God thus clothes the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more, you of little faith? Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? and yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father. You are worth more than many sparrows."

These texts, my brethren, which, in the hurry of my fervour, I quote from memory, (for who can stay his fervour on such a subject?) these texts evince the zeal, with which Christ exhorted his followers to do *that*, for which any exhortation would appear unnecessary, namely, to pray; and, that his exhortations might want nothing, which was calculated to give them effect, he has condescended, in the passage, which I have chosen

for the text of this discourse, to confirm them, in the most solemn manner, by pledging that divine word of his, which is ever infallible; but which, when he intends to make a more than ordinary impression, he accompanies with a formal asseveration: "Amen. amen, I say to you, if you ask the Father any thing in my name, he will give it you."

Considering these facts, my brethren; our own natural weakness; our transgressions; our relapses; our constant dangers; our past, present, and future evils; considering these, on the one hand; and, on the other, the power, the goodness, the mercy, the generosity of our God; the promises of Christ, his exhortations, his loving entreaties; considering in the third place, the absolute necessity of prayer; the impossibility of obtaining our salvation without it; for, to use the words of St. Augustine, "He, who made us without ourselves, will not save us without ourselves;" putting all these reflections, all these facts together, I think that I may venture to assert, that there is no Christian, who does not admit, who does not feel in his heart, not only the utility, but the paramount and sovereign indispensableness of this holy exercise.

This, then, being the case; and having you all agreed with me, that prayer is good, that prayer is necessary; I will not waste your time and mine, with any further discussion of a matter, which upon the very face of it, is already so clear and evident. I will proceed to a point of much more importance to all of us, than the mere speculative consideration of the subject. I will speak of Prayer, *practically*. I will examine the mode, in

which Christians perform this paramount, this indispensable, this sovereign, this acknowledged duty. I will, as far as my observation goes, investigate, whether the practice corresponds with the principle; whether Christians pray, as weak, sinful, and redeemed creatures *ought* to pray, to a God of infinite power, infinite sanctity, and infinite mercy. In a word, I will endeavour to point out, *where* our prayers are deficient; and, if my remarks contribute, in any degree, to the better performance of a duty, which we all admit as necessary to salvation, I will humbly thank that Saviour, that Author of all grace, that God of all consolation, and Father of all light, who, as he alone teaches us all to pray, can alone teach me to address you, as I ought, upon prayer.

There are three descriptions of persons, to whom, on this occasion, I particularly wish to direct my observations. The first are those, who say a few prayers, morning and evening, hear Mass on Sundays, and approach the sacraments once or twice in the year. For, under the duty of prayer, I include, my brethren, all the practices of religion. The second class, is composed of those devout souls, who are punctual in their morning and evening devotions, hear Mass every day, and communicate frequently. The third denomination of Christians, whose attention I should be glad to secure, are such as, living in mortal sin, seldom or never raise their hearts at all to God in the sentiments of supplication. To each of these three kinds of hearers, I intend to address a few short remarks; which, I trust in the Lord, shall prove to the spiritual benefit, of each class, respectively.

You, then, who barely perform what God and his Church command you under pain of mortal sin, or, who perform at least very little more ; you, who recite a few short prayers at rising, or retiring to rest, and who hear a Mass on Sunday ; you, my brethren, who barely do this, seem to me not to know the value of prayer. You seem to look upon it as a task imposed ; which task you would have no hesitation to relinquish, did you not dread the loss of your souls. Oh ! how much do you deceive yourselves ! Prayer is not a task ; it is a pleasure. For, what can be more pleasing to the soul, than to pour her sorrows into the bosom of her God ? to lay open her wounds to him, who alone can cure them ? to ask favours of him, who alone can give them ? Does she wish for patience under her afflictions ? prosperity in her temporal concerns ? or grace to resist her temptations ? To whom can she, with more security, apply for all these purposes, than to her Jesus himself ? to that loving Jesus, who, by his example, precepts, and consoling inspirations, takes the sting out of all our worldly sufferings ; who holds, in the hands of his omnipotent providence, all the events of life, and turns them to the advantage, always eternal, and often both temporal and eternal, of those who love him ; who is ever present with his grace to those, who seek it ; who fills our hearts with courage to resist the attacks of the wicked one ; who curbs our passions, allays the trouble of our minds, excites every good thought we conceive, and originates every good work we perform ; who gives us his sacraments, to free us from sin, to strengthen us in grace, to make

us persevere unto the end; who, in a word, dwells within us, not only by his omnipotence as God, but by the communication of his adorable body and blood as man?

Shall we, my brethren, feel it a painful duty to throw ourselves into the arms of such a comforter, lover, protector? Shall we be loath to open all our heart to him in prayer? What do we expect to gain by flying from him, and losing our thoughts in the dissipation, toil and amusements of this transitory, bustling life? Though we fly his presence in prayer, is not his eye still fixed upon us? Is not our fate still in his hands? Does he not reach us with the arm of his justice, if we refuse to take the proffered hand of his mercy? What comfort, grace, or happiness, then, can we look for, if we abandon him, whom we know to be the sole Author of all happiness, grace and comfort?

But, you will tell me, that "you find no pleasure in prayer; that you do not feel devotion, when you are addressing your God; that your thoughts are wandering upon the things of this life; that you cannot fix them upon the things of heaven; that, therefore, your prayers can be but little pleasing to your Saviour, or beneficial to yourselves."—

Well; supposing even this to be the case, supposing all this want of devotion, of which you so bitterly complain; tell me, my brethren, is it in dissipation, that you shall find the devotion you desire? Is it by turning your minds from heaven, that you shall succeed in fixing them there? Is it by avoiding prayer, that you shall learn to pray as you ought, and as you wish? No;—so absurd an idea never

entered even your own thoughts. And now, let it be my task, to remove that fear, that irksomeness, which your distractions, during prayer, give rise to, in your hearts.—Distractions! Despise those distractions. They are not wilful; or, at least, not deliberately so. Our thoughts, our attention, are not always under own controul; and, therefore, our good God does not hold us accountable for their involuntary aberrations. It is to the heart, to the will, to the intention, that he looks; and if these be right; if the heart be but sincere, he requires no more. Persevere, then, my brethren. Devotion is the reward of perseverance. Devotion will come, when God is pleased to bless you with it. *Then* your distractions will cease; and until then, they can neither injure your souls, nor prevent the good effects of your prayers, unless you allow them to drive you from your prayers. And here, as I am on the subject of distractions, let me strongly impress on your minds one piece of advice; namely, never to repeat your prayers, on account of the involuntary distractions you may have had in saying them. This repetition, in general, serves only to increase that agitation of your mind, which is the ordinary source of distractions. Place yourself in the presence of your God, at the beginning of your prayer; offer him your heart and affections; when you have concluded, beg his pardon for any negligence or inattention, of which you may have been guilty; and renewing, simply and sincerely, the oblation of your whole being to his service, rise from your knees convinced, that he will not let your humble sincerity pass unrewarded.

If you pray in this manner, my brethren, you will not find it, as many of you now do, a tedious and irksome task, to raise your hearts to your loving Saviour. Neither must you suppose, that it is only when you take book or beads in hand; when you lay aside every other occupation; when you recite certain forms, long or short, of vocal petition; you must not, I say, suppose, that it is only at these set periods of time, that you can pray. You can pray at all times, and under all circumstances; and this is what Christ tells us, when he says: "It is necessary always to pray, and never to fail." For, although the appropriation of certain hours and days to the more than ordinary performance of this holy exercise, is required by God; although the regular recital of certain devotions, prevents our forgetting, for too long a space of time, to raise our thoughts to our Creator; yet it often happens, that in the very midst of our daily work, in the very bustle of business, a short act of adoration, of sorrow, of love; an act, which is but a thought of the mind; a sudden spring, as it were, of the soul into the arms of her God; it often happens, I say, that an act, so short, so simple, and so easy, (particularly, if habitually done) contributes more to our sanctification, than the most lengthened devotions. It is these acts; it is this facility of giving our whole mind to our Jesus, on every occasion, that engenders in the soul, what is properly called the *spirit* of prayer. And if this spirit once possessed your hearts, my brethren; oh! how few among you would look upon as lost, that time which you spend in piety? How few among you

would find it inconvenient to attend, not only on days of obligation, but on every day of your lives, at that adorable sacrifice, which, owing to the infinite dignity of the loving victim that is offered, forms the most beneficial, the most acceptable act of supplication, which Man can render, or God receive.

I have been thus diffuse, in my address to this first class of Christians; because it is a class, which comprises the great bulk of the faithful: who, although they feel the necessity of prayer; still perform this religious duty, more with the reluctance of slaves, trembling before their maker, than with the joy of children, exulting in the presence of their Heavenly Father. I have endeavoured, rather to warm their affections with the spirit of prayer, than to impress their consciences with its obligation. Because I know that, without the spirit, the obligation must be but very indifferently complied with; and because, as the want of that spirit must render their salvation, at the best, but very doubtful, so, the attainment of it must make their eternal happiness proportionably secure. In a word, I have been zealous to stir up this spirit in their breasts; because experience proves, that where it once takes possession of the soul, not only the hatred of sin and love of virtue, not only piety and devotion move in its train, but there accompanies it, as a natural consequence, the frequentation of the sacraments;—those blessed sacraments, through which the blood of Jesus flows, to purify our souls from every stain, and to prepare them for the beatifying vision of their God in Heaven.

To the second class of my hearers, that



class, which is justly designated by the name of devout persons, I have but little to say; but yet, that little, is of the most essential importance. The pious souls, to whom I allude, *have* that spirit of prayer, to excite which, has been the principal object of my exhortation this evening; and, therefore, to *them* I say: Go on; practice your devotions; frequent the sacraments; persevere unto the end. Fear nothing, except what might turn or deter you from this happy perseverance. Whatever has that tendency, reject it as the temptation of your spiritual foe, who "lies in wait for your good works." No matter how brilliantly he may clothe himself in the array of "an angel of light;" no matter how religious his hypocritical suggestions may appear to you; no matter how much your mind may be agitated by scruples, doubts, fears and despondency; no matter how monstrous and terrifying may be the phantoms of blasphemy, infidelity, impurity and despair, with which he sometimes tortures the pure and pious souls of the servants of God; no matter how plausibly he may paint the necessity of making a general confession, when it is, in fact, unnecessary; no matter how deceitfully he may represent to you, as mountains of mortal sin, the ordinary and often unavoidable imperfections of your nature; no matter how often he may break in on your devotions, urging you to return to your director, again and again, and always unnecessarily, between confession and communion; no matter how much this evil, wily, and lying spirit of trouble, may endeavour to agitate your mind, and render it an unfit dwelling for the spirit of prayer

and of God; which is always the spirit of peace; no matter how much, or how variously, or how obstinately, this murderer of souls may strive to decoy, or deter you from your devotions and the holy sacraments;—the moment you perceive that *this* is the ultimate object of any idea, which strikes your mind, reject, despise that idea, as the suggestion of the wicked one, who “goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.” He knows the sincerity of your heart; he sees your desire to serve your God; he, therefore, does *not* tempt you to any thing, palpably and evidently criminal; (for that you would scout at once;) but he puts on every shape of deception, in the hope of withdrawing you, *no matter how*, from prayer and the sacraments; well convinced, that if he can succeed in this point, you will soon become the unfortunate victim of that infernal hatred, with which he always pants for your eternal ruin.

Follow this line of conduct, O devout souls! persevere in your career; trust in your Jesus, whom you love; for the soul, “who trusts in *him*, shall never be confounded.” Obey implicitly the advice of your prudent directors; and the God, who sees your hearts, will reward your humble sincerity, with a complete triumph over the wiles of Satan, and with additional, and ever-increasing blessings of his grace.

Having said thus much, for the edification, I hope, of the two first classes of Christians, whom I pointed out, namely the lukewarm, and the fervent; what shall I now, in conclusion, say to the third; that is, to those who, living in sin, seldom or never pray at all?—

The most destructive of all the machinations, by which the enemy of mankind compasses the damnation of souls, is that despondency, which he infuses into the mind of a sinner, when he falls into mortal sin. He whispers to the unfortunate soul, that, now become an outcast from God, her prayers will no longer be heard. Thus seduced, the sinner gives up the only means still left him, to rise out of his sin, and prevent its repetition. That means is prayer. Neglecting prayer, he neglects the sacraments; yields, again and again, to the fatal temptation; heaps sin upon sin; contracts the wretched habit; makes it a second nature; runs the risk of never more returning to his God; in a word, sinks so low in vice, that to rise again, can only be the omnipotent effect of that species of grace, which Theologians term—*extraordinary*; because it is *without* the range of God's ordinary mercy, and is seldom, very seldom, granted to an ungrateful soul.

Oh, Sinners! *Who*, except the father of lies, has ever told you, that the prayer of a sinner is not heard? St. Augustine says, that "though a soul should, by her ingratitude, have rendered herself unworthy of every other grace of her God; yet, while she is on this side the grave, he never refuses her the grace of prayer." And if she follow this grace; if she pray; and pray sincerely; she will obtain every other grace, necessary for her salvation. Pray then, sinners, pray; but pray sincerely; and your crimes, and woes, will soon be at an end—"How can I pray," you say, "when I do not repent?"—Pray *for* repentance; pray for it, but sincerely; and you *will* repent.

And, what I here say to sinners in general, I say, in particular, to infidels and sectaries. There is not one of either of these two classes, (if I can call them *two*,) who can form to himself a certainty of his being in the right way. The utmost stretch of what they call their conviction, does not pass the boundaries of, at most, a vague and unsettled doubt. And if, under this doubt, they do not heartily pray to their God for light, how shall they be able to justify themselves before his dread tribunal, by the plea of invincible ignorance?—Pray then, Sectaries, pray sincerely; pray constantly; and your God will bring you to the truth. For, he despiseth not the prayer of any of his creatures, who invokes him with sincerity. And, on the other hand, if you do *not* pray, you cannot complain, when, in punishment of your irreligious obstinacy, he leaves you in your wilful error—in darkness, and the shade of death.

Many instances could I mention of this efficacy of prayer. One only, however, I shall give you; and that, in few words. The Honorable Francis Wotton, son of a British Peer, in the 17th century, lay, in a burning fever, at Valladolid in Spain, despaired of by the physicians. An English Jesuit, with whom he was intimate, visited him; and employed, but in vain, the strongest arguments to convert him to the Mother Church. Seeing him completely fixed in Protestant error, the father, on parting, only begged of him to offer this prayer: “Oh! my God, if I am not in the way of salvation, do thou vouchsafe to bring me to it.” The dying man refused to comply, even in this; but, after the Priest was

gone, considering how reasonable the suggestion was, he rose from bed, as well as he was able; and, falling on his knees, repeated the short petition; when, suddenly, there flashed on his mind so thorough a conviction of the grounds of the Catholic Faith, that, sending again for his friend, he received at his hands the last sacraments, and expired the next day, in the most fervent sentiments of piety and gratitude to his God.

Yes, my brethren, to you all I now address myself; prayer can remove mountains; and, without it, no soul, that is come to the use of reason, can be saved. If Lucifer had prayed, he would not have fallen; if Adam had prayed, he would not have lost paradise; if Cain had prayed, he would not have murdered his brother; if Judas had prayed, he would not have betrayed Christ; nay, had he prayed, even *after* his horrible treason, he would, like Peter, have arisen from his crime; and not hanged himself in despair.—Pray then, my brethren all; pray, and never tire praying. If you do—Unbelievers! *you* will come to the faith; Sinners! *you* will repent; Saints! *you* will persevere to the end.

A blessing, &c.

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### MIRACLE OF PRINCE HOHENLOHE.

To a Sermon on Prayer, what appendix so appropriate, as the account of that late wonderful event, with which the Almighty has been pleased to exalt, in this country, the faith of his only true and Catholic Church! The pious Priest and Prince, whom our Divine Redeemer has raised up for the consolation of

his Faithful, in those days of iniquity and vice; this Thaumaturgus of the nineteenth century has already been the subject of my remarks in Sermon XVII; and I shall not, at present, weaken, by any comment of mine, the stupendous proof of the efficacy of prayer, which the following correspondence discloses.—To Catholics, I say: Read, and rejoice. To Unbelievers: Read, and be converted, that you may not be confounded for ever.—

LETTER OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. DOYLE  
TO PRINCE HOHENLOHE.

“ Carlow, March 6, 1823.

“ MOST SERENE AND VERY REV. PRINCE,

“ The report of the wonderful works which, through the prayers of your Highness, God hath wrought in the midst of his people, has reached even to us in Ireland; and especially of that, by which the arm of a certain Nun in England, afflicted with some miserable disease, had been instantly and miraculously cured, at the time when the most holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered to God for her by your Highness.

“ Whilst we, therefore, offer thanks to the Father of all mercies, who, in these lamentable times, has raised up your Highness, by whom to give signs of salvation and new proofs of the Faith, both to the true believers, and to those who are without; we also presume to implore your prayers and charity on behalf of a young Female of our Diocese, whose Father earnestly requested of us, that we would commend her to your prayers, that she might be cured by God.

“ But that your Most Serene Highness may

be more fully acquainted with what regards this young Female, we have thought it fit to make known to your Highness the following statement, communicated to us by her Father, a respectable and pious Catholic:—

“ The daughter of this man, named Maria Lalor, being brought up piously to about her eleventh year, and educated as became a person of that age, was, after a long illness, which she bore patiently, deprived of the use of speech; so that from that period, she could not utter even a single word.—Nothing, indeed, which could be hoped from medical aid, had been left untried, during the six years, which have since elapsed, that her tongue might again resume its functions: but every effort has proved vain, for neither has she yet articulated any sound, nor is she ever expected to do so, unless that God, “ who maketh the tongues of the little ones eloquent,” will be induced, through the prayers of your Highness, to vouchsafe that her tongue be restored to its former powers.

“ It may not be irrelevant to state to your Highness, that her organs of sense continue perfect, and that she strictly adheres to that piety of life, which she had observed from her most tender age. She makes, at the usual times, her Sacramental confession, by signs, or writing to a Priest, who has testified the same to us; she hears and receives with reverence, his admonitions and advice; in a word, she so conducts herself in all things, as to appear to us, (short-sighted and unworthy as we, indeed, are) to deserve, that your most Serene Highness would intercede with God for her.

“ Whilst stating these things, I press with

reverence the hands of your Highness, and earnestly recommend to your prayers, myself, an humble sinner, with the Flock committed to my care.—And remain, of your Most Serene and Very Reverend Highness, the most obedient, and most humble servant in CHRIST,

“ Br. JAMES DOYLE, O. S. A.

“ Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

“ *To his Most Serene and very Rev. Highness the Prince De Hohenlohe, at Bamberg.*”

#### THE PRINCE'S REPLY.

“ *To Miss Lalor, and all those who will spiritually unite in Prayer.*

“ On the 10th of June, at nine o'clock, I will, agreeably to your request, offer my prayers for your recovery.—Unite with them at the same time, after having confessed and received the Holy Communion, your own, together with that evangelical fervour, that full and entire confidence, which we owe to our Redeemer JESUS CHRIST. Excite in the recesses of your heart, the divine virtues of a true contrition, a Christian love, an unbounded confidence that you will be heard, and an immoveable resolution of leading an exemplary life for the purpose of preserving yourself in the state of grace.

“ Accept the assurance of my consideration.

“ *Huttenheim, the 9th of May, 1823.  
near Bamberg.*”

“ His Most Serene Highness recommends some devotion of nine days in honour of the Most Holy name of Jesus, and of St. John



Nepomucene. Martin Michel, a truly religious man, united in friendship with the Prince and with me, will join his prayers to those of his Highness. This instant, we have received an account from Verdelain, Diocess of Bordeaux, in France, stating with the utmost joy, that a young female, deprived of the use of speech for five years, had been restored to it in the Church, on the day and hour appointed, namely the 14th of March.—May God grant increase and perseverance.

“On the part of his Most Serene Highness the Prince,

“JAS. FORSTER, Parish Priest.

“*To Most Reverend, &c. &c. James Doyle,  
O. S. A. Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin,  
in Ireland, at Carlow.*”

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**DR. DOYLE'S LETTER TO THE PARISH PRIEST  
OF MARYBOROUGH.**

“*Old Derrig, Carlow, June 1, 1823.*

“**VERY REVEREND DEAR SIR.**—When in Mountrath, I wrote at the request of Mr. Lalor, of Roskelton, to the Prince De Hohenlohe, soliciting his Highness's prayers, that, through their efficacy with **ALMIGHTY** God, Mr. Lalor's Daughter might be restored to the use of speech, of which she has, for some years, been deprived. On this day I heard in reply; and it is desired, that Miss Lalor's pious friends do join her in a devotion in honour of the most Holy Name of **JESUS**, and in honour of St. John Nepomucene, for nine days preceding the tenth of June, on which day she is to confess, and receive the Holy Communion at Mass, to be celebrated

at the hour of nine o'clock, exciting in her soul, the holy virtues of true repentance, with an unbounded confidence in God, through the merits of our Blessed REDEEMER, as well as a firm resolution of spending her life in obedience to his commands, and in a holy conformity to his Divine will, all joined to a lively faith, and disinterested love of the LORD.

"I write to you, that you may have the goodness to communicate the foregoing to Mr. Lalor, and his Daughter; that they and their friends, may, on the days mentioned, or on such of them as will not have elapsed, unite their prayers, with those of the Prince and his friends, for the purpose of obtaining the mercy of God for her, who is the object of our present solicitude.—Your friends here will cooperate with you, and without publishing the matter too much, you can insure the prayers of many holy souls, and you know how "they do violence to Heaven."

"The Prince's Secretary mentions, that he had, at the moment he was writing, received an account of a cure, entirely similar to that, which we hope for, performed in a village of the Diocese of Bordeaux, through the prayers of his Highness, and those united with him.—Yours most faithfully and affectionately in Christ, "J. DOYLE.

"*To the Very Rev. N O'Connor, Maryborough.*

"P. S.—As the meridian of Bamberg differs from that of Maryborough, by an hour and about twelve minutes, you can direct the Mass to be celebrated for Miss Lalor, at a little before eight o'clock on the 10th of June."

**REPLY OF THE PARISH PRIEST, STATING THE  
RESULT.**

*" Maryborough, June 11, 1823.*

" MY LORD.—In compliance with your request, I send you a statement of the facts relative to Miss Lalor, which I have heard from others, and witnessed myself.

" I am now in the house where she was deprived of her speech. She is at present in the eighteenth year of her age; and as she is connected with most of the respectable Catholic families in this country, and has had frequent intercourse with them, her privation of speech during six years, and five months, is established beyond contradiction. Her hearing and understanding remained unimpaired, and she carried tablet and pencil to write what she could not communicate by signs.

" Medical aid was tried by Doctor Ferris, of Athy, and Surgeon Smith, of Mountrath, but without effect. The latter Gentleman, (as a similar case never occurred in the course of his practice) resolved to have it submitted to the most eminent physicians in Dublin; eight of whom were consulted by him, and the result was, that no hopes could be entertained of her recovery. This decision was imparted by Doctor Smith to her Father, apart from Mrs. and Miss Lalor; all which circumstances the Doctor recollected on the 11th inst. when he saw Miss Lalor, heard her speak, and declared the cure to be miraculous.

" You, my Lord, are already aware, that according to your directions, written to me on the 1st of June, I waited on Mr. Lalor, and communicated to him and to his family, all that you desired. They observed it with every

exactness, and on the morning of the 10th inst. having received Miss Lalor's confession by signs, and disposed her for receiving the Holy Communion, I read to her again from your Lordship's letter, the direction of the Prince; namely, that she would excite within her a sincere repentance, a firm resolution of obeying God's commands, a lively faith, and unbounded confidence in his mercy, an entire conformity to his holy will, and a disinterested love of him.

" I had previously requested the Clergy of this district to offer up for Miss Lalor, the holy sacrifice of the Mass, at twelve minutes before eight o'clock in the morning of the 10th, keeping the matter a secret from most others, as you had recommended; however, as it transpired somewhat, a considerable number collected in the Chapel, when my two Coadjutors, with myself, began Mass at the hour appointed.—I offered the holy Sacrifice in the name of the Church. I besought the Lord to overlook my own unworthiness, and regard only JESUS CHRIST, the great High Priest and victim, who offers himself in the Mass to his ETERNAL FATHER, for the living and the dead. I implored the prayers of the Mother of God, of all the Angels and Saints, and particularly of St. John Nepomucene; I administered the Sacrament to the young Lady, at the usual time, when instantly she heard, as it were, a voice distinctly saying to her, '*Mary, you are well,*'—when she exclaimed, '*O Lord, am I?*' and, overwhelmed with devotion, fell prostrate on her face. She continued in this posture for a considerable time, whilst I hastened to conclude the Mass; but was interrupted in

my thanksgiving immediately after, by the mother of the child, pressing her to speak.

“ When at length she was satisfied in pouring out her soul to the Lord, she took her mother by the hand, and said to her, ‘ Dear Mother,’ upon which Mrs. Lalor called the Clerk, and sent for me, as I had retired to avoid the interruption, and on coming to where the young Lady was, I found her speaking in an agreeable, clear and distinct voice, such as neither she nor her mother could recognize as her own.

“ Thus, my Lord, in obedience to your commands, I have given you a simple statement of facts, without adding to, or distorting what I have seen and heard; the truth of which, their very notoriety places beyond all doubt, and which numberless witnesses, as well as myself, could attest by the most solemn appeal to Heaven. I cannot forbear remarking to your Lordship, how our LORD confirms now the doctrine of his Church, and his own presence upon our altars, by the same miracles, to which he referred the disciples of John, saying, ‘ Go tell John, the Dumb speak,’ &c. as a proof, that he was the SON of GOD, who came to save the world.

“ I remain your Lordship’s dutiful and affectionate Servant in CHRIST,

“ N. O’CONNOR.

“ *To the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle,  
Old Derrig, Carlow.*”

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The *Twenty-fifth* Sermon will be—**LOVE
OF OUR NEIGHBOUR.**

SERMON XXV.

OF

THE REV. RICHARD HAYES.

LOVE OF OUR NEIGHBOUR.

"This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." St. John, c. xv, v. 12.

THE precept of fraternal Charity, my dear Christians, claims the serious attention of every adopted child of Jesus Christ. The strict obligation we are all under, of loving our neighbour as ourselves, should, with all its various duties, be ever present to the eyes of our souls. A precept, an obligation, inculcated, in a thousand different ways, by our Divine Redeemer; who, to render his followers fully sensible of the importance, and to induce them in the most effectual manner to the practice, of this most essential duty, has spared neither the most pressing invitations, nor the severest menaces. Parables of every, and the most striking description, hath he introduced into his divine discourses, with the view to place its observance more clearly before our eyes. In terms as strong as language can furnish, doth he point out the infinite advantage of a charitable disposition towards our brethren; declaring, that in the love of our neighbour, founded as it necessarily must be, on the love of our God, "the whole law and prophets are fulfilled;" proposing, in

every accent of love and tenderness, his own divine example, for the model and motive of our charity. He calls this commandment, in a special sense, his own commandment; making it the peculiar mark of all his faithful, and selecting it as the distinctive badge, by which they are to be known among the children of men. "In this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another. This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." Hence, that we might never lose sight of this amiable and essential virtue, our heavenly master has inserted, in that holy form of prayer which he himself composed for our daily use, a truly remarkable petition; a petition which, while it holds out to the observers of this duty the most consoling recompence, denounces the most awful judgment on the heads of its violators. "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." What a melancholy imprecation does the uncharitable Christian here invoke upon his soul, every time he bows his knee to his offended God! And, on the other hand, how rapturously consoling to the charitable man, must be the reflection, that on his forgiveness of his brother's offences, rest the grounds of his own eternal pardon! This Jesus Christ expressly repeats in another place, by declaring "that as we measure to others, so it shall be measured back to us again." He carries this precept of fraternal charity so far, that he will have us to love even the very men, who are, and resolve to continue our professed and sworn enemies; nay, he commands us, after his own example, to lay down, if necessary, our very lives for their welfare. "As I lay down my life for you, so should each of you lay down your lives for your brethren. Love your enemies;

do good to them that hate you; pray for them that persecute and curse you."

In fine, after having in his triple quality of teacher, model, and redeemer of mankind, inculcated, by his precepts and his practice, this heavenly law of universal charity,—that no motive might be left wanting to urge us to its observance—he stamps it with the seal of his eternal justice; and, in his character of Sovereign Judge of the living and the dead, he announces, that on that awful accounting day, which shall bring us all before his dread tribunal, to undergo each our last and solemn trial, and hear from his own lips the irrevocable sentence of life or death everlasting. he announces, that the fatal examination shall turn upon our compliance with, or neglect of, this first of duties; and that the interrogatories to which, upon our eternal doom, we are then to answer, shall be—whether we fed him when hungry, gave him to drink when thirsty, clothed him in his nakedness, visited and consoled him in his afflictions. "For," says he, "whatever you have done to one of these my little ones, you have done unto myself." And upon the unerring verdict of our own consciences, we shall, my dear brethren, move, to the right, or to the left—to receive, if we have been uncharitable, the final malediction of the living God, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels;" or, if we have been so happy as to imitate our charitable Redeemer,—to hear from his lips the joyful tidings of our eternal reward, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom, which was prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

The Sermon, which is now before you, my brethren, was written in 1811; the first, which I ever wrote or preached. If the end.

ject which it treats, be necessary at all times and in all countries; if even in the most select and religious congregation, to which the voice of a preacher could convey it; if even in this narrow and virtuous sphere, there be room, and ample room for the inculcation of the divine virtue of Charity; if the words of Christ, "Love your neighbour as yourself—Do to others as you would that they should do to you;" if these divine words ought for ever to sound in the ears of all whom Christ created and whom Christ redeemed;—tell me, O ye inhabitants of Ireland, was there ever a moment, was there ever a country, which so loudly called for a publication of the kind, as the unhappy times we live in, and the unhappy land we tread? One portion of the community, not content with their exclusive enjoyment of all power and patronage, insult the feelings, revile the religion, and shed the blood of the people, whom they and their predecessors have lived upon for ages. Another class of our unhappy countrymen, driven to desperation by the most unheard of misery, have shaken off all the restraints of Christian patience, and, armed with the dagger and the torch, run at once to vengeance and to ruin. Between these two desperate factions, stand the legal authorities, supported by all that is respectable in the land. But alas! the spirit of Christian Charity has been so long a stranger to our system, that impunity on the one hand, and coercion on the other, serve but to aggravate the horrors of our distracted country.—May the voice of Jesus, who speaks by the mouth of his minister; that voice, which so often converted wolves into lambs; may that mild, yet powerful voice inspire brotherly love into the minds of all who shall read this Sermon! And yet, I fear that it will not reach the hands of those who stand

most in need of its perusal. Of the two violent parties, which tear the bowels of their native land, the one, naturally enough, disdains the advice of a Catholic Priest. And as to the other, it is a remarkable fact, that out of *one hundred and twenty thousand* copies of these Sermons, which, up to this day, have been circulated through the kingdom, scarce *one thousand* have entered the province which is the theatre of disturbance; although that province contains the three great commercial cities of Cork, Limerick and Waterford. So true it is, that the spirit of violence is incompatible with the spirit of Catholic information.—However, I will do my duty, as a minister of the gospel of peace; and I, therefore, proceed to point out to Christians, some of the manifold motives, which urge us to love one another; and which, for order's sake, I class under two heads—1. Motives to love our neighbour, drawn from our relations with our neighbour. 2. Motives to love our neighbour, drawn from our relations with our God. In plain English, we should love our neighbour, 1. because he is our neighbour, a man like ourselves; 2. because God requires it.—

The first consideration that strikes us, when we reflect on the motives we have to love each other, is, that all men are brothers. All are endowed with the same dignified nature; all descend from one common parent; one God made all, and blessed all with the same essential gifts and graces. All have been allotted by nature, to be the members of one community, diffused over the face of the globe. All live, I may say, under the one roof, sit at the one table, partake of the one sustenance, and drink of the one cup overflowing with the universal bounties of Providence. All are aike in the eyes of the great Creator, all

are equally his noble image; he cherishes all; nor has he in this respect, made a distinction between the king and the beggar. What stronger motive can we have to love each other, than this common origin, this common enjoyment of all the privileges of one common nature, and of all the blessings of one common God? If the case, indeed, had been otherwise; if some had been formed of a quite different nature from the rest; if one half of mankind had been, to use the expression, from the north, and the other from the south end of the creation; although it never is lawful to hate any creature whom God loves, yet, still there would be some excuse at least, in this hypothesis, for enmity between man and man. But, in the state of absolute brotherhood, in which a bounteous Providence has created mankind, what is he but a monster of human nature, whose heart, after such a reflection, can nourish hatred against his brother-man?

As we are born to enjoy the same blessings, so are we destined to endure the same wants and misfortunes. Another powerful motive to excite us to love and feel compassion one for another. We are all subject to the same miseries, sickness and death. We have all to carry our cross through this world of woe. This life is a perpetual warfare, in which we are all engaged. It is a vale of tears, into which we enter weeping, and where few, few indeed, are to be found, who do not bitterly lament the sad disproportion they feel, between their trivial comforts, and the enormous weight of misery they endure. It is a boisterous ocean, in which those are often the most in danger, who seem the most insensible to the storms, that burst round their heads. Oh! how true was that saying of the wise man, when after having taken an impartial view of

all the stations of life, he declared, that in them all he found nothing but "vanity and affliction of spirit!" And yet, instead of feeling compassion for our fellow-sufferers, how often, alas! do we lay hold upon their very misfortunes, to afflict, oppress, and ruin them? How often do we rejoice at the distress of our neighbour, even when we ourselves reap no advantage therefrom? How often are we so far transported by envy, as to feel a pleasure in the afflictions of a brother, even though we should be involved in the same ruin? How often are we found daily to swell the endless catalogue of human catastrophes, by deliberately planning and effecting the destruction of our neighbour? Blind and cruel mortals! born for the comfort of our afflicted brethren, how long shall we prove their bitterest scourge?

The ordinary excuse held up for those dreadful breaches of charity, is, the difficulty a man must naturally feel, to love a person who has injured him. A plausible excuse, indeed; but an excuse that, upon consideration, will prove a more invincible weapon against the hater of his brother, than any argument yet adduced. He is your enemy, you say. Are not you his? Have you never offended him? If not to-day, may you not to-morrow? and more grievously, than he has offended you? Have you never offended others? And do you not desire their forgiveness? Forgive him, then. "But he is not sorry for his fault." Proud mortal! answer me a question. Are we not all sons of the fallen Adam? Are we not all born under the curse, pronounced against our sinful forefather? Are we not slaves to the same passions, alike exposed to the same temptations, subject to the same weaknesses, and guilty of the same sins? And are we not, for this very reason,

the more deserving of each other's compassion and forgiveness? When your brother offended you, tell me, whom did he most injure? you, or himself? When he offended you, he committed a sin, did he not? and a grievous sin? for, otherwise, your anger would be childish. He has, then, injured himself, infinitely more than you. He has murdered his own soul. No greater misfortune could have befallen him. He is, in this respect, the most unhappy creature existing. If the most unhappy, the most to be pitied: if the most to be pitied, the most to be forgiven. But, he does not desire forgiveness; he is not sorry for his crime; he still perseveres in injuring you.—Well, and for that very reason, he is the more to be pitied, because by aggravating his guilt, he aggravates his misfortune. You see, you are inclosed on all sides, and that the very reasons you advance for hating your brother, are the very reasons, why you should forgive him. Ah! proud wretches that we are! when shall we know the value of that precept of St. Paul: *Alter alterius onera portate, & sic adimplebitis legem Christi*. “Bear ye one another's burdens, and so shall you fulfil the law of Christ?” When shall we lay our hands to our breasts, and conscious of our own sinfulness; feel the important truth which I have been urging—that if we ought to love each other, because we are all of the same nature; if we ought to pity each other, because we are all liable to the same misfortunes; much more ought we to forgive each other, because we are all sinful, and all too much disposed to commit mutual offences.

But no: there are certain minds so unwarrantably haughty, so hugely inconsistent, that, irritated at the most trifling affront, at an affront oftentimes imaginary, and in which the supposed offender had perhaps not even the

slightest intention to offend; there are, I say, certain minds so peevishly constituted, that, on so flimsy a pretext, they will rouse themselves up to the most determined hatred and enmity; will diffuse their poison through their whole family and acquaintance; and, not daring, in defiance of the censures of the Church, (yet would to God even these were always a sufficient restraint!) not daring, I say, to bring their brother to an account, by exposing their own and his body and soul to perdition in a duel, they will notwithstanding, and perhaps with more horrid consequences, embitter their whole posterity, and hand down, as it were by inheritance, together with their blood, their detestable rancour to the latest generations. And what is remarkably surprizing, is, that those very men, who are so easily piqued, are themselves the persons the most disposed to give offence to others. For their instruction, I will repeat an observation which I have somewhere met with, and which, though at first it sounds rather singular, is however not the less correct. viz. "that if every one knew every thing that others have at different times thought, said, and done with regard to him, there would not be two real friends in the whole universe." So true it is that we are all unhappily given to harbour opinions, let slip words, and even commit actions to the prejudice of our nearest and dearest friends. Let us then mutually forgive, as we mutually offend, and "bear with each other's burthen, according to St. Paul's advice, that so we may fulfil the law of Christ."

But, if to these considerations, my brethren, which extend to all men living, of what belief and profession soever they may be; if to these we add another equally universal consideration, namely, that of one common re-

temptation, how shall we stand abashed at the least want of fraternal charity in our bosoms. Jesus Christ, according to the apostle, "died for *all* men—he wishes *all* men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth" Pagan, Turk, Jew, Heretic; they were all, like ourselves, the objects of his redeeming charity on the cross. Their ransom was paid along with ours; the gates of paradise were thrown open to them as well as to us, and the same heavenly road was chalked out to all—the road of faith and good works. For "without faith it is impossible to please God," *Heb.* and "without works faith itself is dead," *St. James.* How great, then, should be our love for every individual of those, whom Christ has loved so much; and who, by the dying will of their Divine Redeemer, have obtained the same substantial right with ourselves to his kingdom of heaven—the purchase of his atoning blood! And if they renounce their right; if they are deaf to the call of their Jesus, should we on that account, hate them? Should we not, on the contrary, as Jesus did, burn to lay down our very lives for their salvation?

Consider, then, my friends, those still closer and more intimate relations which bind Catholics together, and should, if every other tie were insufficient, indissolubly unite them in the most sincere friendship and harmony. Hard, truly, it is to conceive, how one Catholic can possibly hate another. It is one of those surprising contradictions of the human mind, of which we should imagine it absolutely incapable, did not we see them realized every day. How can a Catholic, who hates his brother, enter the same temple with him, form one of the same congregation, kneel, rise, pray, and assist at the same sacrifice of infinite love? Does he not know, that the

Priest with whom he unites in prayer, is bound to immolate that immaculate lamb for the welfare and prosperity of the Church at large, of the congregation then and there assembled in particular, and of consequence, for the happiness, temporal and eternal, of the individual in question? How can he, then, unite in the sacrifice, if he pray not for him? And how can he pray for him, if he love him not? How can he approach the same tribunal of confession, and expect pardon for his offences from that merciful, but just Judge, who cries, "Forgive and you shall be forgiven?" How can he approach the tremendous altar of his Lord, and receive the adorable body of that God, who from his holy tabernacle thus addresses him: "If thou offerest thy gift at the altar, and there shalt remember that thy brother hath any thing against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and first go to be reconciled to thy brother: and then come and offer thy gift?" How can he hope to be a partner in that celestial kingdom, where Charity reigns, and where the blessed are not happy, but by their mutual love? How can he expect there to enter in the company of the man he hates? One of them must be excluded from the abode of eternal peace! And who so richly merits the fatal exclusion, as the uncharitable, unfeeling, unnatural Catholic, who hates his brother in Christ Jesus?

But oh! what an aggregation of horrors rise to our view, when we take into account those more particular connexions, which are so often and so violently rent asunder, in the daily fallings-out of individuals: when we paint to our minds the personal obligations, the laws, natural, human and divine, which are trampled upon in the quarrels of brothers with brothers, husbands with wives, children

with parents, and flocks with pastors! Let me, however, indulge the hope that I may be spared the necessity of entering into the heart-rending detail; and that the conscience of no one who hears me, is so far seared with the infernal iron of hatred, as to require the dreadful scarification. From the bare thought of such horrors, I turn with joy to repeat the loving admonition of that great Paul, whose every word is a furnace of charity. "Bear ye one another's burdens; and so shall you fulfil the law of Christ." Bear with the offences of your brethren. Bear and forbear. They are men as well as you: love them. They are afflicted like yourselves: pity them. They are sinners as you are: forgive them. They are redeemed by the same Jesus: wash away their offences in his blood. They are members of the same Church: cherish them, as Christ cherisheth his spouse. They expect the same heaven: love them here, to love them hereafter. Let the private considerations, too, of friendship, interest, and kindred, have each its respective influence in the kindling the holy flame of Christian Charity in your souls.

Yet, should this long chain of motives prove alas! but too ineffectual, then, turn your eyes to your loving Redeemer: imitate his example; listen to his invitation; obey his command; merit the reward he promises; and escape the punishment he threatens. Other motives to love our neighbour, drawn from our relations with our God, which cannot fail to make a due impression on every Christian soul.

Jesus Christ came down from heaven not merely to redeem us, but to be our model through life. He came to teach us, not by words only, but more forcibly by his actions, that original sanctity, in the paths of which

we were to walk, and from which our depraved nature had so widely strayed. His whole life was one continued lesson to us. Every action thereof was the practice of some virtue or other. But, Jesus Christ loved us, Christians. Ah! how dearly! We had nothing in us deserving of his love. We were sinners, objects of his abomination. Our nature had been corrupted and accursed in its very root. We had polluted our souls and bodies with unheard of crimes. We were to have been eternally his enemies. We were even, by our subsequent sins, to despise all he intended to do for our salvation. We were to reject his kind offers, trample on his commands, laugh at his threats. We were, many of us, to ruin ourselves for ever, in spite of all his graces and his sacraments. Yet, he loved us. Loved us! Aye, eternally. Loved us! Aye, died for us. Oh! fathomless abyss! who shall conceive thee? And yet, for all this love what return doth he demand? Hear, my brethren; hear the dying words of your Saviour. He opens his wounded heart to excite your pity. His eyes, in tears of blood, are fixed upon you. Every thorn of his adorable head stands erect to catch your attention. His lips are parched in the thirst of death; his voice half-stifled in the pangs of dissolution. But the wounds which cover his sacred frame from head to foot, "open their dumb mouths" to join in his last prayer for his worse than murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—Ah! how flinty must be the heart, that can resist the dying appeal of its Saviour! How insensible the soul, that refuses to imitate so powerful an example of infinite love! How cruel the Christian who will not love his brother, even for the sake of his expiring Jesus! Yes, my brethren, this single motive of the

example of our Redeemer, if but once duly and seriously weighed, will infallibly extinguish in our breasts the least spark of ill will, that may there lurk towards any of our fellow-creatures. For nothing so powerfully moves to love, as love itself. And what love can be greater, than that of our Divine Jesus for us! This motive St. Paul appreciated well. St. Paul, that most perfect master of all the keys of the human heart, when he wished to rebuke certain persons who had scandalized their brethren—in order to lay their guilt before their eyes, and render them most diligent in every duty of charity—found no argument so powerful, as simply, tenderly and affectionately to say, What! you are the cause of your brother's perdition—that brother for whom Christ has died?

Not only by his own example, but by the most pressing invitations does our Saviour exhort us to the observance of this pleasing virtue. What can be more affecting in this kind, than his parable of the good Samaritan? "Good Master," said a young man to our Blessed Redeemer, "what shall I do to be saved?" "Thou shalt love," answered Jesus, "thy God with thy whole heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." Thus joining these two duties together, to shew, that the love of God necessarily supposes the love of our neighbour, and that the one cannot subsist without the other. He then proceeds to point out, in that inimitable parable, the universality of this obligation; giving us thereby to understand, that no distinction of nation, condition or religion, excludes the afflicted object from the range of Christian benevolence; and that however pure our faith; however intimate our acquaintance with God's eternal truths; how privileged soever we may be by our knowledge of his Law above the rest of man-

kind; though we feed among the sheep of his own chosen fold; though we stand within the Levitical circle of his sanctuary, or ascend the altar of his priesthood; though we say to him. "Lord, Lord," and work miracles in his name; still, if we pass by, and neglect to pour the wine of relief and the oil of consolation into the wounds of distress—our faith is but a sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal; we are worse than the Samaritan or Infidel; and on the great day of retribution, we shall hear that fatal repulse, "Amen I say unto you, I know you not; depart from me all ye workers of iniquity."

"Go," says Christ to the young man, and in him to us all, "go, and do thou likewise." Yes, my brethren; let us comply with the loving invitation of our Saviour. Our hearts must be of stone, to stand out against the pathetic entreaties with which he presses us to love each other. But alas! too well he knew the hardened mind of man, to stop here; and for that reason, to his entreaties, he has added his express command. "It was said," said he, in that excellent sermon he preached to his disciples on the mount, "it was said to those of old, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, Love your enemies, do good to those that hate you." It was to enforce this, his heavenly precept of universal charity, that he himself never despised the company even of the most profligate and abandoned sinners. He condescended frequently to sit at their table and admit them to his most familiar conversation and acquaintance. Witness that publican, who, by this kindness, became an Evangelist. Witness that public sinner, whom he allowed to touch, kiss, and embrace his sacred feet, and sent her back the model of true conversion to

Pharisees; those proud and incorrigible enemies; who thwarted all his endeavours for their own and the people's salvation; who sought his company merely for the purpose of cavilling and scoffing at all he said, or in the hope of detecting some flaw in his discourse, to make a handle for his destruction; with what patience did he bear with them! with what admirable condescension did he answer their impertinent and malicious questions! with what charity did he cure their sick! with what unbounded and forgiving love did he, upon that cross to which they had nailed him, sincerely pray for their pardon to his heavenly Father! And why all this? To enforce with all his might, the practice of this his strict command of fraternal charity.

It was, on the other hand, to express his utter abomination of the crimes which wound brotherly love, that, on occasions when he permitted his zeal to warm, he denounced the most dreadful woes against these same hypocrites, for having, while they piqued themselves upon observing even the minutest ceremonies of the law, neglected the very essence of its commands. "Wo to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because you pay the tythe of the herb in your gardens, and eat up at the same time the substance of widows and of orphans. Go and learn what is written, I will have mercy, and not justice, saith the Lord." God grant, my good people, that we may not fall under this tremendous Wo! but that imitating the example, listening to the invitation, and obeying the command of our Divine Redeemer, we may have no reason, either to despair of the reward he promises the observers, or dread the punishment with which he threatens the transgressors. Two reflections, which still

vour of your attention, shall not detain us long.

Jesus Christ declares, that the smallest good turn done by us to any of our brethren, shall obtain, at his hands a most ample recompence. He declares, that whosoever receives in his name one of his little ones, receives himself; and that whosoever receives him, receives his Father who sent him. He even assures us, that the giving of a single cup of cold water for his sake, shall not pass unrewarded. And in fact, my dear brethren, we see that even in this life he often remunerates his charitable servants. They prosper in their undertakings, through the blessings of the poor, which accompany them wherever they go. They are respected and loved by all around them. If they meet with afflictions, all pity and assist them; and were every other support to fail them, they still enjoy that last and best of comforts, the testimony of a good conscience. But this is not all. "Charity," says the wise man, "hides a multitude of sins." Prayers, accompanied by alms-deeds, are strongly recommended to us, as most acceptable in the eyes of God. There is nothing more frequently repeated in the Scripture, than the advice of redeeming our transgressions by acts of mercy. And it is remarkable, that the most extraordinary conversions are generally preceded by a charitable disposition towards the afflicted. Which has made this virtue to be looked upon, as an almost infallible sign of predestination. Thus Cornelius, the famous centurion, merited by his alms, to be chosen from among millions, the first-fruits of the conversion of Nations to the faith of Christ. I shall not tire you with instances of this kind. You have been yourselves perhaps witnesses to not a few. But one in particular I cannot omit, for it shows most forcibly

the inexpressible reward, which often attends the slightest act of kindness. A holy virgin, St. Barbara, was led to execution. In those days of horror, the populace were allowed the most shocking outrages against the martyrs of the holy faith. They accordingly assailed the chaste ears of the tender maid, with gross and profligate language. The soldier who guarded her, out of common delicacy rebuked the mob for their brutality. Upon which the holy virgin promised to pray for him, when she should be with God. She received the crown of martyrdom. Two years after, to the surprize of all who knew him, the benevolent soldier feels suddenly within him an ardent love of the faith of Christ. He listens to the inspiration, gets himself instructed, renounces the errors of paganism, is taken up, tried, condemned, and by a heroic death, goes to enjoy with his grateful patroness, that crown of martyrdom, which he had earned at so cheap a rate.

You have heard an instance of Charity's reward—hear now an example of Charity's vengeance. The fact is recorded by the ancient ecclesiastical historian Theodoret. In the third century, under the reign of the emperor Gallien, there lived in the city of Antioch a priest called Sapritius. This minister of the altar had, on some occasion or other, fallen out with a certain lay-man of note, by name Nicephorus; the consequence of which was, that both avoided seeing or speaking to each other for several years. At length, the layman, entering into himself, became sensible of the horrid crime he was guilty of, and sought a reconciliation. The other obstinately refused to forgive him. The layman was not to be put off: he returned to the charge, and had made several earnest, though fruitless solicitations for pardon,

when the persecution began to rage afresh, and his enemy was among the first conducted to the governor's tribunal. Being asked, if he was a Christian and a Priest, he answered both questions in the affirmative. He was scourged, hoisted upon the rack, and underwent the other tortures usual at the time. All his bones were dislocated; yet he uttered not a sigh. Joy was painted in his countenance, and to every solicitation he replied, that he was a Christian and a Priest, and was ready to suffer death for Christ. The governor, baffled in his attempts at perversion, orders him to execution. He issues from the court, surrounded by guards. The humble layman thought it a fair opportunity to obtain what he had so long sighed for. He meets the ecclesiastic in the street, and with redoubled veneration as to a martyr of Christ, falls on his knees and begs forgiveness. The Priest stops, but reflecting, passes on and makes no answer. The layman taking a shorter road, meets the procession of death a second time. He there renews his demand, in the same humble posture: but the hardened man deigns him not a look. The guards at length arrive at the place of execution, and the Priest prepares to receive the stroke of death. The indefatigable layman, not yet despairing, bursts a third time through the croud, falls at his feet, and beseeches him, by the blood he is going to shed for the faith of their common Redeemer, to forgive him his fault. But this unfortunate minister of the altar, no longer hears or sees the supplicant. For, at that very moment, the God who had inspired his apostle to exclaim, "though I give my body to be burned, yet have not charity I am nothing;" the God of Charity, tired out by such unfeeling obstinacy, and rejecting the sacrifice of so unworthy a life,

withdraws his grace from the unforgiving wretch; who, starting from his knees, of a martyr now become an apostate, seizes the uplifted arm of the executioner, basely begs the miserable remnant of a life which he had all but expended in the glorious confession of his Redeemer; denies his faith, abjures that God for whom he had suffered torments, bends his knee to idols, and by his fall, brings shame upon his priesthood, grief upon the Church, and damnation upon his unrelenting soul! Oh! Charity! Charity! without which martyrdom itself doth not avail!

If your hearts bleed, my brethren, and tremble at this fatal recital, hear the remainder, and adore the God of Charity. As he would not allow his name to be sullied by the sacrifice of a life unworthy his acceptance, so, neither would he permit, by the base apostacy of his uncharitable minister, the glory of his faith to be tarnished in the opinion of the Pagan spectators. He had himself prepared a victim worthy of himself, and worthy of his cause. The humble, charitable layman, as he there lay prostrate begging the pardon of his enemy, shocked at the unexpected prevarication of the renegade, and suddenly strengthened by an extraordinary grace, springs on his feet, confesses the name of Christ, receives the blow of death, and enters triumphant into heaven, bearing on his temples that glorious crown of martyrdom, which by his humble charity he had snatched from the brow of his unforgiving foe!

Go, my brethren, and do you likewise. Love your enemies, and with this holy martyr of Charity receive your reward in everlasting bliss.

A happiness, &c

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